This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

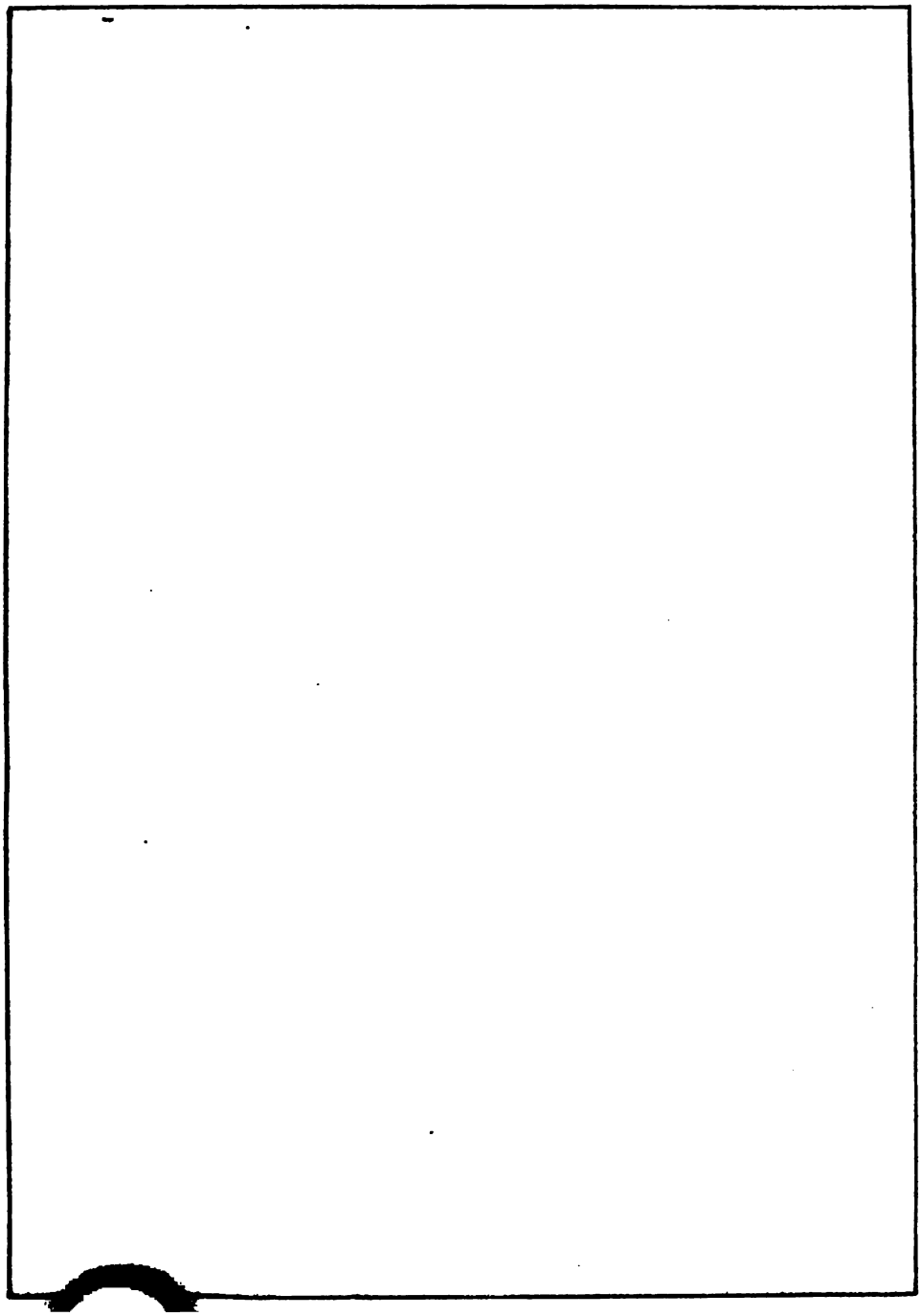
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

R-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
MDCCCCX
AMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

CHORALE BOOK

FOR ENGLAND.



THE

CHORALE BOOK

FOR ENGLAND;

A COMPLETE HYMN-BOOK FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SERVICES AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE HYMNS FROM THE

LYRA GERMANICA AND OTHER SOURCES,

TRANSLATED BY

CATHERINE WINKWORTH;

THE TUNES FROM THE SACRED MUSIC

OF THE

LUTHERAN, LATIN, AND OTHER CHURCHES,

FOR FOUR VOICES, WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC., ETC.,

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,

AND

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

LONDON:

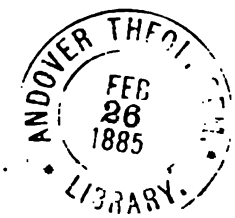
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, AND GREEN.

ALSO TO BE HAD OF

MESSRS COCK, HUTCHINGS, AND CO., AND ADDISON AND LUCAS.

1863.

783 Eng.
BENNET



JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE preſent volume fulfils the promiſe which was made in the Second Series of the Lyra Germanica, that the hymns contained there ſhould be brought out in another edition, accompanied by their proper tunes. It conſtitutes, however, at the ſame time, an independent work, with an object different from that of the two preceding volumes of tranſlations from the German hymnology. The Lyra Germanica was intended chiefly for uſe as a work of private devotion; the Chorale Book for England is intended primarily for uſe in united worſhip in the church and family, and in meetings for the practice of church muſic. This aim has throughout governed the choice of the hymns and tunes, and the form given to them; many beautiful hymns contained in the Lyra Germanica have thus been excluded, becauſe their length or their purely reflective character rendered them ill-adapted for congregational ſinging, while a large number of new tranſlations—about one-third of the whole—have been introduced, either for the ſake of their tunes, or to ſupply neceſſary requirements of our ſervices. Theſe have been ſelected from various ſources, chiefly from ſome very early German hymn-books, from the collections of Tucher and Wackernagel, from the new Bavarian hymn-book of the Lutheran Church, and from the Evangeliſches Kirchengeſangbuch, Stuttgart, 1855, publiſhed by the Church Conference held in Eiſenach in 1853.

With regard to the form of the hymns, conſiderable difficulty has ariſen on two points;—the great length of many of them, and the peculiarity of their metres involving the conſtant uſe of diſſyllable rhymes. It has ſeemed beſt, in many caſes, conſiderably to curtail the longer hymns, to bring them within limits which, though they may ſtill appear long to thoſe accuſtomed to the Engliſh allowance of four verſes only, may yet, it is thought, be uſed without inconvenience. The hymn may frequently be found in its complete form in the Lyra Germanica. This courſe has, however, been deemed inad-

miſſible, where the hymn was very well known, or its meaning would have been ſeriouſly injured by abbreviation, and it has then been omitted altogether, or given at full length, as is the caſe with Luther's verſion of the Lord's Prayer, his Chriſtmas Carol, and the fine old hymn on the Seven Words of our Lord on the Croſs, here aſſigned to Good Friday.

As a rule, the hymn and tune have been conſidered as one and indiviſible, and the original metres therefore ſtrictly preſerved for the ſake of the tunes, which would not admit of any deviation without detriment to their characteriſtic beauty. This has neceſſitated the frequent uſe of the double rhymes, which the ſtructure of the German language renders as common, and indeed inevitable, in German, as monoſyllabic rhymes are with us. The comparatively ſmall number of the former in our language preſents a ſerious obſtacle to rendering the German hymns into Engliſh with the force and ſimplicity they poſſeſs in their own tongue, and without which they cannot become truly naturalized among us; yet it is one which muſt be encountered if the tunes alſo are to be introduced with them, as they ought to be, and in their proper form. In this work the queſtion has been dealt with in detail, according to the ſpecial character of each hymn and tune; in ſome few inſtances, moſtly of more modern date, where the tune admitted without injury of adaptation to ſingle rhymes, it has been thus arranged; in the greater number, the verſions previouſly given in the Lyra Germanica have been remodelled to ſuit the muſic. Apart from the rhymes, it will be obſerved that theſe hymns poſſeſs a great variety of metres, ſome of which will at firſt, no doubt, ſtrike an Engliſh ear as ſtrange. But it muſt be remembered that by far the greater part of theſe hymns and tunes date from the earlier ages of German hymnology, when hymns were always written to be ſung, not read; for this reaſon the long and monotonous lines which mark the compoſitions of a later period and of a more didactic character, were inſtinctively avoided, and metres of more complex movement, and capable of conveying more variety of ſentiment, were invented. Theſe metres will be found to follow a ſtrict rule of their own, both in the varying number of feet, and the frequent alternation of Trochaic and Iambic lines; and it is believed that when the ear has once learnt to perceive this, and to aſſociate them with the appropriate rhythm of their tune, there is no reaſon why they ſhould not become naturalized in England. A few, included here for the ſake of the tunes only, may probably always retain

an alien ſound to us; but theſe are very few indeed, and, in general, it would certainly be greatly to the advantage of our hymn-books if we could widen the range both of form and thought which is now given to this claſs of compoſitions.

At the preſent time, when the whole ſubject of church muſic and congregational ſinging is receiving far more attention than ever before, it ſeems peculiarly deſirable to ſeize the opportunity to enrich our own hymnology from the ſtores of a country ſo pre-eminently diſtinguiſhed in this way. That theſe hymns and tunes firſt ſprang up on a foreign ſoil is no reaſon why they ſhould not take root among us; all who uſe our Common Prayer know well how the unity of Chriſtian ſentiment is felt to ſwallow up all diverſity of national origin. In truth, any embodiment of Chriſtian experience and devotion, whether in the form of hymn or prayer or meditation, or whatever ſhape art may give it, if it do but go to the heart of our common faith, becomes at once the rightful and moſt precious inheritance of the whole Chriſtian Church. Much more, then, where the country is ſo nearly akin to our own, may we feel that it is at once our privilege and our duty to appropriate all that ſhe can beſtow on us, and to hope that her gifts will find a welcome and a home here.

C. W.

Clifton, September, 1862.

EDITORS' PREFACE.

In laying before the public the "Chorale Book for England," the Editors desire that it should be accompanied by some observations explanatory of its contents, and also of the principles by which they have been guided in its compilation.

This work is based upon the translation of German hymns by Miss C. Winkworth, well known under the title of "Lyra Germanica," and contains[1] hymns and tunes chiefly of German origin, and belonging more especially to the 16th and two following centuries. Had the "Chorale Book" however been restricted to a republication of the "Lyra Germanica" with music, it would not have comprised all that is requisite to illustrate the beauty of German Hymnology and to fit the work for use in the Church of England. It will be found therefore that, in addition to the principal contents of the "Lyra Germanica," much fresh matter has been brought forward.

Though the "Chorale Book" contains hymns for all the festivals and services of the Church of England, the Editors have abstained, with one exception,[2] from inserting either hymns or tunes of English origin: to do so would have detracted from the special character which they believe the work to possess, as the first introduction into England of all that ranks as the essence of German Hymnology in *words and music united.*

During the 16th and 17th centuries Hymnology was in its height in Germany, and bore its most precious blossoms; hymn and tune were then justly considered indivisible, and, though the beauty and popularity of a tune would cause fresh hymns to be written for it, the tune still continued to be known by the name of the original hymn with which it was associated.

[1] Whenever in this work the term *hymn* occurs, it is applied to the words as distinguished from the music.

[2] Tune No. XCII.

In accordance with this precedent, the ſame original connection between hymn and tune has—with few exceptions—been maintained in this book.[1]

Many hymns rightly forming part of a German hymn-book, which in a great meaſure takes the place in Germany of the Book of Common Prayer in England, have for obvious reaſons been excluded from this compilation, and the Editors have thus been enabled to limit the number to two hundred, believing, at the ſame time, that none have been omitted which are eſſential to the purpoſe in view.

While the "Chorale Book" contains no Engliſh tunes, it nevertheleſs includes ſome already well known in this country, ſuch as the "Old Hundredth," the "Veni Creator," that called "Luther's Hymn,"[2] and others. The origin of every tune, as far as it can be traced, as alſo the names of the authors of the hymns, are given in the various Indexes at the end of the work, to which the reader is referred. It may however be deſirable to give here a ſhort ſketch of the growth of hymnology on the continent, and more particularly in Germany, ſince the Reformation.

When Luther took up the cauſe of the Reformation, and had to remodel the ſervices of the Church, he believed he could not better enhance their beauty than by appealing to his nation's love for ſong, and foſtering the practice of congregational ſinging (Gemeindegeſang). With this view he made tranſlations from the Latin hymns previouſly in uſe in the Church, paraphraſed ſeveral of the Pſalms and Canticles of Holy Scripture, himſelf wrote many new hymns, and requeſted his friends to contribute others. As to muſic, he availed himſelf in many caſes of tunes already exiſting in the Church, which he ſparingly modified to ſuit his new metres; of other tunes the origin is unknown, and of thoſe aſcribed to Luther, three only can be traced with any certainty to him as the compoſer;[3] two of which have been received into this work, No. 124, and No. VI. in the Appendix.

The firſt important German hymn-book, preceded in the ſame year by

[1] In theſe caſes the term *Original Tune* is uſed, with the quotation of the firſt line of the correſponding hymn in German above it; whenever the ſame tune appears in the book again, it is quoted with the firſt line of the Engliſh tranſlation. In the few exceptional caſes alluded to, the German name of the tune has been given, and the Pſalms of Goudimel have been quoted as they ſtand in his edition.

[2] See tunes XC, CI, LXXI.

[3] C. von Winterfeld „Der evangeliſche Kirchengeſang ꝛc." Vol. I. p. 160.

ſeveral ſmaller books, publiſhed under the name of "Enchiridion," Erfurt, &c. &c., appeared under the auſpices of Luther in the year 1524. It was edited by his friend, Johann Walther,[1] and was accompanied by a preface from the pen of Luther himſelf.

Walther's work (printed with the muſic for five voices, the melody in the Tenor, as uſual at that time), with ſucceſſive additions, went through ſeveral editions (1537 and 1551), and was followed in rapid ſequence by numerous ſimilar works, of which thoſe publiſhed at Wittenberg, Nürnberg, and Strasburg, are the moſt important.[2] Every new book brought freſh additions, and by the end of the 16th century the number of hymns introduced into the Church was counted by hundreds. Among the tunes of this century and the early part of the next, the Editors would eſpecially name V, XIII, XXVI, XXXIX, CVI, CXVII.

The firſt metrical verſions of the Pſalms were publiſhed in France and Switzerland about the ſame period. Among the beſt known, though not the earlieſt in appearance, is that edited (with the muſic for four voices) by Goudimel (1565). This work was introduced into Germany by Dr Lobwaſſer—the Pſalms metrically tranſlated by him—in 1573, and its contents ſoon found their way as a whole or in parts into the Lutheran Church.

Several of Goudimel's Pſalm tunes are believed to be of ſecular origin, and the ſame ſhould be ſtated with regard to ſome among the fineſt tunes of the 16th century appropriated to the Lutheran ſervice. It ſpeaks well for the character of the ſecular muſic of that period, that any of its melodies ſhould have taken a place in the Church, and ſhould have retained it undiſputed to the preſent day. (See XI, XL, LXXXV.)

As another ſource from which the Lutheran Church gladly drew, the Editors muſt name the rich ſtore of the early Moravian hymn-books; ſpecimens from which, as well as tunes from Goudimel's edition of the Pſalms, will be found in this work.

About the ſame time Lutheran hymn-books were introduced into Scandinavia, where, eſpecially in Sweden, the hymns and tunes of Germany, with numerous additions of home growth, have remained up to the preſent time the ſtock of the national hymn-book. Courland, Livonia, and Finland

[1] Choirmaſter („Sängermeiſter") of the Palatine of Saxony.

[2] We find Luther further contributing to hymn-books or ſupplying them with a preface in that of Kluge, Wittenberg, 1543, and the one printed by Babſt, Leipzig, 1545.

alſo received theſe ſacred ſtrains into their ſervice, and ſtill retain them, and it ſhould be mentioned here that a Lutheran hymn-book was printed and publiſhed in the Icelandic language at Skalholt in Iceland, in the year 1594, of which a ſixth edition appeared in 1691.[1]

Towards the middle of the following century (the 17th) Muſic enters into a new phaſe. Until then its ſole purpoſe was to ſerve the Church, through the medium of the human voice and the organ. But now inſtrumental muſic, though at firſt ſubordinate, begins to make its appearance. Secular Cantatas, forerunners of the Opera, are produced on feſtive occaſions at the courts, particularly of Italy; and German muſicians, like thoſe of other countries, who had gone to Italy for ſtudy or other purpoſes, on their return ſpread the influence which they had themſelves received.

In Proteſtant Germany, Church muſic gradually became leſs an object of ambition to compoſers; fewer tunes, and moſt of them inferior in quality and vigour to thoſe of the firſt century after the Reformation, ſprung up; nor did the nation at large any longer ſet its ſeal upon them by adopting or rejecting them, as before. In the hymn-books of the latter part of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century we alſo find ſome of the beſt old tunes omitted, others deprived of the triple time (¾) peculiar to them, others again without their diſtinct rhythm, all levelled to a general ſtandard of lifeleſs uniformity.

Before paſſing on to the laſt period which calls for notice in this place, the Editors would direct the attention of readers to the moſt prominent tune-compoſer of the 17th century, Johann Crüger (1598—1662), of whoſe writing many ſpecimens will be found in this work; alſo to the tunes compoſed by Schein, H. Albert, and Schop, and laſtly to the celebrated hymn and tune of G. Neumark,[2] „Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten" (No. 134).

In the beginning of the 18th century, Freylinghauſen of Halle publiſhed a hymn-book which ſoon became widely circulated. Further reference being made to it in another place, few words reſpecting it will ſuffice here. Among the numerous tunes publiſhed for the firſt time in that work, and of which the individual authors are not known, ſome are very fine, though differing in character from thoſe of an earlier date.

[1] Winterfeld, „Zur Geſchichte heiliger Tonkunſt." Vol. II.

[2] The tune became ſo popular, that within 100 years after its appearance no leſs [illegible] hymns had been written to be ſung to it.

With the exception of one or two tunes moſt probably compoſed by Bach, one by Kühnau, one by Layriz[1] of a ſtill more recent date, and ſome few others, which need not be ſpecified, Freylinghauſen's work in its ſeveral enlarged editions is the lateſt ſource from which materials for the "Chorale Book for England" have been drawn; nor could it be otherwiſe, as from that time ſacred tunes of real worth rarely make their appearance; and with the diminiſhed intereſt which Religion commanded in Germany towards the cloſe of the 18th century, the diſtinctive outward feature of its Church, the hymn-book, alſo decays. The old ſtandard hymns are improved, as it is termed, by recaſting them; the tunes diſappear from the hymn-books and are collected ſeparately for the uſe of the organiſt, and, the control of the congregation having thus ceaſed, it is with the organiſt and the precentor alone that the reſponſibility for their correct performance reſts in future.[2] If we further remember the many Principalities of which Germany is made up, each with ſovereign authority in Church as well as State, and each poſſeſſing its own diſtinct hymn-book, we can hardly wonder at the unſettled and unſatisfactory ſtate into which the congregational ſinging of Germany fell.

Of late years however Chriſtian men intereſted in the ſervices of the Church have raiſed their voices, trying to revive the intereſt of the Proteſtant part of the German nation in their congregational muſic, and urging a complete reviſion of the exiſting hymn-books. Recent publications, the reſult of theſe efforts, clearly ſhow, that owing to the deſire to ſee theſe tunes re-introduced with their exact rhythm and harmony as originally compoſed, too little allowance is made either for the progreſs of muſic or for the muſical feelings prevalent in our own time. Much however had to be remedied, and theſe praiſeworthy endeavours have not only already borne fruit, but will doubtleſs continue to do ſo.

In this ſketch, ſome brief mention of John Sebaſtian Bach, the great maſter, whoſe name, in the minds of all intereſted in the ſubject, is ſo cloſely aſſociated with the Chorales of Germany, muſt neceſſarily find a place.

While during the 17th century the ſtrictly congregational Church muſic

[1] Kühnau and Layriz have both compiled very good Chorale books.

[2] One of the immediate conſequences was the predominance of the organ in the ſervice at the expenſe of the ſinging of the congregation. This led eventually to a practice in every reſpect to be deprecated, and which we ſtill find all over Germany, that of introducing between every line of the hymn an Interlude performed by the organiſt.

declined, the ſacred Cantata (ſubſequently expanding into the Oratorio) aroſe; not only did the ſolemn feſtival of the Paſſion offer the opportunity for cultivating it, as we find from Bach's "Paſſionsmuſik," the text of which, with ſlight modifications, was ſet to muſic by his predeceſſors and contemporaries, Keyſer, Mattheſon, and Handel; but the other feſtivals alſo recommended themſelves to Bach for the exerciſe of his great powers, and Cantatas of his compoſition exiſt for nearly every Sunday in the year, many of which in all probability were performed during or after the evening ſervice, from the Organ gallery of St Thomas's, Leipzic, by an orcheſtra and choir under his direction.

Bach, fully alive to the beauty of the tunes and hymns of his country, adopted the practice, in which he was followed by his ſucceſſors, Mendelſſohn and others, of introducing Chorales into all his numerous ſacred works, either to their own words or to new ones ſuiting better the ſubject of the Cantata, thereby doubtleſs bringing it more readily home to the appreciation of the congregation, well acquainted with the old familiar tunes.

How Bach harmonized theſe Chorales is well known, and need not be dwelt upon here, but his introduction of them in the manner deſcribed has much contributed to the confuſion of the titles of hymns, which has continued to the preſent time.

After J. S. Bach's death, his ſon, Ph. E. Bach, undertook to extract the Chorales from his father's work, and to publiſh them in a ſeparate collection. One hundred of theſe, edited by him, appeared in 1765. A ſecond volume containing another hundred was publiſhed in 1769 (though not with Ph. E. Bach's name as editor). Then followed in 1784 an edition compiled by Kirnberger, and ſubſequently ſeveral others, all with the title, "Joh. Seb. Bach's Vierſtimmige Choralgeſänge."

They are well known, and the impreſſion generally prevails that Bach is the author of the tunes, which is not ſurpriſing, conſidering the manner in which theſe compilations, with the ſingle exception of the moſt recent one by Erck, have been publiſhed. After what has been ſtated, this erroneous belief requires no further refutation, but it ſhould be mentioned, that a few tunes, probably juſtly aſcribed to Bach, and contained in the "Choralgeſänge," have been inſerted by the Editors in the "Chorale Book."

Under the circumſtances the correctneſs of the verſion of the tunes given in the following work muſt not be judged of from a compariſon with thoſe in

Bach's works, or elſewhere in the compoſitions of Mendelſſohn and other great maſters. Theſe maſters could handle ſuch Chorales freely for their own purpoſes, but the Editors were bound to go back to the ſources, from which their melodies might be obtained not only moſt accurately, but alſo in the form moſt ſuitable for their object. They have therefore drawn either from the works in which the tunes originally appeared, or from thoſe of Winterfeld, Tucher, and others of high ſtanding into which they had been literally copied.

In determining the form in which to admit theſe tunes, the Editors were naturally beſet with doubts, in conſequence of the unſettled ſtate of hymnology in Germany at the preſent moment. For while one party there inſiſts on retaining the tunes even more than the hymns in the ſtate of lifeleſs uniformity into which they have fallen, the other calls for their complete reſtitution to their original form.

Without going into detail, the Editors wiſh to ſtate that they deemed it beſt to ſelect the middle path. They have treated the tunes *individually*, not *collectively;* thoſe written in $\frac{3}{2}$ time (as, for example, V, LX, LXII, LXXXII, CXV, etc.) they have ſeen no right or reaſon to change, and in every caſe they have endeavoured to give the tune as nearly as poſſible according to its original verſion, and in a ſhape which might at the ſame time juſtify the hope of its being accepted by the Engliſh public. This however refers only to the *rhythmical* flow of the tune, not to the *melody* itſelf, which in no inſtance has been touched by the Editors, but is given according to the beſt-authenticated verſions.[1]

A few words have ſtill to be ſaid reſpecting the harmonization of the tunes in this work. The Editors have in many caſes retained the harmonies of the authors of the tunes, and in general have ſtriven to preſerve as far as poſſible the character belonging to the period of their compoſition; thus the melodies of the 16th and 18th century called for different ſtyles of harmony, clearly indicated by their different flow in reſpect of diſtances. In all caſes, however, the Editors have endeavoured to combine ſolemnity with ſimplicity, and to give

[1] A few ſpecimens of tunes are given in the Appendix to illuſtrate the form in which thoſe of an early date were originally publiſhed, and in which it is deſired in ſome quarters to reintroduce them. They will be found divided not into the muſical bars of modern muſic, but according to the length of the lines of the poetry, which would appear the only way to render legibly tunes containing recurring mixtures of common and triple time, in Germany now called „Rhythmiſcher Wechſel."

harmonies, which, though offering no difficulty in execution, ſhould yet approach the ſtrength and purity peculiar to the beſt Church muſic of all times.

The Editors cannot bring this Preface to a cloſe without pointing to the names of the meritorious inquirers into the intereſting ſubject of Hymnology, who have of late years appeared in Germany, and without whoſe writings they believe no ſatisfactory hymn-book of modern times could be compiled; they mean G. von Tucher, P. Wackernagel, Layriz, and others, but particularly C. von Winterfeld, who, in his remarkable work on the „Evangeliſche Kirchengeſang,"* and other ſmaller writings, has vindicated the real importance of this ſacred branch of muſic, and ſhown its hiſtorical baſis and development in a manner at once to raiſe it in general eſtimation and to guide all who follow him in this difficult path. To his memory the grateful thanks of the Editors are due, and from his works, as well as from thoſe previouſly named, they have drawn freely—as was their duty—and as ſeemed beſt for this work.

That the "Chorale Book for England" may be received into the new ſphere for which it is intended, and that its ſacred ſtrains may contribute to the comfort of the troubled ſoul, the ſanctification of home, and the glory of God's name in His Church on earth, is the earneſt prayer of thoſe who compiled it.

London, November, 1862.

* Der evangeliſche Kirchengeſang, und ſein Verhältniß zur Kunſt des Tonſatzes. Dargeſtellt von Carl v. Winterfeld. 3 vols. Leipzig, 1843—47.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING .. .. 1—10
PUBLIC WORSHIP .. .. 11—19

I. THE CHURCH.

1. HOLY SEASONS.

ADVENT .. .. 20—28
CHRISTMAS .. .. 29—35
EPIPHANY .. .. 36—39
LENT .. .. .. 40—45
PASSION WEEK .. 46—50
GOOD FRIDAY .. 51—53
EASTER EVE .. .. 54—56
EASTER .. .. 57—62
ASCENSION .. .. 63—68
WHITSUNTIDE .. 69—74
TRINITY 75, 76
SAINTS' DAYS .. .. 77—85
EMBER WEEKS .. 86—88

2. SERVICES.

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP, *see* INTRODUCTION.
BAPTISM 89, 90
CONFIRMATION .. 91, 92
HOLY COMMUNION .. 93—95
BURIAL OF THE DEAD 96—99

THE WORD OF GOD .. .. 100—103
THE CHURCH ON EARTH .. .. 104—106

II. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. PENITENCE .. 107—113
2. PRAYER .. .. 114—122
3. PRAISE, *see* INTRODUCTION.
4. CHRISTIAN FAITH AND RESOLVE 123—132
5. SONGS OF THE CROSS AND CONSOLATION .. 133—148
6. LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR .. 149—158

III. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1. MORNING .. 159—164
2. EVENING .. 165—170
3. NEW YEAR .. 171—173
4. MARRIAGE .. 174, 175
5. MISSIONS, *see also* HYMNS FOR EPIPHANY AND ON THE WORD OF GOD 176, 177
6. SCHOOLS .. 178, 179
7. ON A JOURNEY .. 180
8. HARVEST 181
9. PEACE AND WAR. FOR FASTS, *see* HYMNS FOR LENT AND ON PENITENCE 182

IV. THE CLOSE.

1. FOR THE SICK AND DYING .. . 185—194
2. THE LIFE TO COME .. 195—200

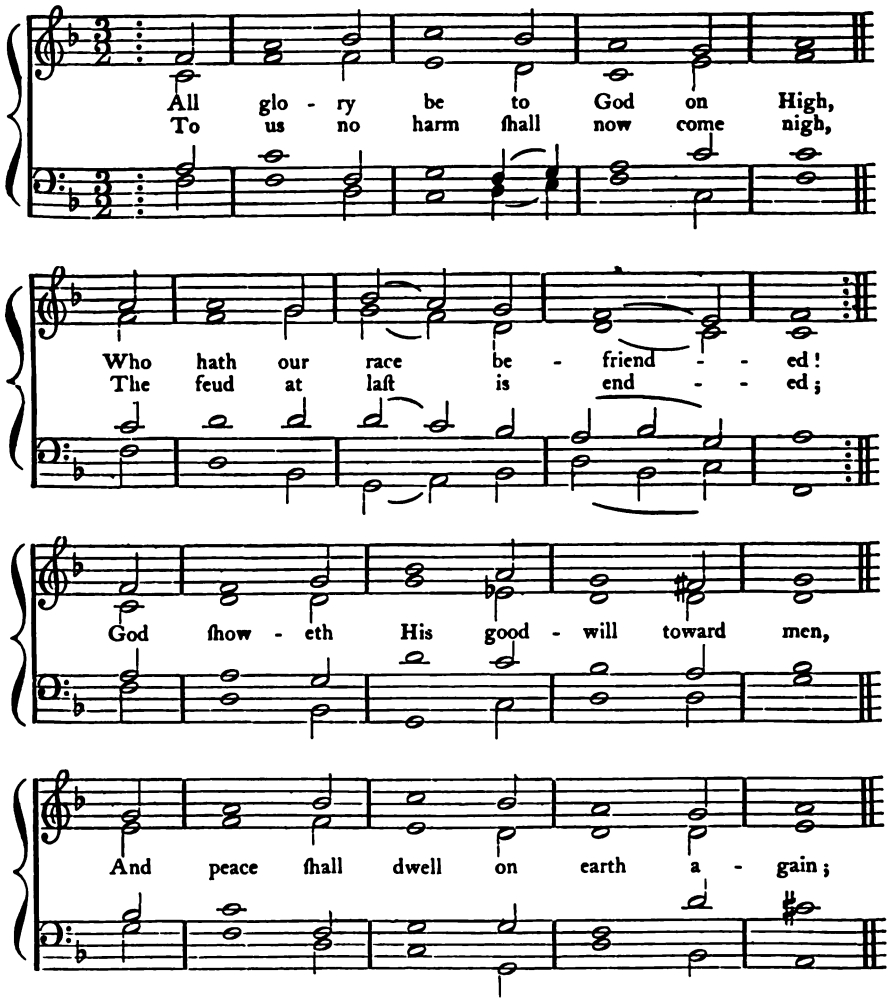
APPENDIX.
INDEX OF FIRST LINES,
INDEX OF TUNES (WITH HISTORICAL NOTES).
TABLE OF GERMAN FIRST LINES.

INTRODUCTION.

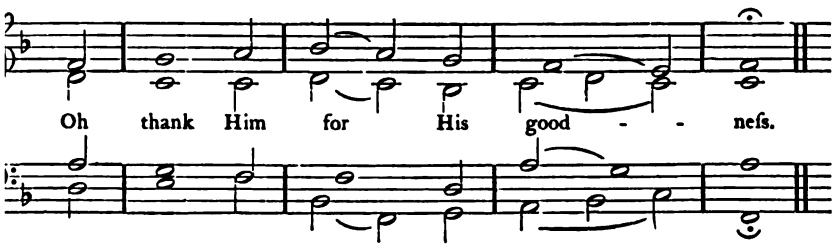
PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING .. .. 1—10
PUBLIC WORSHIP .. .. 11—19

*(v.—„Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr.")

I.

†*Original Tune.*

All glo - ry be to God on High,
To us no harm ſhall now come nigh,
Who hath our race be - friend - - ed!
The feud at laſt is end - - ed;
God ſhow - eth His good - will toward men,
And peace ſhall dwell on earth a - gain;

* The Roman Numerals which precede the German headings to each Hymn refer in all cases to the corresponding Numerals in the "Index of Tunes."

† By the title "*Original Tune*" is meant the particular tune originally associated with the hymn.—See page ix.

2

We praiſe, we worſhip Thee, we truſt,
And give Thee thanks for ever,
O Father, that Thy rule is juſt
And wiſe, and changes never:
Thy boundleſs power o'er all things reigns,
Done is whate'er Thy will ordains;
Well for us that Thou ruleſt!

3

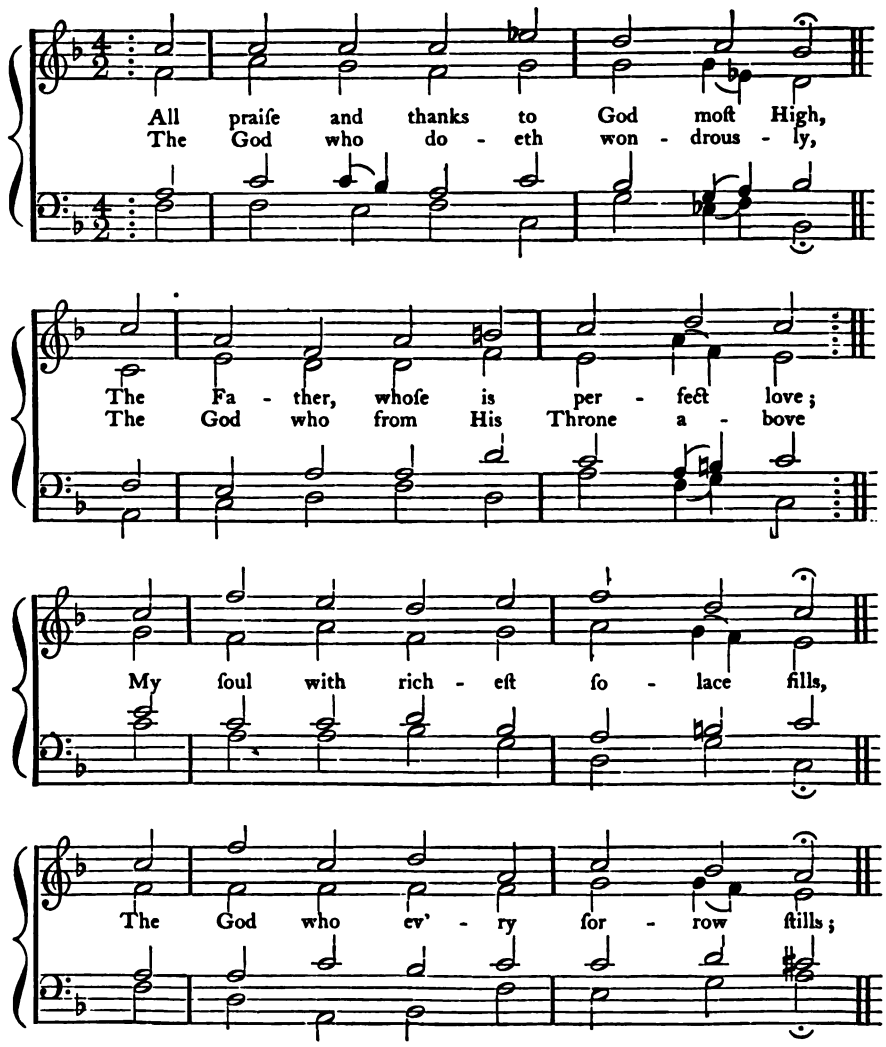
O Jeſu Chriſt, our God and Lord,
Son of Thy heavenly Father,
O Thou who haſt our peace reſtored
And the loſt ſheep doſt gather,
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high
From out our depths we ſinners cry,
Have mercy on us, Jeſus!

4

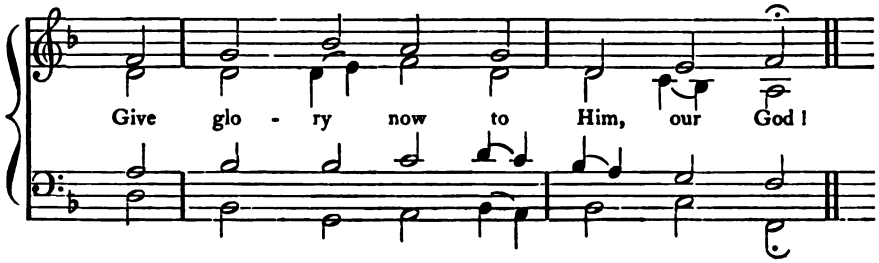
O Holy Ghoſt, Thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's ſnares our ſouls uplift,
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread,
For us the Saviour's blood was ſhed,
We truſt in Thee to ſave us!

(XXIX.—„Es iſt das Heil uns kommen her.")

2.


All praiſe and thanks to God moſt High,
The God who do - eth won - drous - ly,
The Fa - ther, whoſe is per - fect love;
The God who from His Throne a - bove
My ſoul with rich - eſt ſo - lace fills,
The God who ev' - ry ſor - row ſtills;

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.



2

The hoſt of heaven thy praiſes tell,
All powers and thrones bow down to Thee,
And all who in Thy ſhadow dwell,
Alike in earth and air and ſea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whoſe wiſdom orders all things right:
Give glory then to Him, our God!

3

And for the creatures He hath made,
Our God will ceaſeleſsly provide,
His grace will be their conſtant aid,
And guard them round on every ſide;
His kingdom ye may ſurely truſt,
There all is equal, all is juſt;
Give glory then to Him, our God!

4

I ſought Him in my hour of need,
I cried,—Lord God, now hear my prayer!
For death He gave me life indeed,
And hope and comfort for deſpair;
For this my thanks ſhall endleſs be,
O thank Him, thank Him too with me;
Give glory now to Him, our God!

5

The Lord is never far away,
Is never ſundered from His flock,
He is their refuge and their ſtay,
He is their peace, their truſt, their rock;
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them whereſoe'er they rove:
Give glory then to Him, our God!

6

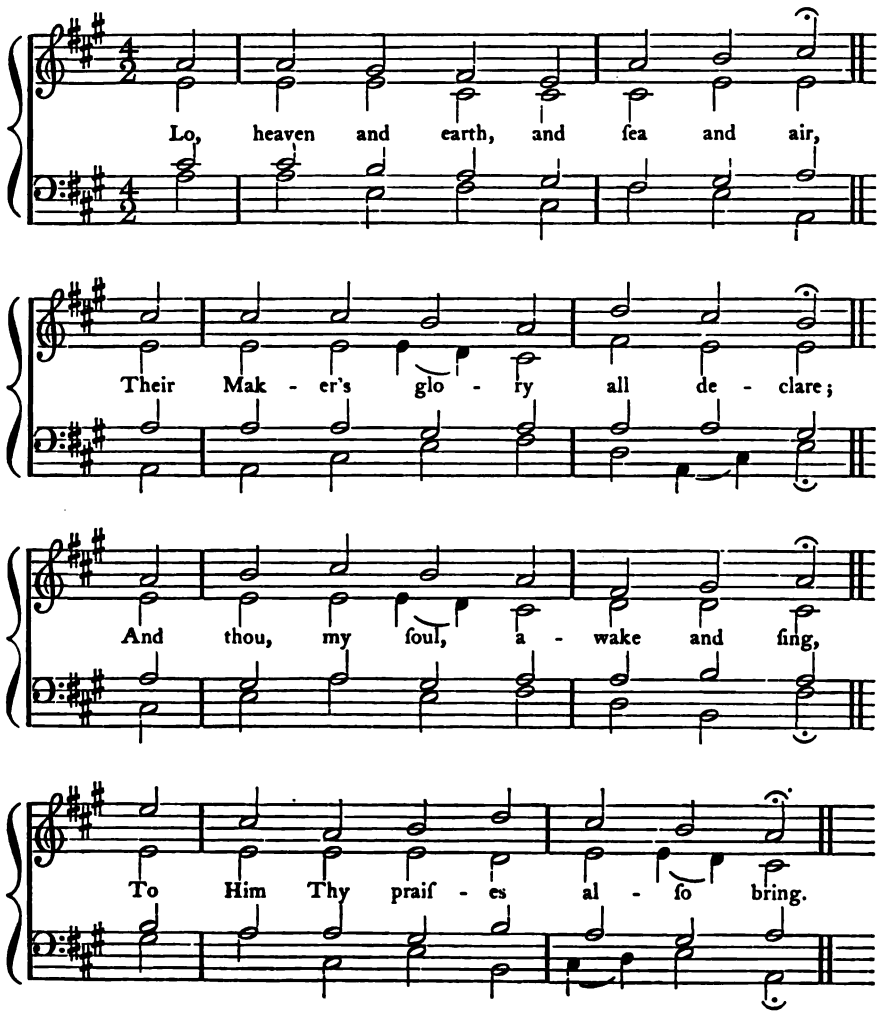
Ah yes! till life hath reached its bound,
My faithful God, I'll worſhip Thee!
The chorus of Thy praiſe ſhall ſound
From henceforth over land and ſea.
Oh ſoul and body, now rejoice,
My heart, ſend forth a gladſome voice;
Give glory now to Him, our God!

7

All ye who name Chriſt's holy name,
Give all the glory to our God!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give all the glory to our God!
All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God, the Lord is God!
Give glory evermore to Him!

(Index of Tunes, xc.)

3.

Tune.—"Ye ſervants of the Lord, who ſtand."

Lo, heaven and earth, and ſea and air,
Their Mak - er's glo - ry all de - clare;
And thou, my ſoul, a - wake and ſing,
To Him Thy praiſ - es al - ſo bring.

2

Through Him the glorious Source of Day
Drives all the clouds of night away;
The pomp of ſtars, the moon's ſoft light,
Praiſe Him through all the ſilent night.

3

Behold, how He hath everywhere
Made earth ſo wondrous rich and fair;
The foreſt dark, the fruitful land,
All living things do ſhow His hand.

4

Behold, how through the boundleſs ſky
The happy birds all ſwiftly fly;
And fire and wind and ſtorm are ſtill
The ready ſervants of His will.

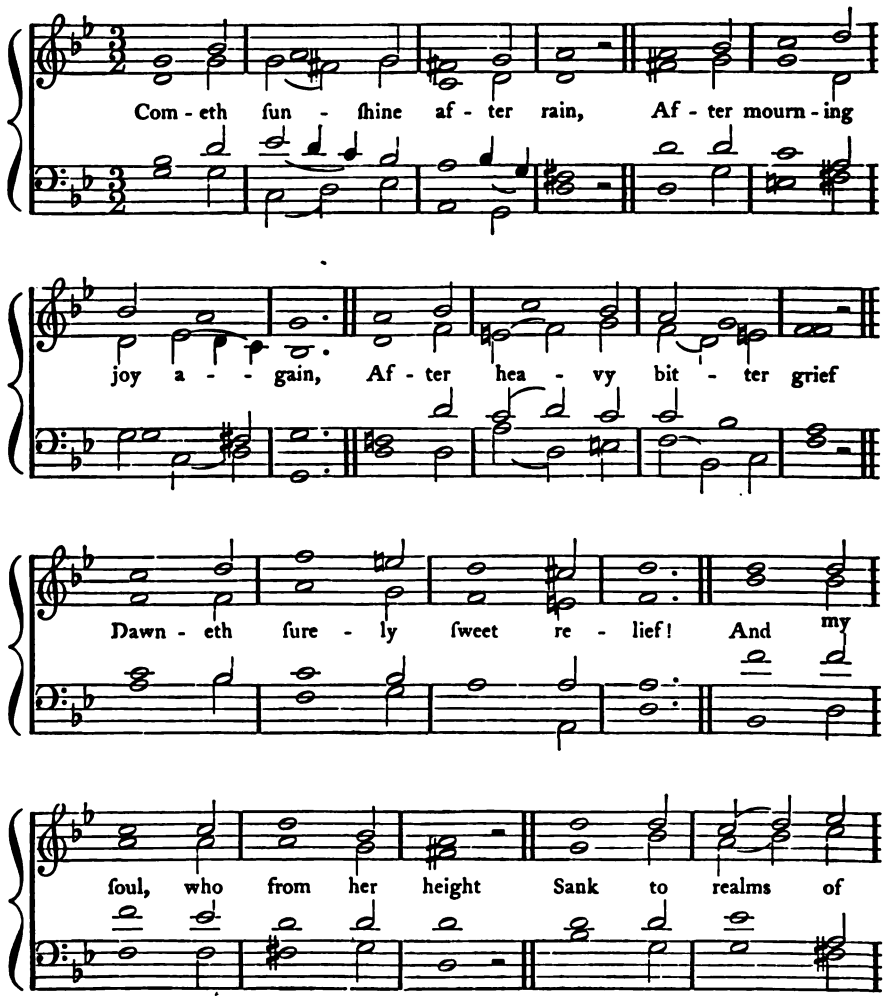
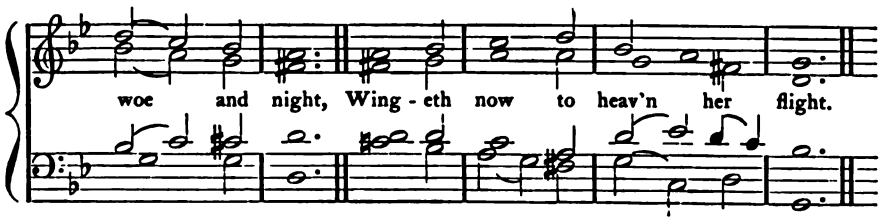
5

Behold the waters' ceaſeleſs flow,
For ever circling to and fro;
The mighty ſea, the bubbling well,
Alike their Maker's glory tell.

6

My God, how wondrouſly doſt Thou
Unfold Thyſelf to us e'en now!
O grave it deeply on my heart
What I am, Lord, and what Thou art!

(LI.—" In natali Domini.")

4.

Com - eth ſun - ſhine af - ter rain, Af - ter mourn - ing
joy a - - gain, Af - ter hea - vy bit - ter grief
Dawn - eth ſure - ly ſweet re - lief! And my
ſoul, who from her height Sank to realms of

2

Bitter anguiſh have I borne,
Keen regret my heart hath torn,
Sorrow dimm'd my weeping eyes,
Satan blinded me with lies;
Yet at laſt am I ſet free,
Help, protection, love, to me
Once more true companions be.

3

None was ever left a prey,
None was ever turn'd away,
Who had given himſelf to God,
And on Him had caſt his load.
Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain outwaſte,
Fulleſt joy he yet ſhall taſte.

4

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience ſtill,
For perchance to-morrow's ſun
Sees thy happier days begun;
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at laſt in ſhowers,
When whate'er we aſk'd is ours.

5

Now as long as here I roam,
On this earth have houſe and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from Thee
Shine through all my memory.
To my God I yet will cling,
All my life the praiſes ſing
That from thankful hearts outſpring.

6

Every ſorrow, every ſmart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in ſtore,
As my life flows on, I'll take
Calmly, gladly for His ſake,
No more faithleſs murmurs make.

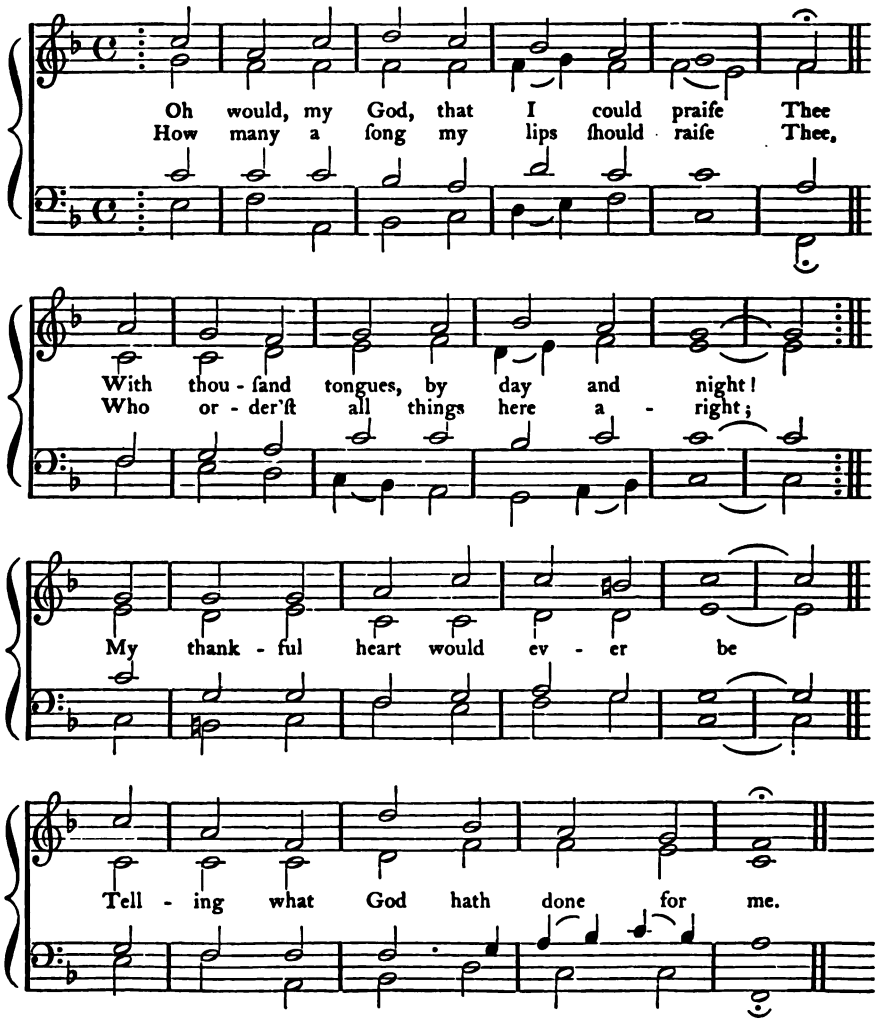
7

I will meet diſtreſs and pain,
I will greet e'en Death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart ſtill glad and brave;
Whom the Strongeſt doth defend,
Whom the Higheſt counts His friend,
Cannot periſh in the end.

(LXXVIII.—„O daß ich tauſend Zungen hätte.")

5.

Original Tune.


Oh would, my God, that I could praiſe Thee
How many a ſong my lips ſhould raiſe Thee,
With thou - ſand tongues, by day and night!
Who or - der'ſt all things here a - right;
My thank - ful heart would ev - er be
Tell - ing what God hath done for me.

2

O all ye powers that He implanted,
  Ariſe, keep ſilence thus no more,
Put forth the ſtrength that He hath granted,
  Your nobleſt work is to adore;
O ſoul and body, make ye meet
With heartfelt praiſe your Lord to greet.

3

Ye foreſt leaves ſo green and tender,
  That dance for joy in ſummer air;
Ye meadow graſſes bright and ſlender,
  Ye flowers ſo wondrous ſweet and fair;
Ye live to ſhow His praiſe alone,
Help me to make His glory known.

4

O all things that have breath and motion,
  That throng with life earth, ſea, and ſky,
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
  Help me to raiſe His praiſes high,
My utmoſt powers can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of His might.

5

But I will tell, while I am living,
  His goodneſs forth with every breath,
And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
  Until my heart is ſtill in death,
Nay, when at laſt my lips grow cold,
His praiſe ſhall in my ſighs be told.

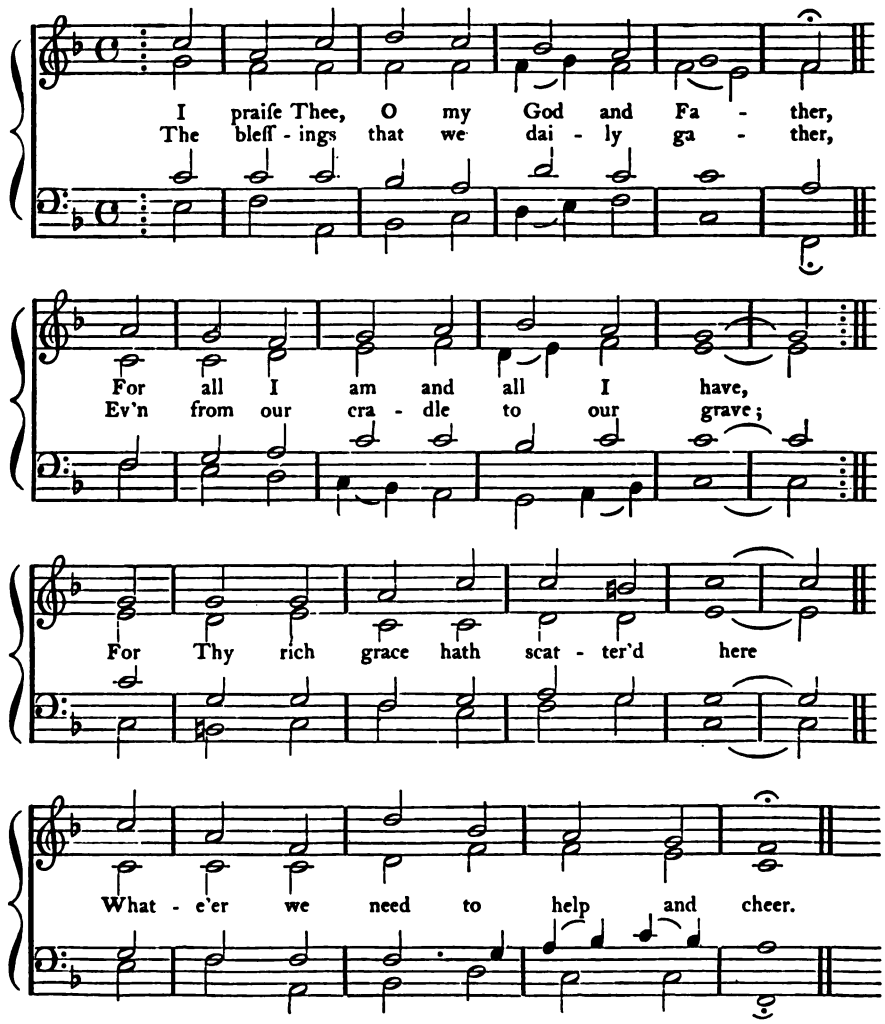
6

O Father, deign Thou, I beſeech Thee,
  To liſten to my earthly lays;
A nobler ſtrain in heaven ſhall reach Thee,
  When I with angels hymn Thy praiſe,
And learn amid their choirs to ſing
Loud hallelujahs to my King.

(Index of Tunes, LXXVIII.)

6.

Tune.—"Oh would, my God, that I could praiſe Thee."


I praiſe Thee, O my God and Fa - ther,
The bleſſ - ings that we dai - ly ga - ther,
For all I am and all I have,
Ev'n from our cra - dle to our grave;
For Thy rich grace hath scat - ter'd here
What - e'er we need to help and cheer.

2

I praiſe Thee, Saviour, whoſe compaſſion
Hath brought Thee down to ſuccour me;
Thy pitying heart ſought my ſalvation,
Though keeneſt woes were heaped on Thee,
Wrought me from bondage full releaſe,
Made me Thine own, and gave me peace.

3

Thee too I praiſe, O Holy Spirit,
By whoſe deep teachings I am made
A heavenly kingdom to inherit,
Who art my Comforter, my aid;
Whate'er of good by me is done
Is of Thy grace and light alone.

4

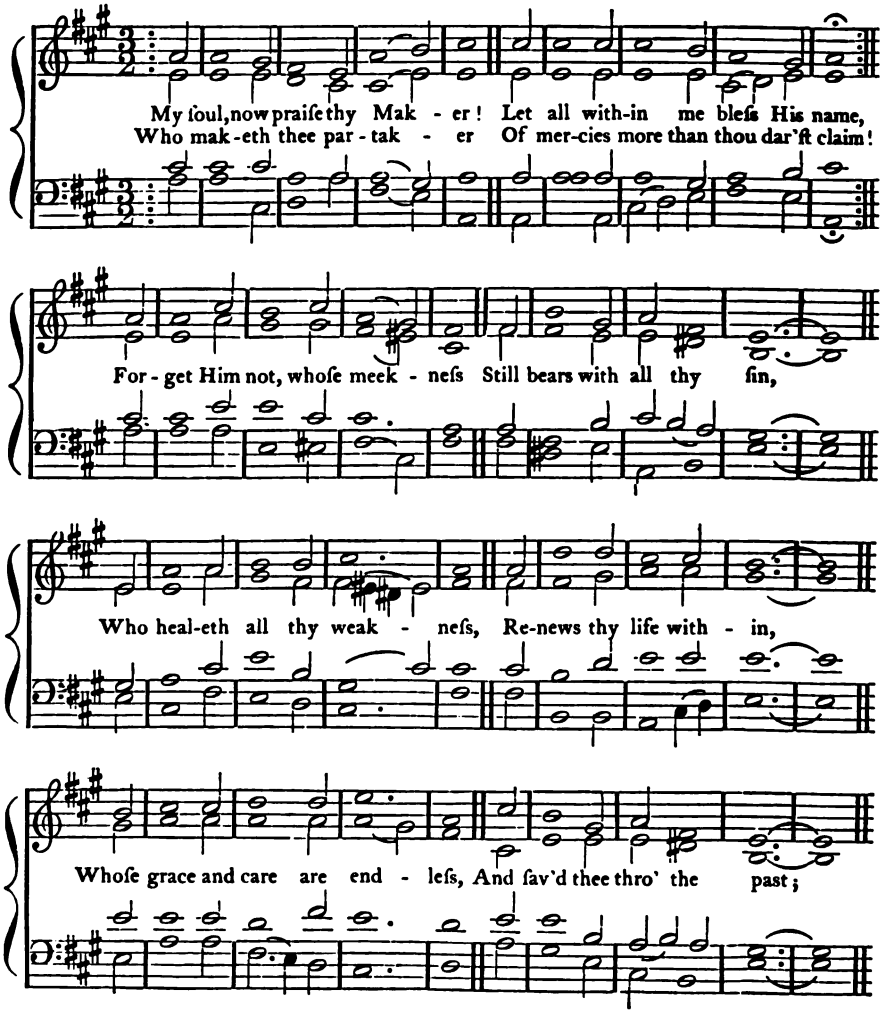
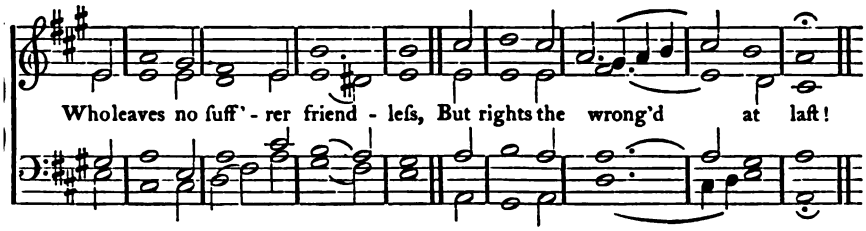
And as my life is onward gliding,
With each freſh ſcene anew I mark
How Thou art holding me and guiding,
Where all ſeems troubled, ſtrange, and dark;
When cares oppreſs and hopes depart,
Thy light hath never failed my heart.

5

Shall I not then be filled with gladneſs,
Shall I not praiſe Thee evermore?
And triumph o'er all fears and ſadneſs,
E'en when my cup of woe runs o'er?
Though heaven and earth may paſs away,
I know Thy word ſtands faſt for aye.

(LXXIV.—„Nun lob' mein' Seel' den Herren.")

7.

Original Tune.

My ſoul, now praiſe thy Mak - er! Let all with-in me bleſs His name,
Who mak-eth thee par-tak - er Of mer-cies more than thou dar'ſt claim!
For - get Him not, whoſe meek - neſs Still bears with all thy ſin,
Who heal-eth all thy weak - neſs, Re-news thy life with - in,
Whoſe grace and care are end - leſs, And ſav'd thee thro' the past;

2

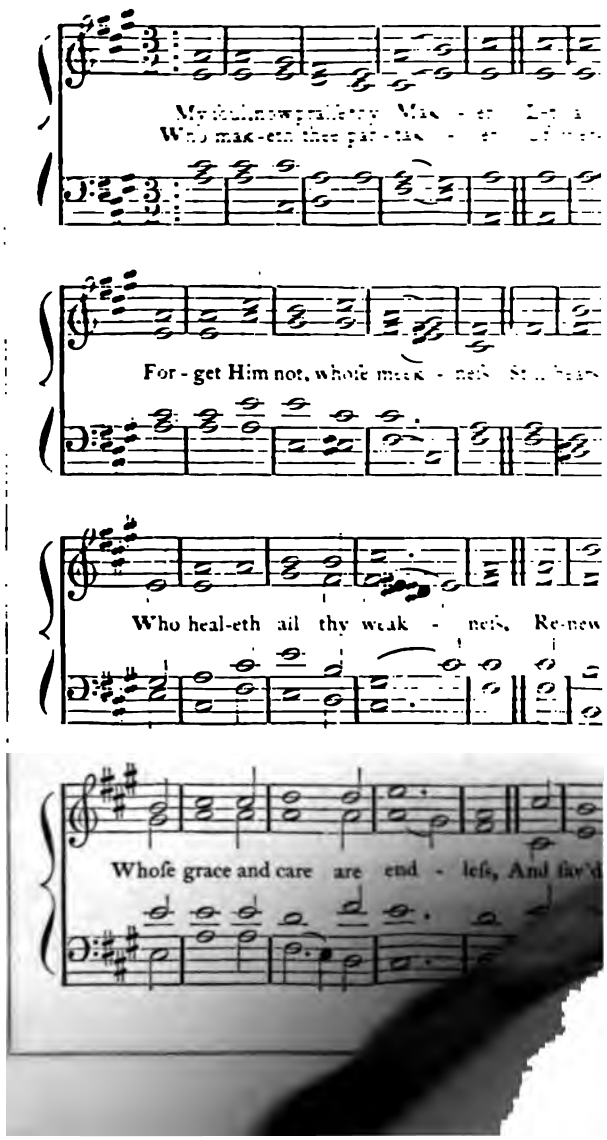
He ſhows to man His treaſure
Of judgment, truth, and righteouſneſs,
His love beyond our meaſure,
His yearning pity o'er diſtreſs;
Nor treats us as we merit,
But lays His anger by,
The humble contrite ſpirit
Finds His compaſſions nigh;
And high as heaven above us,
As break from cloſe of day,
So far, ſince He doth love us,
He puts our ſins away.

3

For as a tender father
Hath pity on his children here,
He in His arms will gather
All who are His in childlike fear;
He knows how frail our powers,
Who but from duſt are made,
We flouriſh as the flowers,
And even ſo we fade,
A ſtorm-wind o'er them paſſes,
And all their bloom is o'er,—
We wither like the graſſes,
Our place knows us no more.

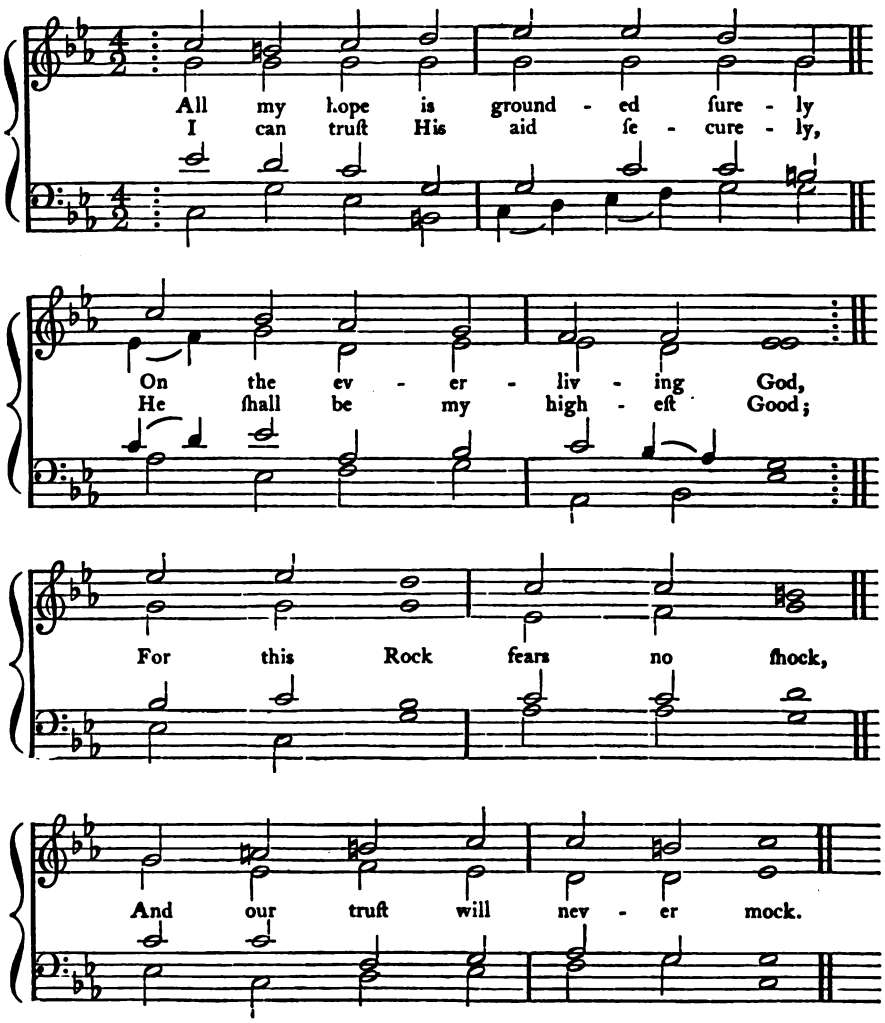
4

His grace alone endureth,
And children's children yet ſhall prove
How God with ſtrength aſſureth
The hearts of all that ſeek His love.
In heaven is fixed His dwelling,
His rule is over all,
Angels in might excelling,
Bright hoſts, before Him fall!
Praiſe Him who ever reigneth,
All ye who hear His word;
Nor our poor hymns diſdaineth,—
My ſoul, O praiſe the Lord!


For - get Him not, whose mer - cies
Who heal-eth all thy weak - ne's. Re-new
Whose grace and care are end - less, And fav'

(LXVI.—„Meine Hoffnung ſtehet feſte.")

8.

Original Tune.

All my hope is ground - ed ſure - ly
I can truſt His aid ſe - cure - ly,
On the ev - er - liv - ing God,
He ſhall be my high - eſt Good;
For this Rock fears no ſhock,
And our truſt will nev - er mock.

2

Tell me, if no dread e'er ſeizes
You, who lean on ſome frail man?
Can you build on waves and breezes?
Dare you truſt your wiſeſt plan?
Soon 'tis paſt, cannot laſt,
Nought that earth has ſtandeth faſt.

3

But His goodneſs ſtill ſhall flouriſh
Evermore, nought changes here;
Man and beaſt His hand doth nouriſh
Day by day through all the year;
Morn and eve, doth He give
All they need to all that live.

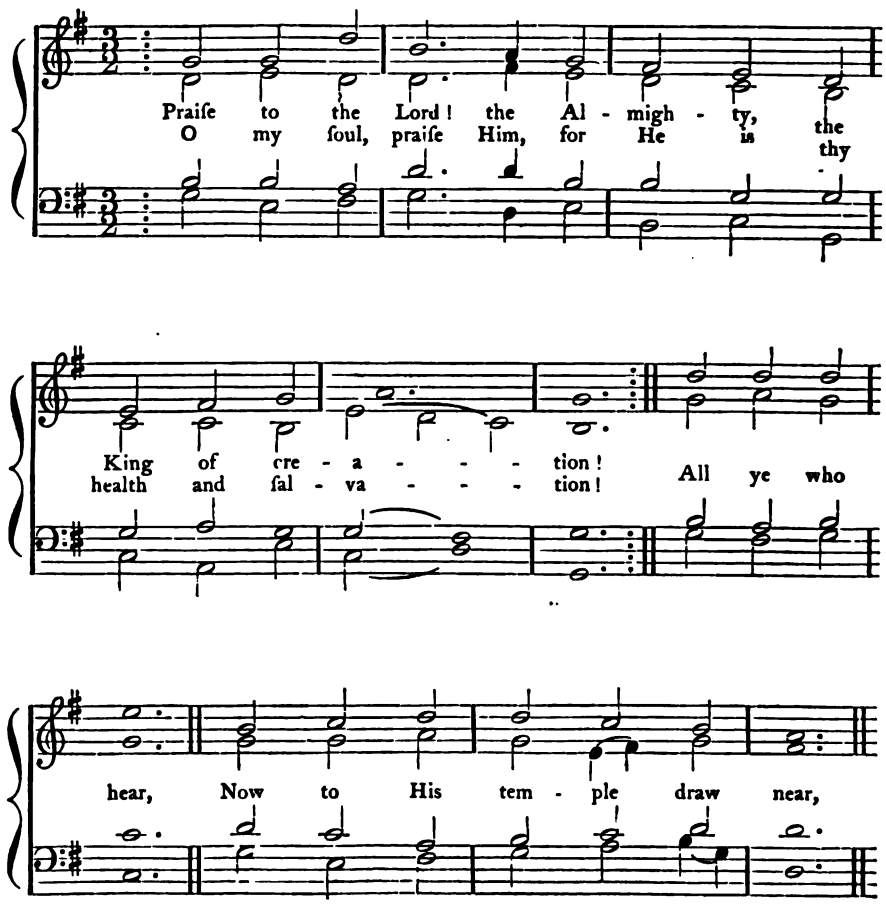
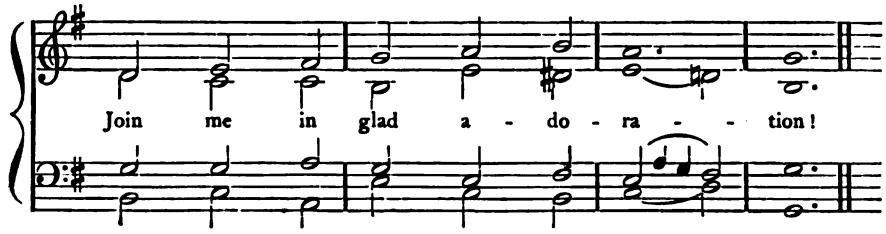
4

Are we not by gifts ſurrounded
More than we dare aſk of good?
For His mercies are unbounded,
Flowing like a mighty flood;
Earth and air to us bear
Tokens of His loving care.

5

Let not then His gifts upbraid us,
Who His very Son hath given;
Thank, O thank Him who hath made us
From the duſt, yet heirs of heaven.
God is our ſhield and tower,
Great in wiſdom, love, and power.

(LXII.—„Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren.")

9.

Praiſe to the Lord! the Al - migh - ty, the
O my ſoul, praiſe Him, for He is thy
King of cre - a - - - tion!
health and ſal - va - - - tion!
All ye who
hear, Now to His tem - ple draw near,

2

Praiſe to the Lord! who o'er all things ſo wondrouſly reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea ſo gently ſuſtaineth;
Haſt thou not ſeen
How thy deſires have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3

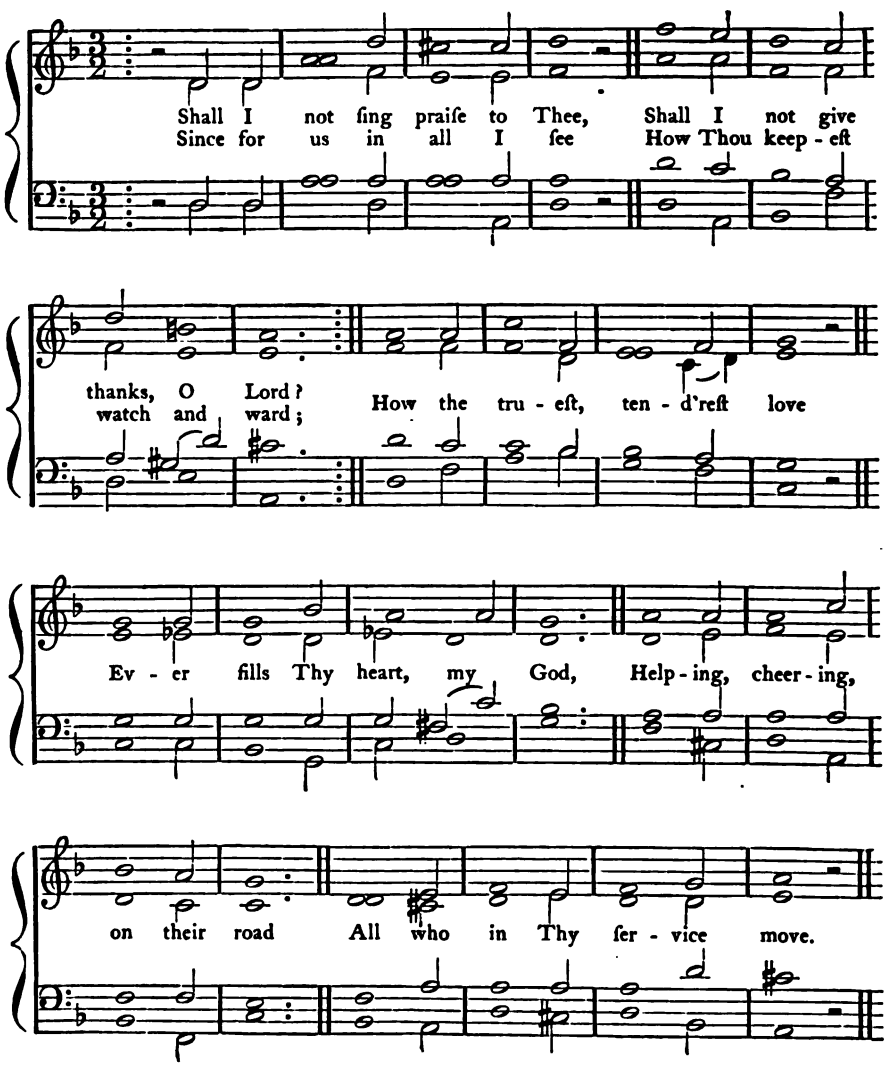
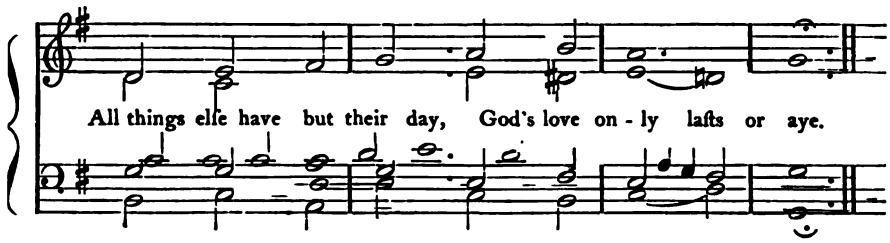
Praiſe to the Lord! who doth proſper thy work and defend thee,
Surely His goodneſs and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee!

4

Praiſe to the Lord! Oh let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praiſes before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him!

(LX.—„Laſſet uns den Herren preiſen.")

10.


Shall I not ſing praiſe to Thee, Shall I not give
Since for us in all I ſee How Thou keep - eſt
thanks, O Lord? watch and ward; How the tru - eſt, ten - d'reſt love
Ev - er fills Thy heart, my God, Help - ing, cheer - ing,
on their road All who in Thy ſer - vice move.

2

As the eagle o'er her neſt
Spreads her ſheltering wings abroad,
So from all that would moleſt
Doth Thine arm defend me, Lord;
From my youth up e'en till now
Of the being Thou didſt give,
And the earthly life I live,
Faithful Guardian ſtill wert Thou.
All things elſe have but their day,
God's love only laſts for aye.

3

When I ſleep my Guardian wakes,
And revives my wearied mind;
Every morning on me breaks
With ſome mark of love moſt kind;
Had my God not ſtood my Friend,
Had His countenance not been
Here my guide, I had not ſeen
Many a trial reach its end.
All things elſe have but their day,
God's love only laſts for aye.

4

As a father ne'er withdraws
From a child his all of love,
Though it often break his laws,
Though it careleſs, wilful, prove:
Even ſo my loving Lord
Doth my faults with pity ſee;
With His rod He chaſtens me,
Not avenging with His ſword.
All things elſe have but their day,
God's love only laſts for aye.

5

When His ſtrokes upon me light,
Bitterly I feel their ſmart,
Yet are they, if ſeen aright,
Tokens that my Father's heart
Yearns to bring me back again
Through theſe croſſes to His fold,
From the world that fain would hold
Soul and body in its chain.
All things elſe have but their day,
God's love only laſts for aye.

6

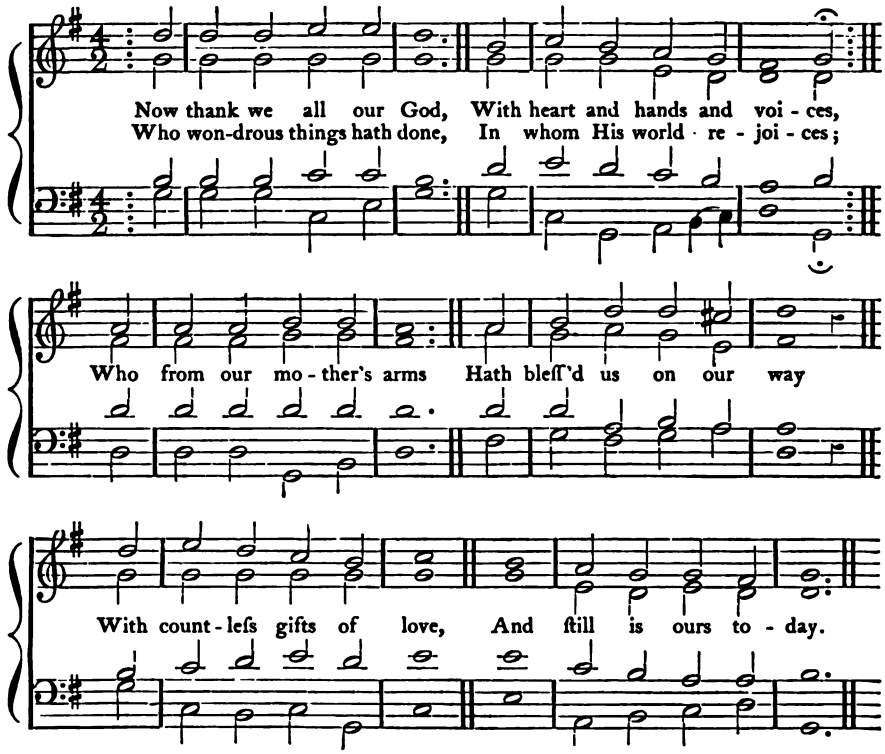
All my life I ſtill have found,
And I will forget it never,
Every ſorrow hath its bound,
And no croſs endures for ever.
After all the winter's ſnows
Comes ſweet ſummer back again;
Patient ſouls ne'er wait in vain,
Joy is given for all their woes.
All things elſe have but their day,
God's love only laſts for aye.

7

Since then neither change nor end
In Thy love can e'er have place,
Father! I beſeech Thee ſend
Unto me Thy loving grace.
Help Thy feeble child, and give
Strength to ſerve Thee day and night,
Loving Thee with all my might,
While on earth I yet muſt live;
So ſhall I, when Time is o'er,
Praiſe and love Thee evermore.

(LXX.—„Nun danket alle Gott.")

II.

Original Tune.

Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voi - ces,
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world · re - joi - ces;
Who from our mo - ther's arms Hath bleſſ'd us on our way
With count - leſs gifts of love, And ſtill is ours to - day.

2

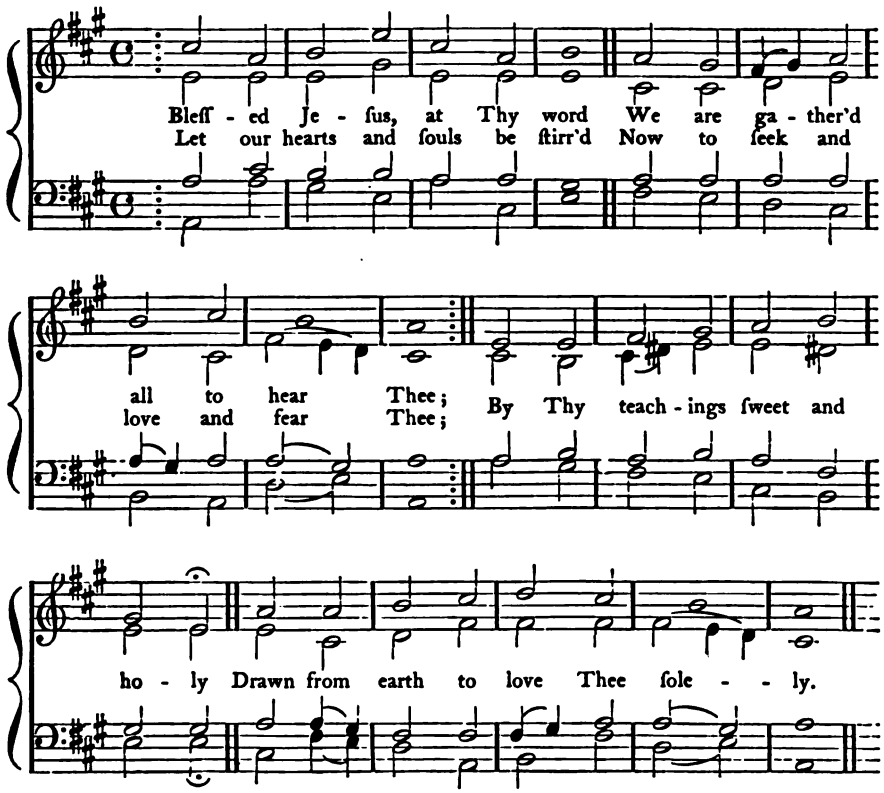
Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And bleſſed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3

All praiſe and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in higheſt heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore!

(LXI.—„Liebſter Jeſu, wir ſind hier.")

12.

Original Tune.

Bleſſ - ed Je - ſus, at Thy word We are ga - ther'd
Let our hearts and ſouls be ſtirr'd Now to ſeek and
all to hear Thee;
love and fear Thee;
By Thy teach - ings ſweet and
ho - ly Drawn from earth to love Thee ſole - - ly.

2

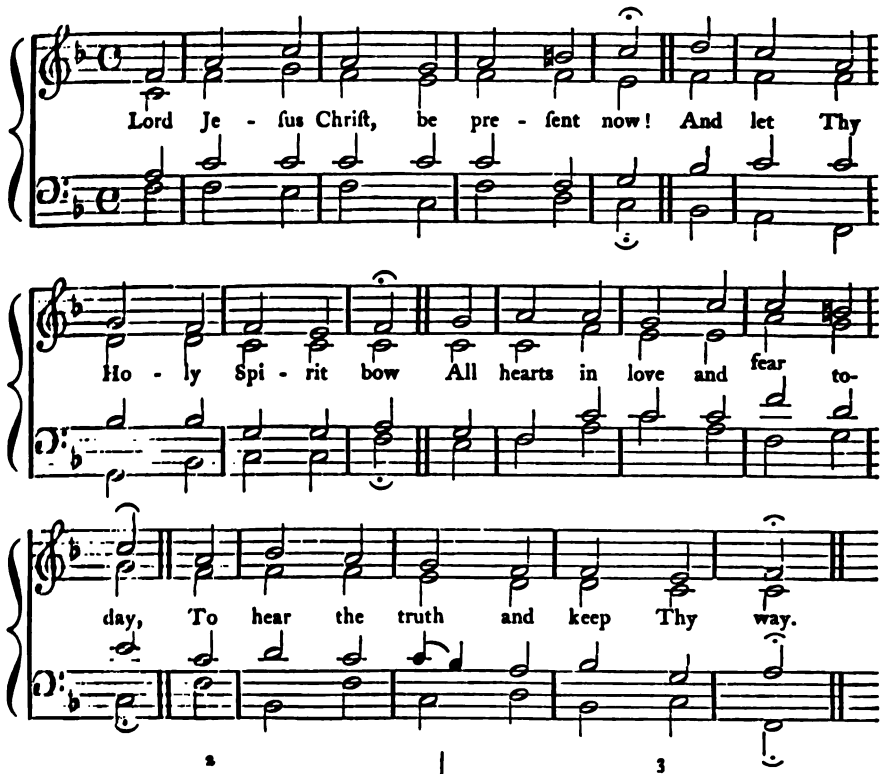
All our knowledge, ſenſe, and ſight
Lie in deepeſt darkneſs ſhrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to God canſt win us,
Thou muſt work all good within us.

3

Glorious Lord, Thyſelf impart!
Light of light from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading,
Hear the cry Thy people raiſes,
Hear, and bleſs our prayers and praiſes!

(xxxvii.—„ Herr Jeſu Chriſt Dich zu uns wend.")

13.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - ſus Chriſt, be pre - ſent now! And let Thy
Ho - ly Spi - rit bow All hearts in love and fear to-
day, To hear the truth and keep Thy way.

2

Open our lips to ſing Thy praiſe,
Our hearts in true devotion raiſe,
Strengthen our faith, increaſe our light,
That we may know Thy name aright:

3

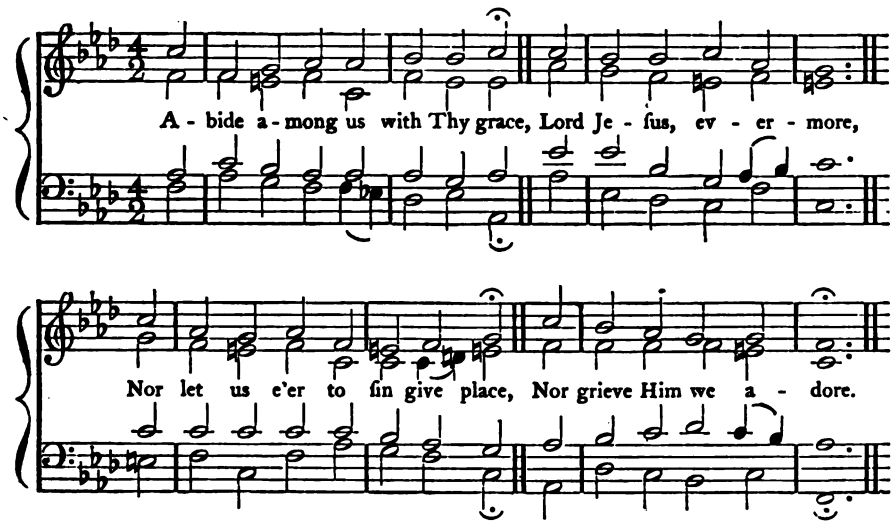
Until we join the hoſt that cry
"Holy, Holy art Thou moſt High,"
And 'mid the light of that bleſt place
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.

4

Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O bleſſed Trinity,
Be praiſe throughout eternity!

(Index of Tunes, LXXVI.)

14.

Tune.—"Now that the ſun doth ſhine no more."

2

Abide among us with Thy word,
Redeemer whom we love,
Thy help and mercy here afford,
And life with Thee above.

3

Abide among us with Thy ray,
O Light that lighten'ſt all,
And let Thy truth preſerve our way,
Nor ſuffer us to fall.

4

Abide with us to bleſs us ſtill,
O bounteous Lord of peace;
With grace and power our ſouls fulfill,
Our faith and love increaſe.

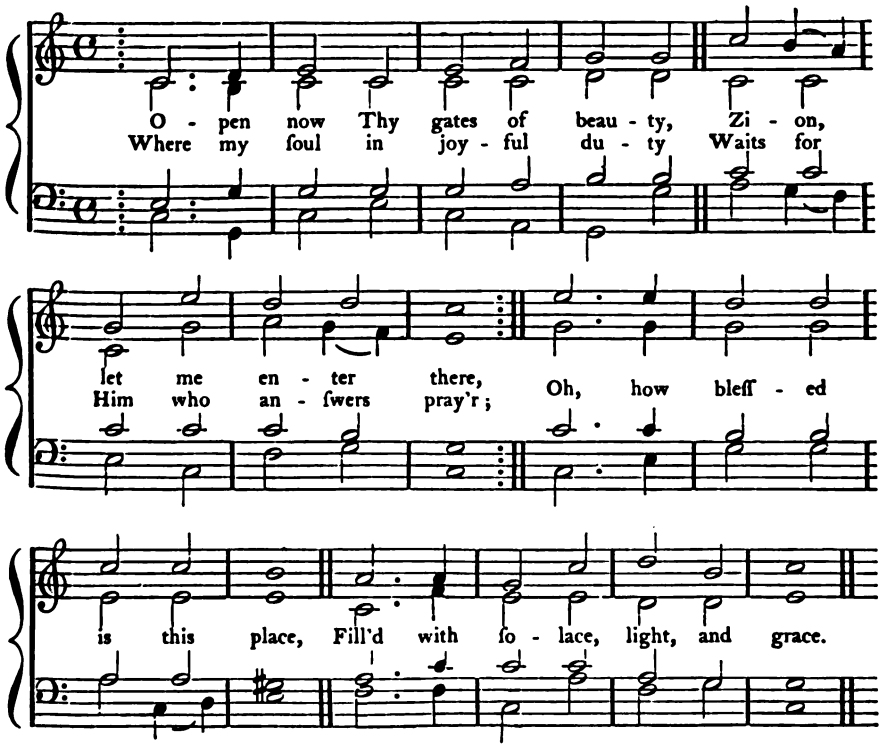
5

Abide among us as our ſhield,
O Captain of Thy hoſt;
That to the world we may not yield,
Nor e'er forſake our poſt.

6

Abide with us in faithful love,
Our God and Saviour be,
Thy help at need, Oh let us prove,
And keep us true to Thee.

(xcviii.—„Unſer Herrſcher, Unſer König.")

15.

O - pen now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on,
Where my ſoul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for
let me en - ter there, Oh, how bleſſ - ed
Him who an - ſwers pray'r;
is this place, Fill'd with ſo - lace, light, and grace.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou alſo down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee
There a heaven on earth muſt be.
To my heart oh enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praiſe is gladly chanted,
Here Thy ſeed is duly ſown,
Let my ſoul where it is planted,
Bring forth precious ſheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

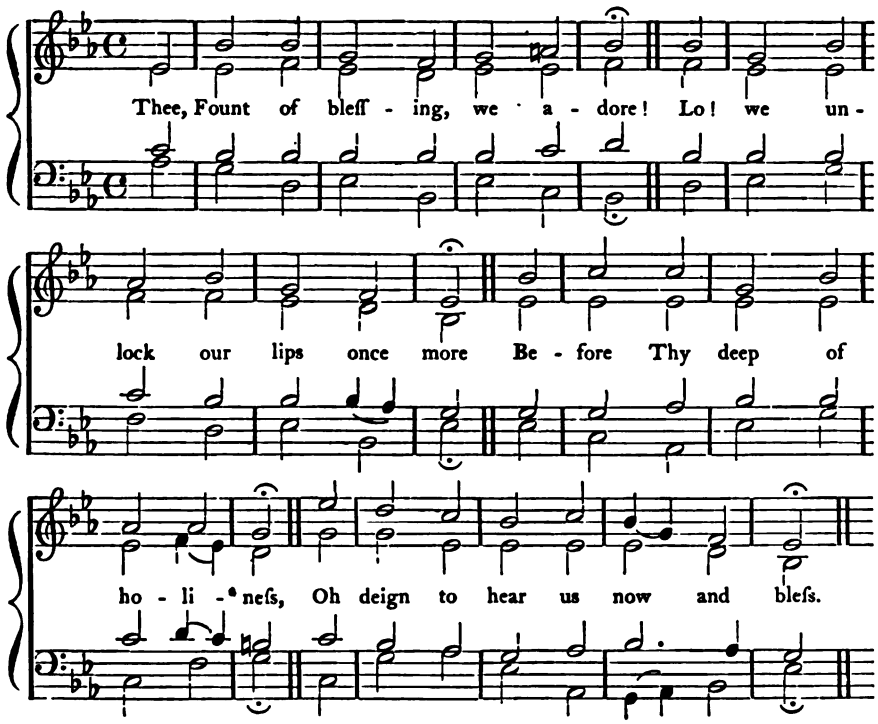
4 Thou my faith increaſe and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine
Howſoe'er temptations thicken;
May Thy word ſtill o'er me ſhine,
As my pole-ſtar through my life,
As my comfort in my ſtrife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undiſturbed draw near Thee
While Thou doſt Thy people feed;
Here of Life the Fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

(Index of Tunes, CXXI.)

16.

Tune.—" O bleſt the houſe, whate'er befall."


Thee, Fount of bleſſ - ing, we · a - dore! Lo! we un -
lock our lips once more Be - fore Thy deep of
ho - li - neſs, Oh deign to hear us now and bleſs.

2

The Lord, the Maker, with us dwell,
In ſoul and body ſhield us well,
And guard us with His ſleepleſs might
From every ill by day and night!

3

The Lord, the Saviour, Light Divine,
Now cauſe His face on us to ſhine,
That ſeeing Him, with perfect faith
We truſt His love for life and death!

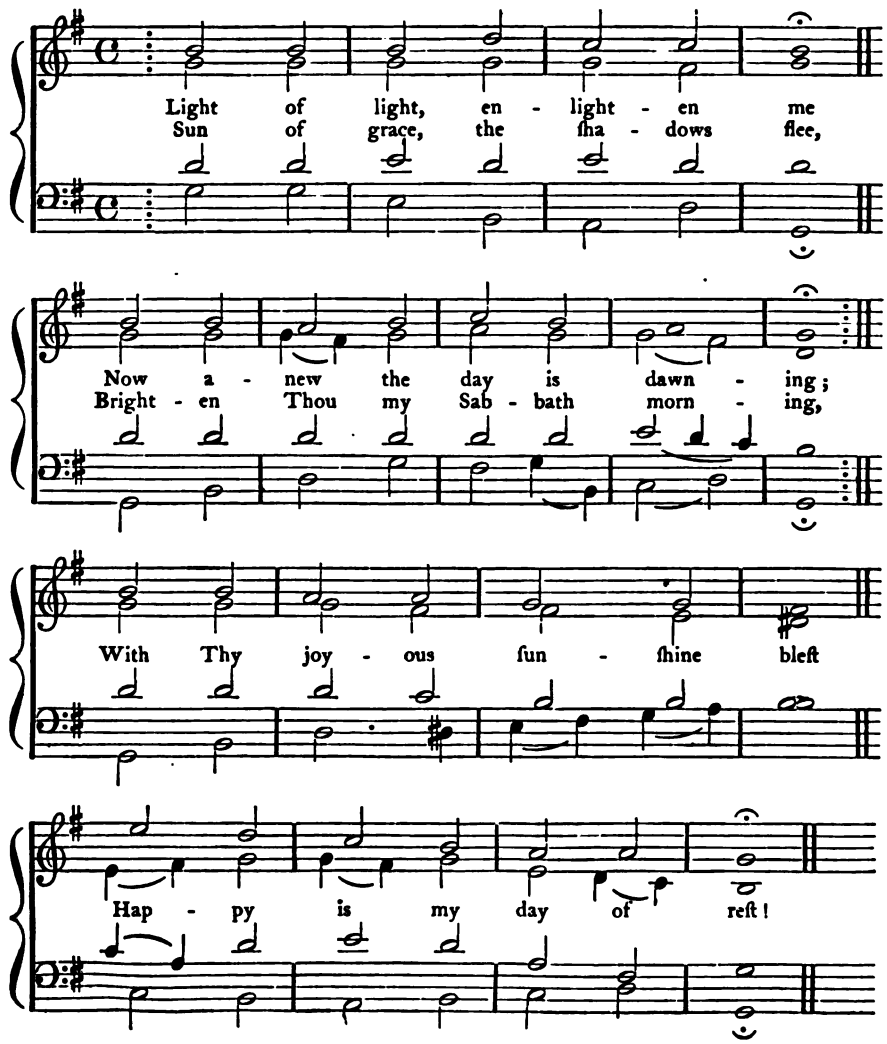
4

The Lord, the Comforter, be near,
Imprint His image deeply here,
From bonds of ſin and dread releaſe,
And give us His unchanging peace!

5

O Triune God! Thou vaſt abyſs!
Thou ever-flowing Fount of bliſs,
Flow through us, heart and ſoul and will
With endleſs praiſe and bleſſing fill!

(LXVII.—„Meinen Jeſum laſs ich nicht.")

17.

Light of light, en - light - en me
Sun of grace, the ſha - dows flee,
Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;
Bright - en Thou my Sab - bath morn - ing,
With Thy joy - ous ſun - ſhine bleſt
Hap - py is my day of reſt!

2

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me,
Thou from earth my ſoul releaſe
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bleſs Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou doſt love.

3

Kindle Thou the ſacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the ſhadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No ſtrange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4

Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, ſinging,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my ſoul to Thee upſpringing,
Have a foretaſte inly given
How they worſhip Thee in Heaven.

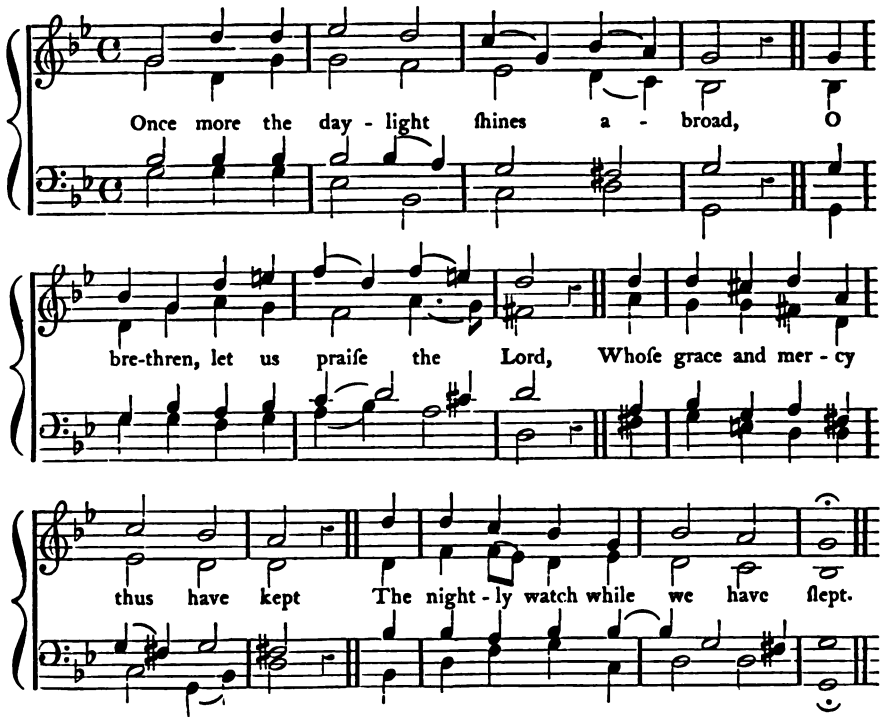
5

Reſt in me and I in Thee,
Build a Paradiſe within me;
Oh reveal Thyſelf to me,
Bleſſed Love, who diedſt to win me;
Fed from Thine exhauſtleſs urn,
Pure and bright my lamp ſhall burn.

6

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majeſty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my ſoul ſhall move,
Simply reſting in Thy love.

(xxi.—„Der Tag bricht an und zeiget ſich.")

18.

Once more the day - light ſhines a - broad, O
bre-thren, let us praiſe the Lord, Whoſe grace and mer - cy
thus have kept The night - ly watch while we have ſlept.

2 To Him let us together pray
With all our heart and ſoul to-day,
That He would keep us in His love,
And all our guilt and ſin remove.

3 Eternal God! Almighty Friend,
Whoſe deep compaſſions have no end,
Whoſe never-failing ſtrength and might
Have kept us ſafely through the night:

4 Now ſend us from Thy heavenly throne
Thy grace and help through Chriſt Thy Son,
That with Thy ſtrength our hearts may glow,
And fear nor man nor ghoſtly foe.

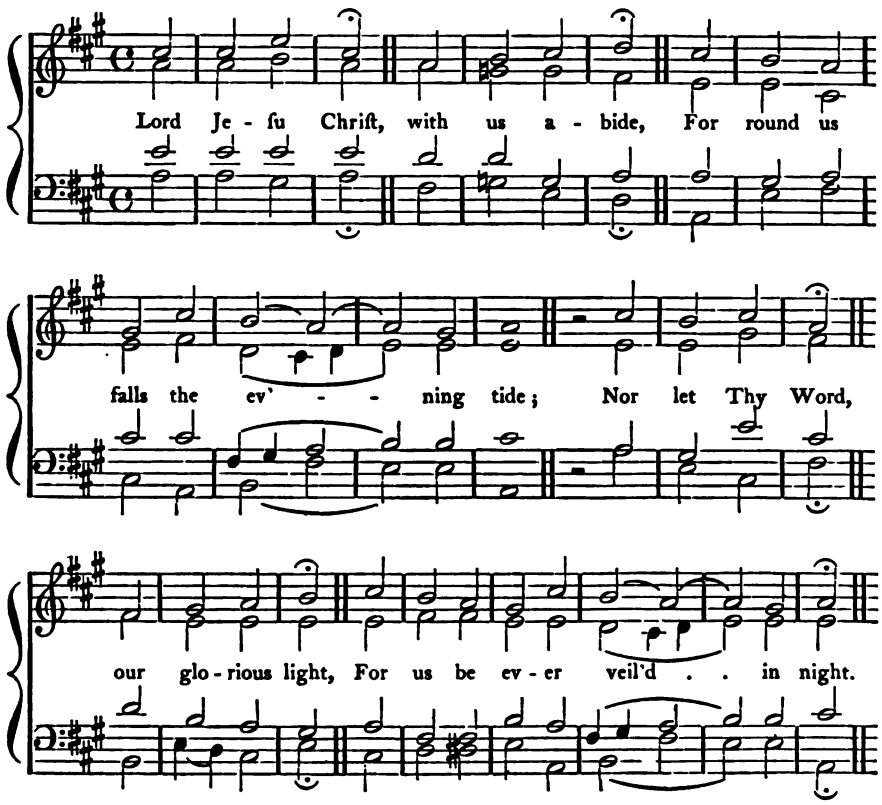
5 Lord God! oh, hear us, we implore!
Be Thou our Guardian evermore,
Our mighty Champion and our Shield
That goeth with us to the field.

6 We offer up ourſelves to Thee,
That heart and word and deed may be
In all things guided by Thy mind,
And in Thine eyes acceptance find.

7 Thus, Lord, we bring, through Chriſt Thy Son,
Our morning offering to Thy throne;
Now be Thy precious gift outpour'd,
And help us for Thine honour, Lord!

(1.—„Ach bleib' bei uns Herr Jeſu Chriſt.")

19.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - ſu Chriſt, with us a - bide, For round us
falls the ev' - - ning tide; Nor let Thy Word,
our glo - rious light, For us be ev - er veil'd . . in night.

2

In theſe dark days that yet remain,
May we Thy Sacraments maintain,
And keep Thy Word ſtill free and pure,
And ſteadfaſt in the faith endure.

I. THE CHURCH.

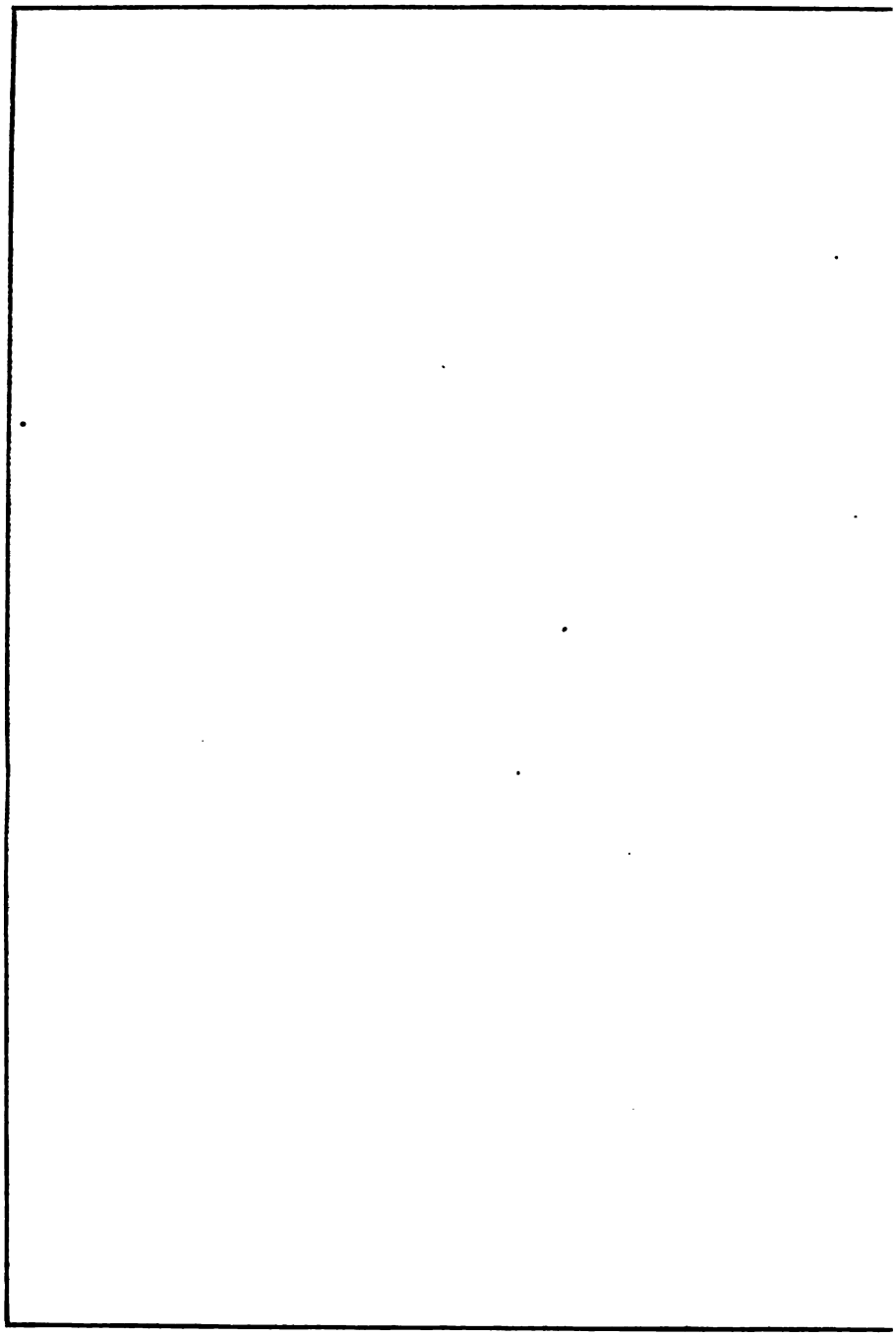
1. HOLY SEASONS.

ADVENT .. .. 20—28
CHRISTMAS .. .. 29—35
EPIPHANY .. .. 36—39
LENT .. .. .. 40—45
PASSION WEEK .. 46—50
GOOD FRIDAY .. 51—53
EASTER EVE .. .. 54—56
EASTER .. .. 57—62
ASCENSION .. .. 63—68
WHITSUNTIDE .. 69—74
TRINITY 75, 76
SAINTS' DAYS .. .. 77—85
EMBER WEEK . 86—88

2. SERVICES.

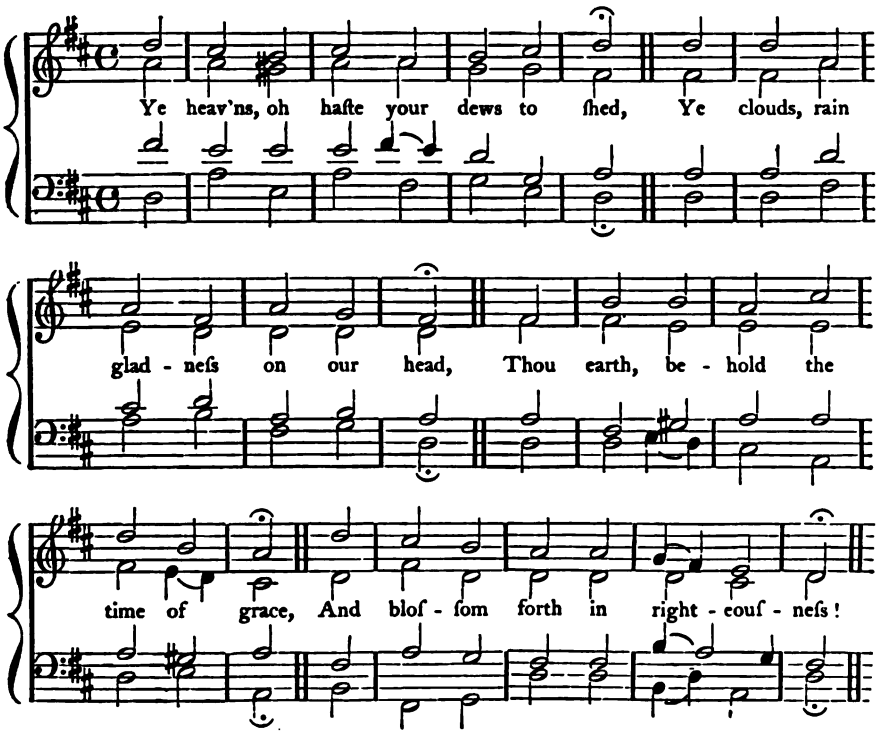
FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP, *see* INTRODUCTION.
BAPTISM .. 89—90
CONFIRMATION .. 91, 92
HOLY COMMUNION .. 93—95
BURIAL OF THE DEAD 96—99

THE WORD OF GOD .. .. 100—103
THE CHURCH ON EARTH .. .. 104—106



(Index of Tunes, CIV.)

20.

Tune.—"From heaven above to earth I come."

Ye heav'ns, oh haſte your dews to ſhed, Ye clouds, rain
glad - neſs on our head, Thou earth, be - hold the
time of grace, And bloſ - ſom forth in right - eouſ - neſs!

2

O living Sun, with joy break forth,
And pierce the gloomy clefts of earth;
Behold, the mountains melt away
Like wax beneath Thine ardent ray!

3

O Life-dew of the Churches, come,
And bid this arid deſert bloom!
The ſorrows of Thy people ſee,
And take our human fleſh on Thee.

4

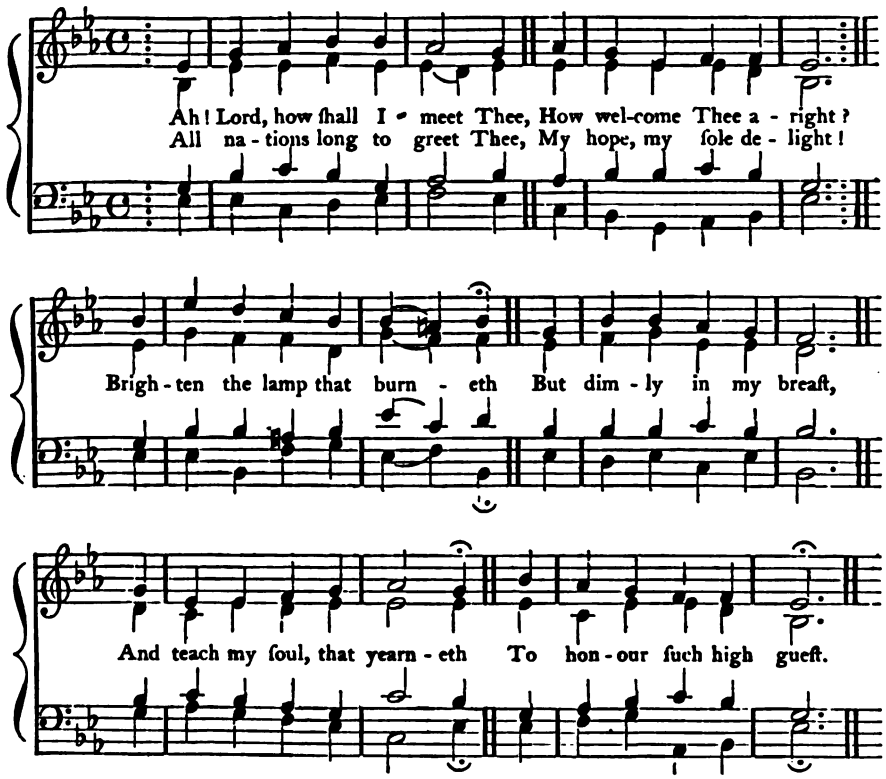
Refreſh the parch'd and drooping mind,
The broken limb in mercy bind,
Us ſinners from our guilt releaſe,
And fill us with Thy heavenly peace.

5

O wonder! night no more is night!
Comes then at laſt the long'd-for light?
Ah yes, Thou ſhineſt, O true Sun,
In whom are God and man made one!

(CXVIII.—„Wie ſoll ich Dich empfangen.")

21.

Original Tune.

Ah! Lord, how ſhall I meet Thee, How wel-come Thee a - right?
All na - tions long to greet Thee, My hope, my ſole de - light!
Brigh - ten the lamp that burn - eth But dim - ly in my breaſt,
And teach my ſoul, that yearn - eth To hon - our ſuch high gueſt.

2

Thy Zion ſtrews before Thee
Her faireſt buds and palms,
And I too will adore Thee
With ſweeteſt ſongs and pſalms;
My ſoul breaks forth in flowers
Rejoicing in Thy fame,
And ſummons all her powers
To honour Jeſus' name.

3

Nought, nought, dear Lord, could move Thee
To leave Thy rightful place
Save love, for which I love Thee;
A love that could embrace
A world where ſorrow dwelleth,
Which ſin and ſuffering fill,
More than the tongue e'er telleth;—
Yet Thou couldſt love it ſtill!

4

O ye ſad hearts that ſicken
With hope deferred, and ſee
The gloom around you thicken,
The joys ye hoped for flee,—
Deſpair not, He is near you,
Yea, at the very door,
Who beſt can help and cheer you,
He will not linger more.

5

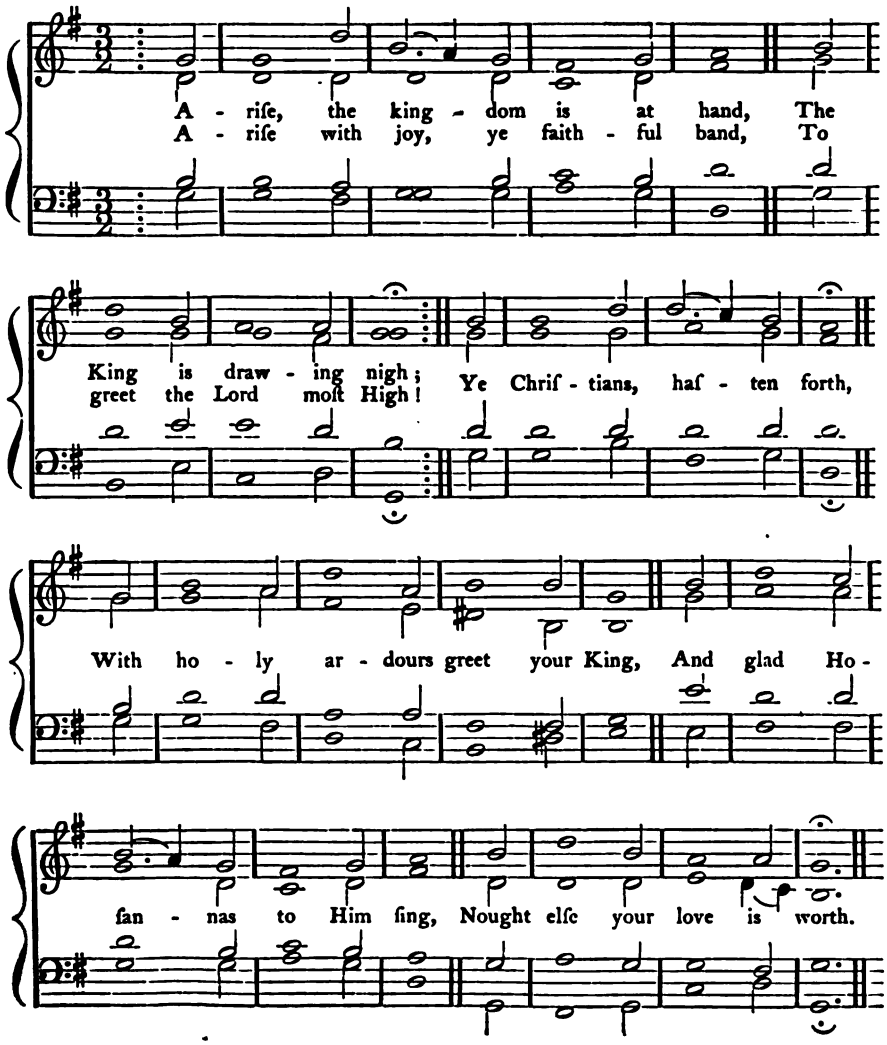
Nor ſin ſhall make you fearful,
Aſhamed to ſee His face,
The contrite heart and tearful
He covers with His grace;
He comes to heal the ſpirit
That mourneth ſin-oppreſſed,
And raiſe us to inherit
With Him our proper reſt.

6

He comes to judge the nations,
A terror to His foes,
A light of conſolations
And bleſſed hope to thoſe
Who love the Lord's appearing:
O glorious Sun, now come,
Send forth Thy beams of cheering
And guide us ſafely home!

(Index of Tunes, XII.)

22.

Tune.—"My inmoſt heart now raiſes."

A - riſe, the king - dom is at hand, The
A - riſe with joy, ye faith - ful band, To
King is draw - ing nigh;
greet the Lord moſt High!
Ye Chriſ - tians, haſ - ten forth,
With ho - ly ar - dours greet your King, And glad Ho -
ſan - nas to Him ſing, Nought elſe your love is worth.

2

Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day!
The King is very near,
Oh caſt your griefs and fears away,
For lo! your Help is here;
And comfort rich and ſweet
In many a place for us is ſtored,
Where in His ſacraments and word
Our Saviour we can meet.

3

Look up, ye ſouls weigh'd down with care!
The Sovereign is not far;
Look up, faint hearts, from your deſpair,
Behold the Morning Star!
The Lord is with us now,
Who ſhall the ſinking ſpirit feed
With ſtrength and comfort at its need,
To whom e'en Death ſhall bow.

4

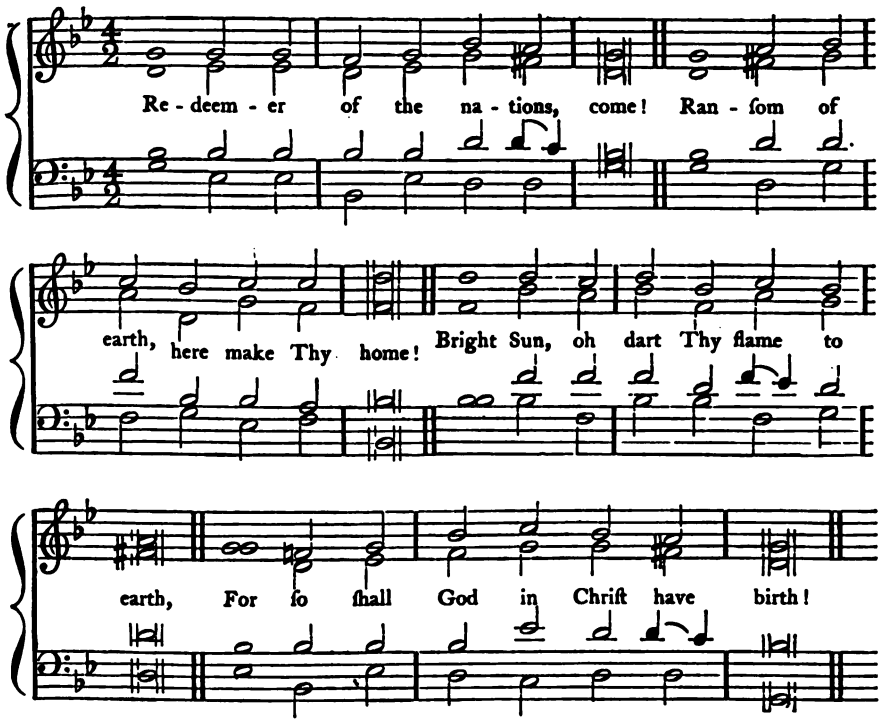
Hope, O ye broken hearts, at laſt!
The King comes on in might,
He loved us in the ages paſt
When we ſat wrapp'd in night;
Now are our ſorrows o'er,
And fear and wrath to joy give place,
Since God hath made us in His grace
His children evermore.

5

O rich the gifts Thou bringeſt us,
Thyſelf made poor and weak;
O love beyond compare that thus
Can foes and ſinners ſeek!
For this to Thee alone
We raiſe on high a gladſome voice,
And evermore with thanks rejoice
Before Thy glorious throne.

(LVI.—„Komm, Heiden Heiland! Löſegeld.")

23.

Original Tune.

Re - deem - er of the na - tions, come! Ran - ſom of
earth, here make Thy home! Bright Sun, oh dart Thy flame to
earth, For ſo ſhall God in Chriſt have birth!

2

Thou comeſt from Thy kingly throne,
O Son of God, the Virgin's Son!
Thou Hero of a twofold race,
Doſt walk in might earth's darkeſt place.

3

Thou ſtoopeſt once to ſuffer here,
And riſeſt o'er the ſtarry ſphere;
Hell's gates at thy deſcent were riven,
Thy aſcent is to higheſt Heaven.

4

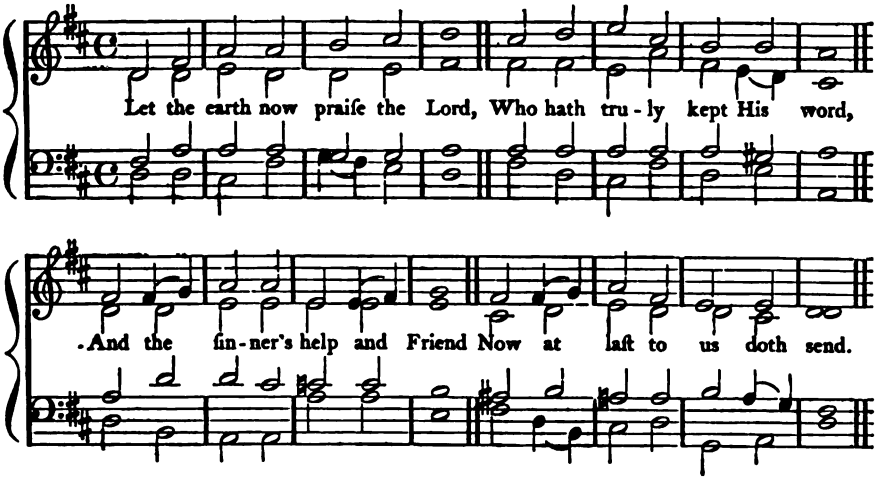
One with the Father! Prince of might!
O'er nature's realm aſſert Thy right,
Our ſickly bodies pine to know
Thy heavenly ſtrength, Thy living glow.

5

How bright Thy lowly manger beams!
Down earth's dark vale its glory ſtreams,
The ſplendour of Thy natal night
Shines through all time in deathleſs light

(xxxiii.—„Gott ſei Dank durch alle Welt.")

24.

Original Tune.

2

What the fathers moſt deſired,
What the prophets' heart inſpired,
What they long'd for many a year,
Stands fulfill'd in glory here.

3

Abram's promiſed great reward,
Zion's Helper, Jacob's Lord,
Him of twofold race behold,
Truly come, as long foretold.

4

Welcome, O my Saviour, now!
Hail! my portion, Lord, art Thou!
Here too in my heart, I pray,
Oh prepare Thyſelf a way.

5

Enter, King of Glory, in!
Purify the waſtes of ſin
As Thou haſt ſo often done;
It belongs to Thee alone.

6

As Thy coming was in peace,
Noiſeleſs, full of gentleneſs,
Let the ſame mind dwell in me
That was ever found in Thee.

7

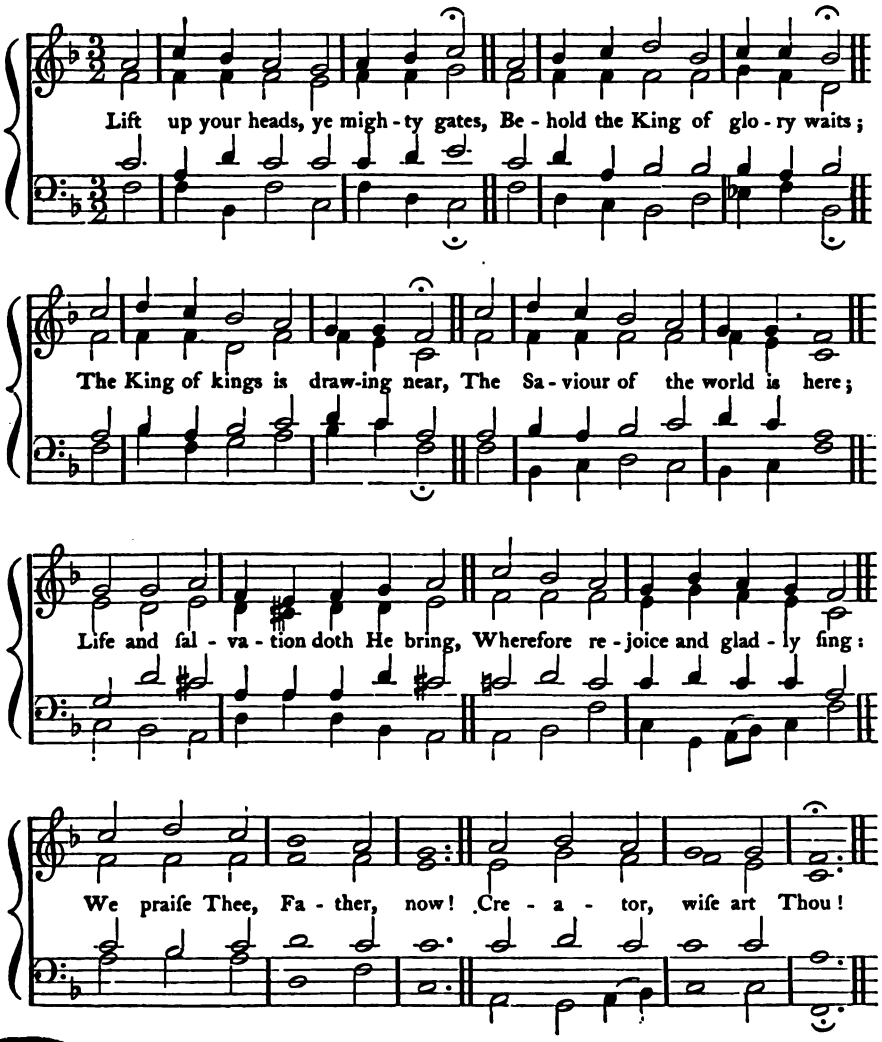
Bruiſe for me the ſerpent's head,
That, ſet free from doubt and dread,
I may cleave to Thee in faith,
Safely kept through life and death:

8

And when Thou doſt come again
As a glorious King to reign,
I with joy may ſee Thy face,
Freely ranſom'd by Thy grace.

(LXIV.—„ Macht hoch die Thür, die Thor' macht weit.")

25.

Original Tune.

Lift up your heads, ye migh - ty gates, Be - hold the King of glo - ry waits;
The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sa - viour of the world is here;
Life and sal - va - tion doth He bring, Wherefore re - joice and glad - ly sing:
We praise Thee, Fa - ther, now! Cre - a - tor, wise art Thou!

2

The Lord is juſt, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His ſide,
His kingly crown is holineſs,
His ſceptre, pity in diſtreſs,
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and ſings:
We praiſe Thee, Saviour, now,
Mighty in deed art Thou!

3

Oh bleſt the land, the city bleſt,
Where Chriſt the Ruler is confeſt!
Oh happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudleſs Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliſs:
O Comforter Divine,
What boundleſs grace is Thine!

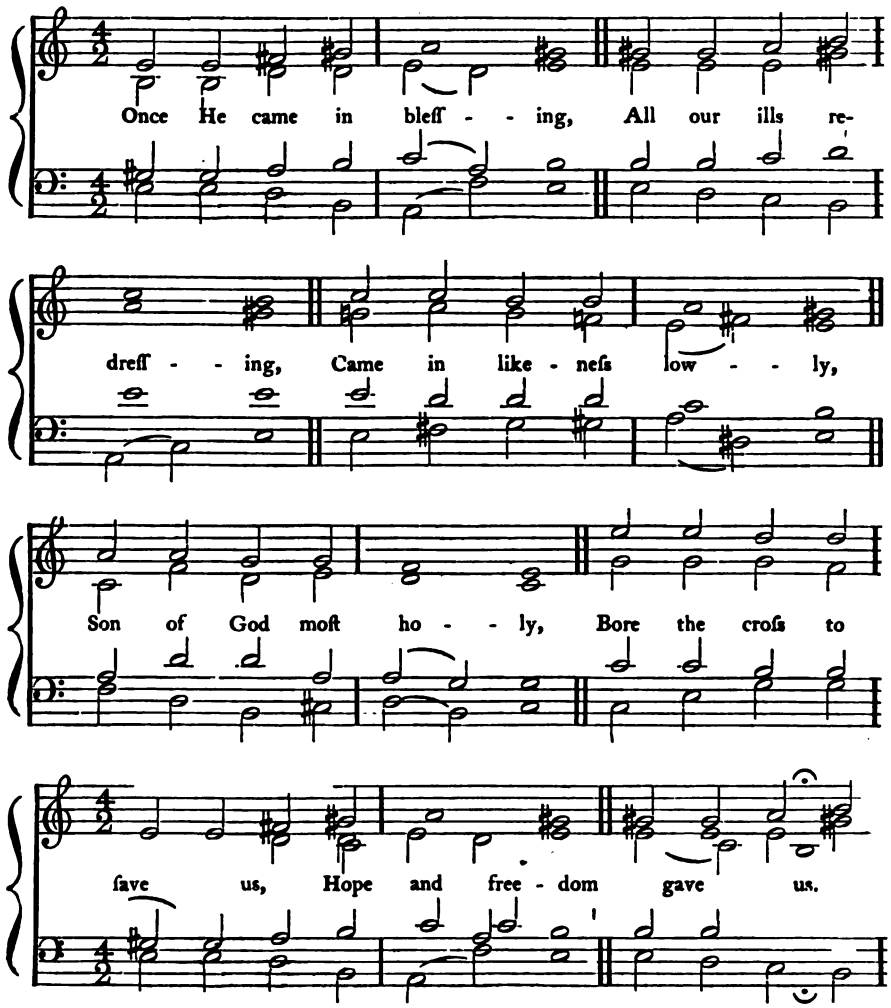
4

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple ſet apart
From earthly uſe for Heaven's employ,
Adorn'd with prayer and love and joy;
So ſhall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin:
To Thee, O God, be praiſe,
For word and deed and grace!

5

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee,—here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner preſence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won!
Eternal praiſe and fame
We offer to Thy name.

(XXXVIII.—„Herr nun laß in Friede.")

26.

Once He came in bleff - - ing, All our ills re-
dreff - - ing, Came in like - neſs low - - ly,
Son of God moſt ho - - ly, Bore the croſs to
ſave us, Hope and free - dom gave us.

2

Still He comes within us,
Still His voice would win us
From the ſins that hurt us;
Would to Truth convert us
From our fooliſh errors,
Ere He comes in terrors.

3

Thus if thou haſt known Him,
Not aſhamed to own Him,
Nor doſt love Him coldly,
But wilt truſt Him boldly,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee, and forgive thee.

4

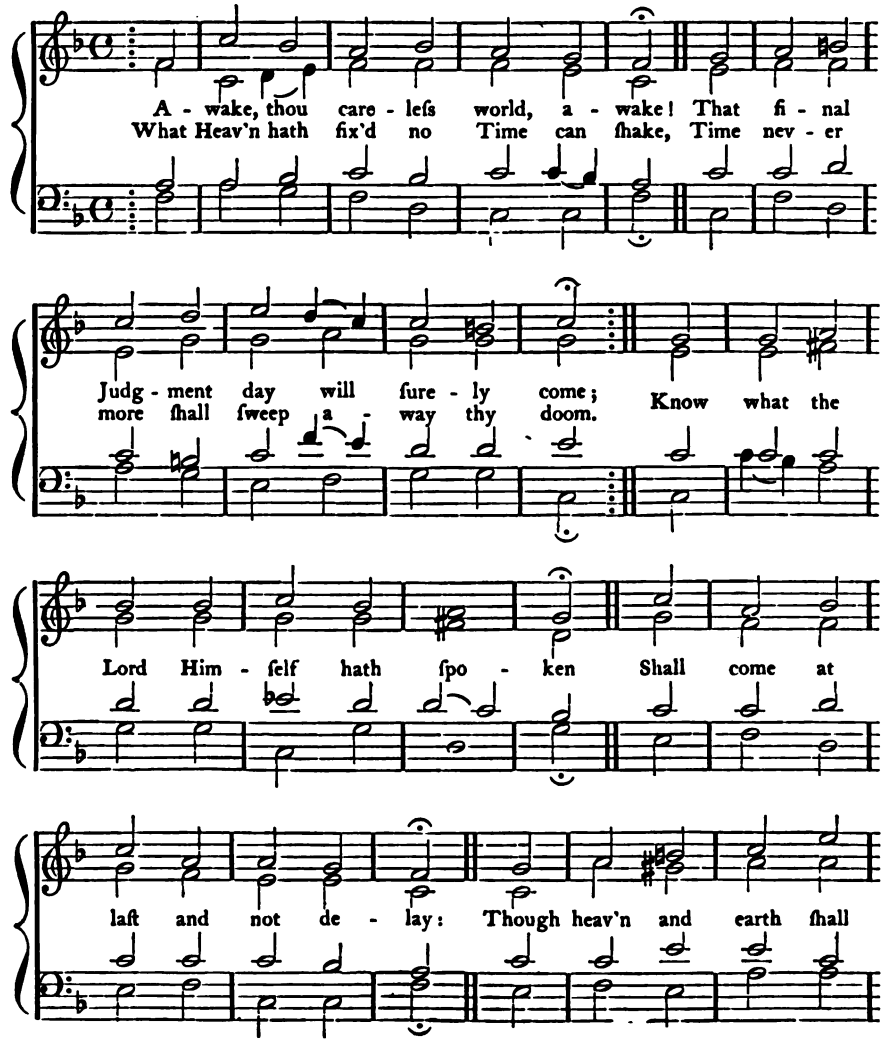
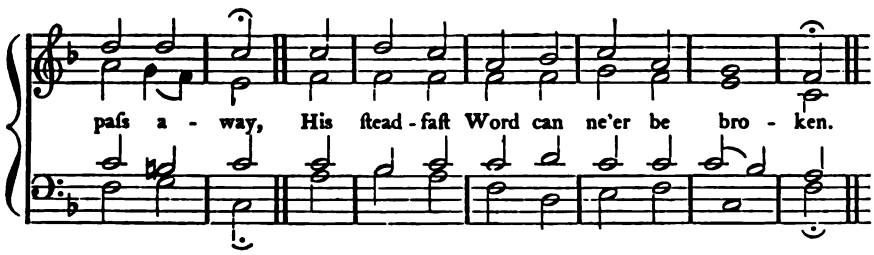
But through many a trial,
Deepeſt ſelf-denial,
Long and brave endurance,
Muſt thou win aſſurance
That His own He makes thee,
And no more forſakes thee.

5

He who thus endureth
Bright reward ſecureth;
Come then, O Lord Jeſus,
From our ſins releaſe us.
Let us here confeſs Thee,
Till in heaven we bleſs Thee.

(cv.—„Wach auf, Wach auf du ſich're Welt.")

27.

Original Tune.

A - wake, thou care - leſs world, a - wake! That fi - nal
What Heav'n hath fix'd no Time can ſhake, Time nev - er
Judg - ment day will ſure - ly come;
more ſhall ſweep a - way thy doom.
Know what the
Lord Him - ſelf hath ſpo - ken Shall come at
laſt and not de - lay: Though heav'n and earth ſhall

2 Awake! thou careleſs world, awake!
For none can tell how ſoon our God may pleaſe
That ſuddenly that day ſhould break,
No human wiſdom fathoms depths like theſe:
O flee earth's baſe delights and pride,
For as the bird is in the ſnare,
Or ever of its foe aware,
So comes that day ſo long denied.

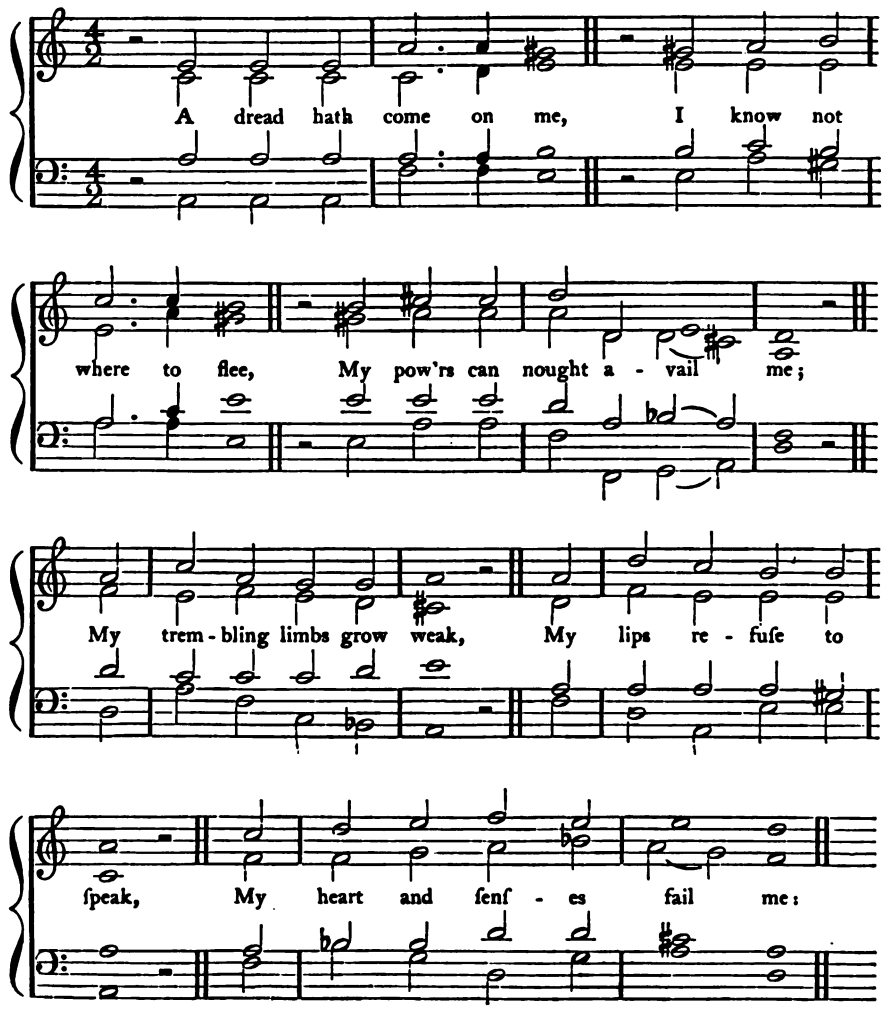
3 Yet He in love delayeth long
That awful day, and grants the ſinner ſpace
To turn away from ſin and wrong,
And mourning ſeek in time His love and grace.
He holdeth back that beſt of days
Until the righteous ſhall approve
Their faith and hope, their conſtant love;
So gentle us-ward are His ways!

4 And thoſe found faithful then ſhall ſee
That glorious morning dawn in love and joy,
Their Saviour comes to ſet them free,
Their Judge Himſelf ſhall all their bonds deſtroy;
He the true Joſhua then ſhall bring
His people with a mighty hand
Into their promiſed fatherland,
Where ſongs of victory they ſhall ſing.

5 Ariſe, and let us night and day
Watch for our Lord, and ſtudy o'er His word,
And in the Spirit ever pray,
That we be ready when His call is heard;
Ariſe, and let us haſte to meet
The Bridegroom ſtanding at the door,
That with the angels evermore
We too may worſhip at His feet.

(XLVII.—„Ich ſteh' in Angſt und Pein.")

28.

Original Tune.

A dread hath come on me, I know not
where to flee, My pow'rs can nought a - vail me;
My trem - bling limbs grow weak, My lips re - fuſe to
ſpeak, My heart and ſenſ - es fail me:

2

For thinking on that ſound
That once ſhall pierce the ground
And make its ſlumb'rers tremble,—
"Ariſe! the Day of Doom
Is come at laſt,—is come!
Before the Judge aſſemble!"

3

Ah God! no tempeſt's ſhock
That cleaves the ſolid rock
Could make my ſpirit ſhiver
As doth that awful tone;
Were my heart ſteel or ſtone
'T would hear that voice and quiver.

4

I eat, or wake, or ſleep,
I talk, or ſmile, or weep,
Yet ſtill that voice of thunder
Is ſounding through my heart,—
"Forget not what thou art,
The doom thou lieſt under!"

5

For daily do I ſee
How many deaths there be,
How ſwiftly all things wither;
How ſickneſs fills the grave,
Or fire, or ſword, or wave
Is ſweeping thouſands thither.

6

My turn will ſoon be here,
The end is drawing near,
I hear its warning plainly;
Death knocketh at my door
And tells me all is o'er,
And I would fly him vainly.

7

Ah! who in this my ſtrait
Will be mine Advocate?
Will all things leave me friendleſs?
My wealth and power are duſt,
This Judge is ever juſt,
His righteous doom is endleſs.

8

Lord Jeſus Chriſt! 't is Thou
Alone canſt help me now,
But 't was for this Thou cameſt,
To ſave us in this hour;—
Then ſhow Thy mercy's power,
For they are ſafe Thou claimeſt.

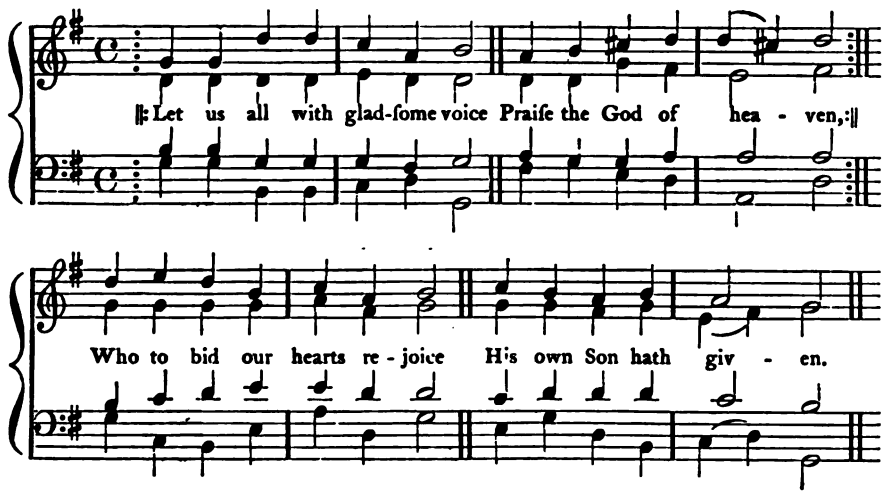
9

Speak Thou for me! Thou art
The refuge of my heart;
With gladneſs let me hear Thee;
Bid me to Thee aſcend,
Where praiſe ſhall never end,
And love ſhall aye be near Thee.

(LIX.—„ Laßt uns alle fröhlich ſein.")

29.

Original Tune.



2

‖: Down to this ſad earth He comes,
Here to ſerve us deigning,:‖
That with Him in yon fair homes
We may once be reigning.

3

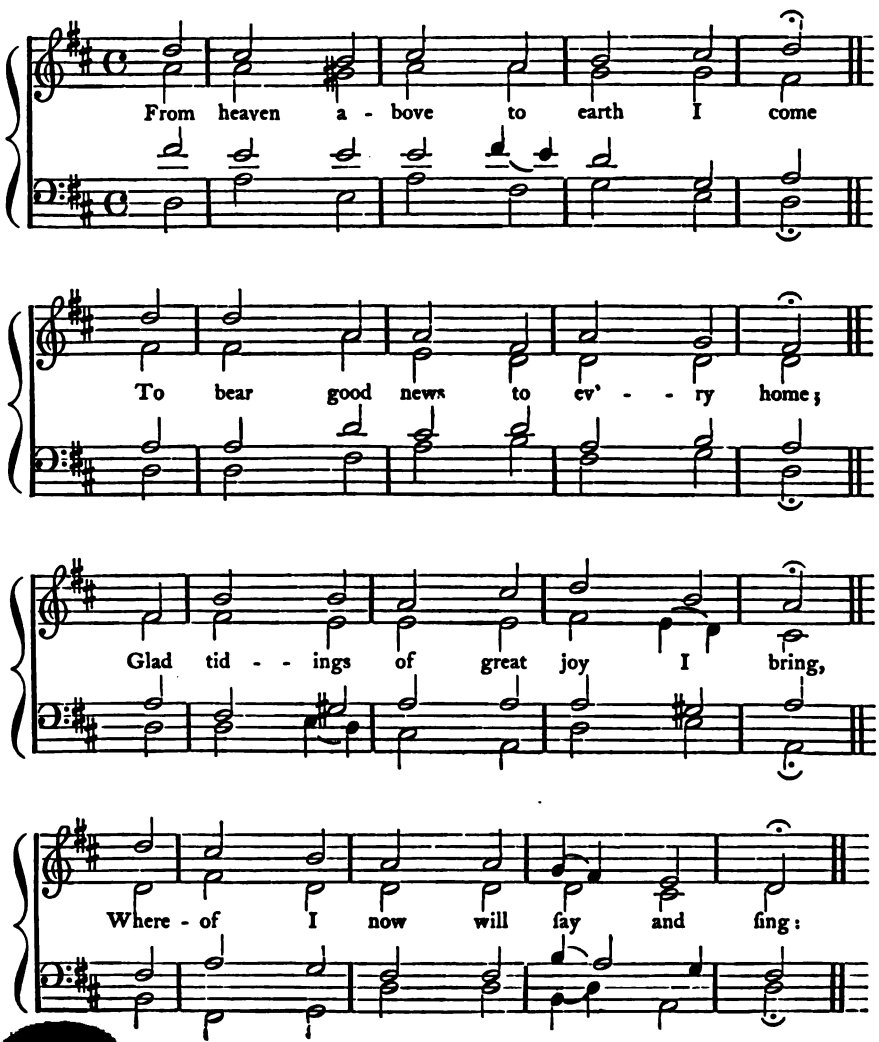
‖: We are rich, for He was poor,
Gaze upon this wonder!:‖
Let us praiſe God evermore,
Here on earth, and yonder!

4

‖: Look on all who ſorrow here,
Lord, in pity bending,:‖
Grant us now a glad New Year,
And a bleſſed ending!

(CIV.—„Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.")

30.

Original Tune.

From heaven a - bove to earth I come
To bear good news to ev' - - ry home;
Glad tid - - ings of great joy I bring,
Where - of I now will say and sing:

2

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, choſen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

3

'Tis Chriſt, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your ſad and bitter cry;
Himſelf will your Salvation be,
Himſelf from ſin will make you free.

4

He brings thoſe bleſſings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth His kingdom open ſtands
To you, as to the angel bands.

5

Theſe are the tokens ye ſhall mark,
The ſwaddling clothes and manger dark;
There ſhall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

6

Now let us all with gladſome cheer
Follow the ſhepherds, and draw near
To ſee this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath His only Son beſtow'd.

7

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, ſo young and fair?
The bleſſed Chriſt-child lieth there.

8

Welcome to earth, Thou noble gueſt,
Through whom e'en wicked men are bleſt!
Thou com'ſt to ſhare our miſery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee!

9

Ah Lord, who haſt created all,
How haſt Thou made Thee weak and ſmall,
That Thou muſt chooſe Thy infant bed
Where aſs and ox but lately fed!

10

Were earth a thouſand times as fair,
Beſet with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

11

For velvets ſoft and ſilken ſtuff
Thou haſt but hay and ſtraw ſo rough,
Whereon Thou King, ſo rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in ſtate.

12

Thus hath it pleaſed Thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honour, wealth, and might
Are nought and worthleſs in Thy ſight.

13

Ah! deareſt Jeſus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, ſoft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

14

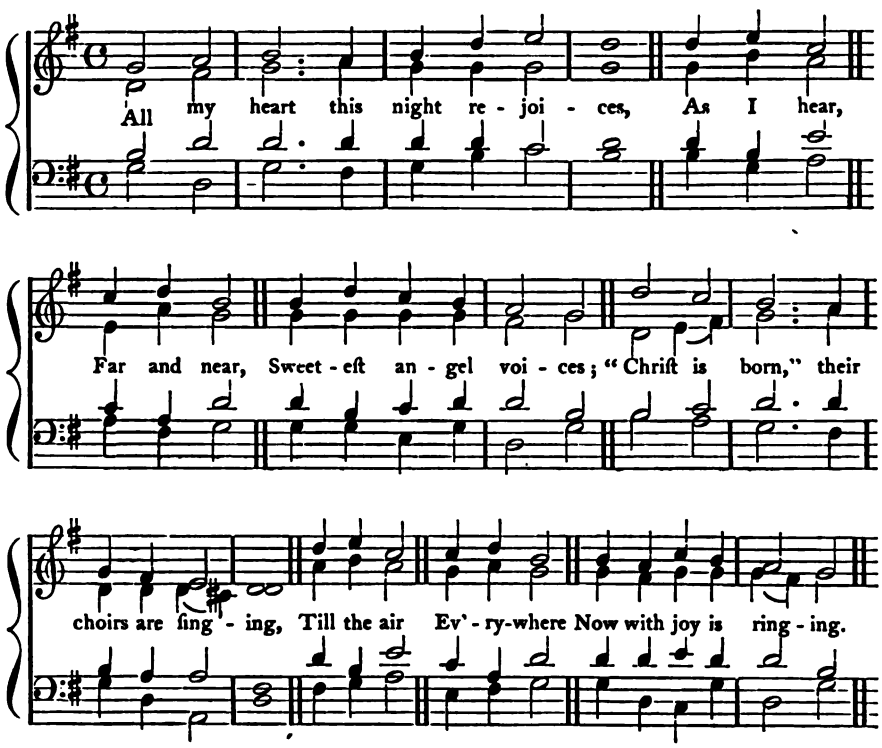
My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can ſilence keep;
I too muſt raiſe with joyful tongue
That ſweeteſt ancient cradle-ſong—

15

Glory to God in higheſt heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels ſing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

CHRISTMAS.

(CVIII.—„Warum ſollt' ich mich denn grämen.")

31.

All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear,
Far and near, Sweet - eſt an - gel voi - ces; "Chriſt is born," their
choirs are ſing - ing, Till the air Ev'-ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and ſweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed,
All you need
I will ſurely give you."

3 Come then, let us haſten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and ſmall,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Ye who pine in weary ſadneſs,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladneſs.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no croſs,
Pain or loſs,
Can again betide you.

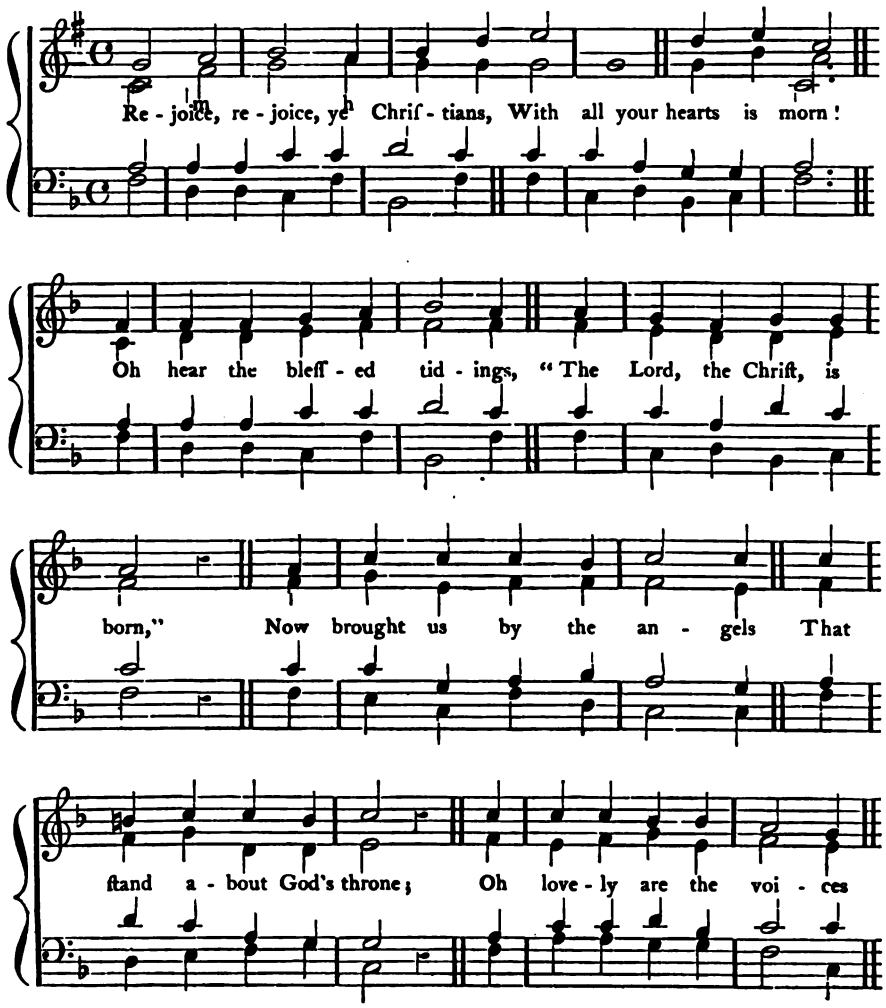
5 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for ſin
Deep within,
Long and ſore have ſmarted;
For the poiſon'd wounds you're feeling
Help is near,
One is here
Mighty for their healing!

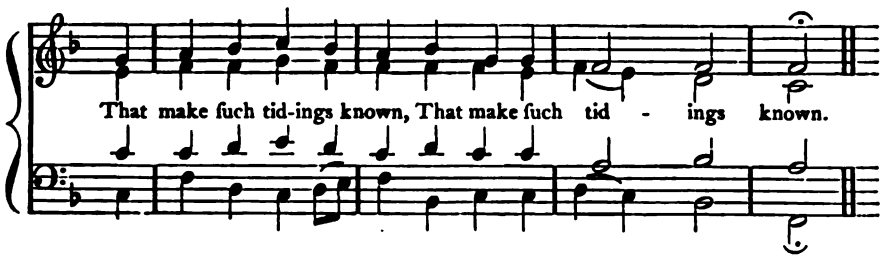
6 Hither come, ye poor and wretched,
Know His will
Is to fill
Every hand outſtretched;
Here are riches without meaſure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treaſure.

7 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I 'll cheriſh,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, ſhall not periſh;
But ſhall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

(xxx.—„Freut euch ihr lieben Chriſten.")

32.

Original Tune.

Re - joice, re - joice, ye Chriſ - tians, With all your hearts is morn!
Oh hear the bleſſ - ed tid - ings, "The Lord, the Chriſt, is
born," Now brought us by the an - gels That
ſtand a - bout God's throne; Oh love - ly are the voi - ces



2

Oh hearken to their ſinging,
" This Child ſhall be your Friend,
The Father ſo hath will'd it,
That thus your woes ſhould end;
The Son is freely given,
That in Him ye may have
The Father's grace and bleſſing,
‖: And know He loves to ſave. :‖

3

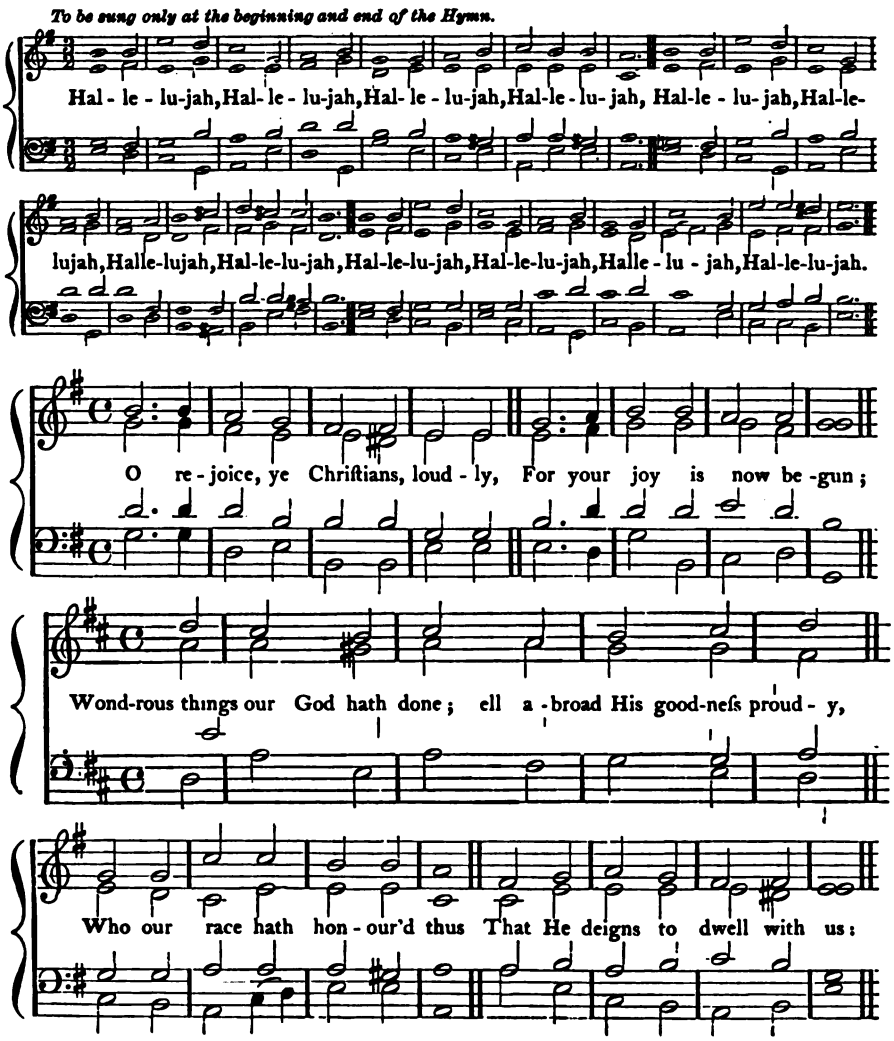
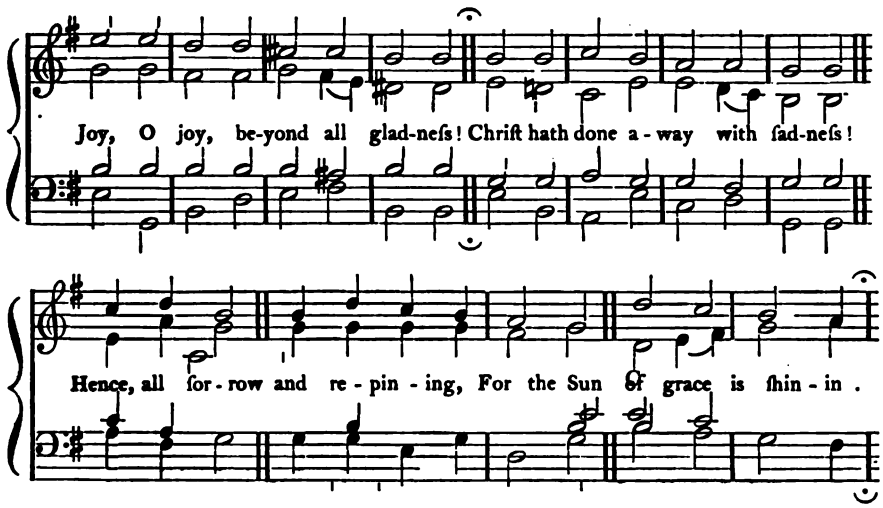
Nor deem the form too lowly
That clothes Him at this hour;
For know ye what it hideth?
'Tis God's almighty power.
Though now within the manger
So poor and weak He lies,
He is the Lord of all things,
‖: He reigns above the skies. :‖

4

Sin, Death, and Hell, and Satan
Have loſt the victory;
This Child ſhall overthrow them,
As ye ſhall ſurely ſee;
Their wrath ſhall nought avail them,
Fear not, their reign is o'er;
This Child ſhall overthrow them,—
‖: Oh hear and doubt no more." :‖

(xxxi.—„ Freuet euch ihr Chriſten alle.")

33.

Original Tune.

To be sung only at the beginning and end of the Hymn.
Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal- le - lu-jah, Hal- le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu- jah, Hal-le - lu- jah, Hal-le-
lujah, Halle-lujah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
O re - joice, ye Chriſtians, loud - ly, For your joy is now be - gun;
Wond-rous things our God hath done; ell a - broad His good-neſs proud - y,
Who our race hath hon - our'd thus That He deigns to dwell with us:

Joy, O joy, be-yond all glad-neſs! Chriſt hath done a-way with ſad-neſs!
Hence, all ſor-row and re-pin-ing, For the Sun of grace is ſhin-in.

2

See, my ſoul, thy Saviour chooſes
Weakneſs here and poverty,
In ſuch love He comes to thee,
Nor the hardeſt couch refuſes;
All He ſuffers for thy good,
To redeem thee by His blood:
Joy, then, joy beyond all gladneſs!
Chriſt hath done away with ſadneſs!
Hence, all ſorrow and repining,
For the Sun of grace is ſhining.

3

Lord, how ſhall I thank Thee rightly?
I acknowledge that from Thee
Every bleſſing flows to me.
Let me not forget it lightly,
But to Thee through all things cleave;
So ſhall heart and mind receive
Joy, yea, joy beyond all gladneſs!
Chriſt hath done away with ſadneſs!
Hence, all ſorrow, all repining,
For the Sun of grace is ſhining!

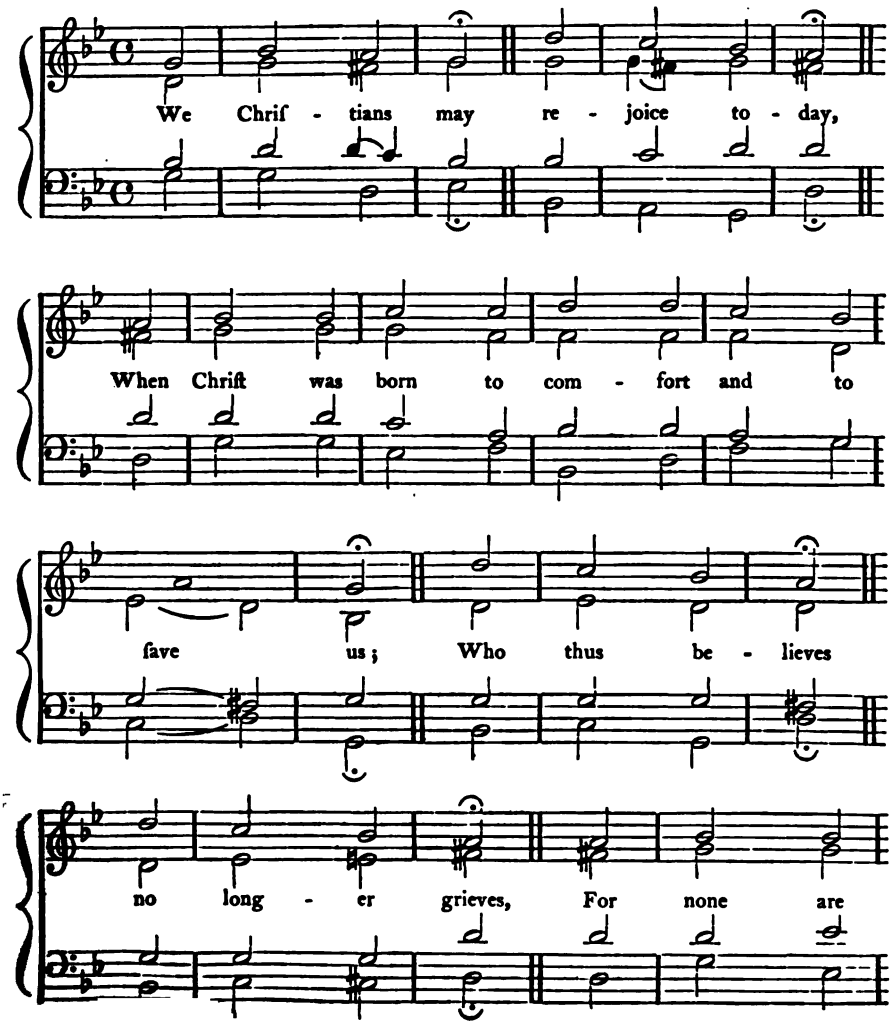
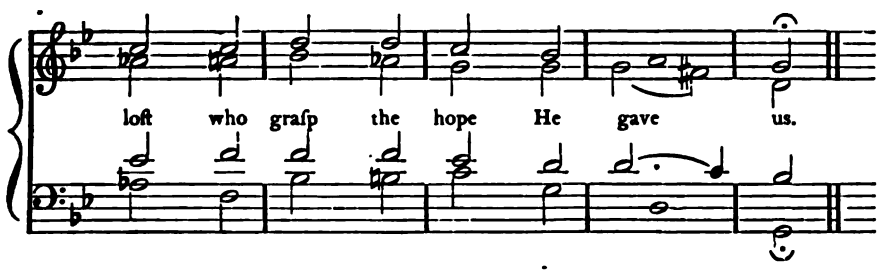
4

Jeſu, guard and guide Thy members,
Fill Thy brethren with Thy grace,
Hear their prayers in every place,
Quicken now life's fainteſt embers;
Grant all Chriſtians, far and near,
Holy peace, a glad New Year!
Joy, O joy, beyond all gladneſs!
Chriſt hath done away with ſadneſs!
Hence, all ſorrow, all repining,
For the Sun of grace is ſhining!

(CXIX.—„Wir Chriſtenleut'.")

34.

Original Tune.


We Chriſ - tians may re - joice to - day,
When Chriſt was born to com - fort and to
ſave us; Who thus be - lieves
no long - er grieves, For none are

2

O wondrous joy, that God moſt high
Should take our fleſh, and thus our race ſhould honour;
A virgin mild hath borne this Child,
Such grace and glory God hath put upon her.

3

Sin brought us grief, but Chriſt relief,
When down to earth He came for our ſalvation;
Since God with us is dwelling thus,
Who dares to ſpeak the Chriſtian's condemnation?

4

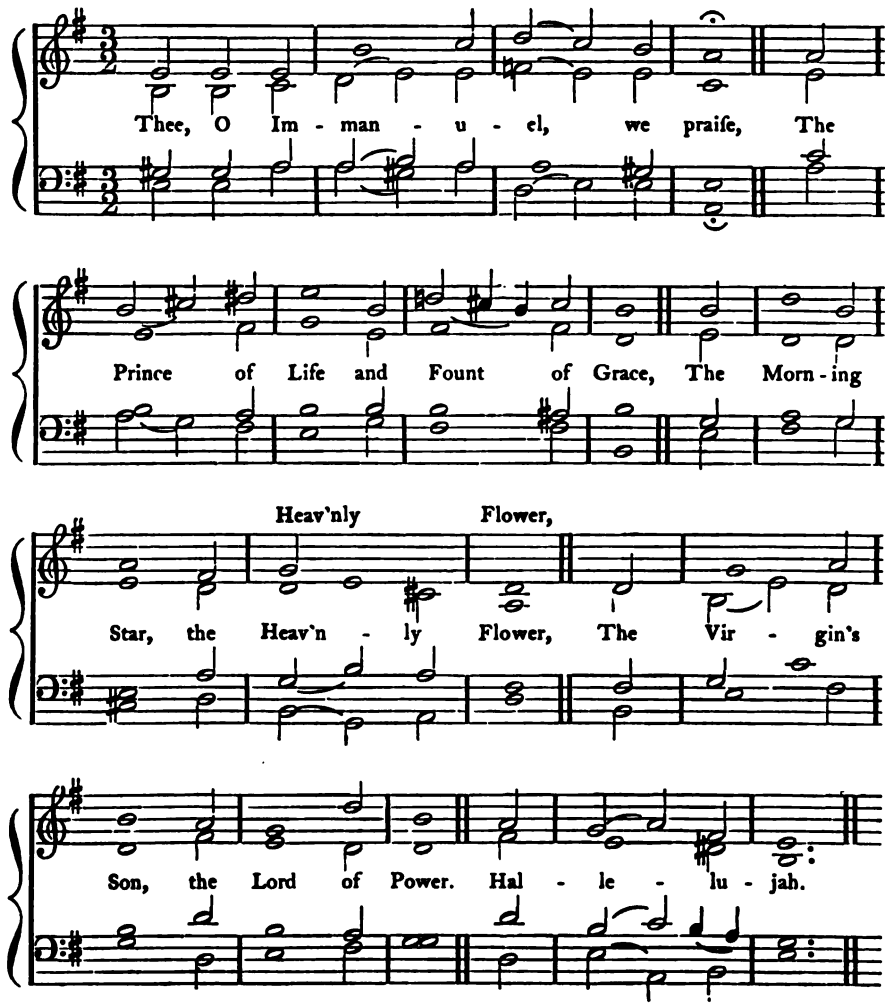
Then hither throng, with happy ſong
To Him whoſe birth and death are our aſſurance;
Through whom are we at laſt ſet free
From ſins and burdens that ſurpaſſed endurance.

5

Yes, let us praiſe our God and raiſe
Loud hallelujahs to the ſkies above us·
The bliſs beſtowed to-day by God,
To ceaſeleſs thankfulneſs and joy ſhould move us.

(Index of Tunes, XXVIII.)

35.

Tune.—" Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the ſkies."

Thee, O Im - man - u - el, we praiſe, The
Prince of Life and Fount of Grace, The Morn - ing
Heav'nly Flower,
Star, the Heav'n - ly Flower, The Vir - gin's
Son, the Lord of Power. Hal - le - lu - jah.

2

With all Thy ſaints, Thee, Lord, we ſing,
Praiſe, honour, thanks to Thee we bring,
That Thou, O long-expected gueſt,
Haſt come at laſt to make us bleſt!
Hallelujah.

3

Since firſt the world began to be,
How many a heart hath long'd for Thee;
Long years our fathers hoped of old
Their eyes might yet Thy Light behold:
Hallelujah.

4

The prophets cried; "Ah, would He came
To break the fetters of our ſhame:
That help from Zion came to men,
Iſrael were glad, and proſper'd then!"
Hallelujah.

5

Now art Thou here; we know Thee now,
In lowly manger lieth Thou;
A child, yet makeſt all things great,
Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of ſtate.
Hallelujah.

6

From Thee alone all gladneſs flows,
Who yet ſhalt bear ſuch bitter woes;
Earth's light and comfort Thou ſhalt be,
Yet none ſhall watch to comfort Thee.
Hallelujah.

7

All heavens are Thine, yet Thou doſt come
To ſojourn in a ſtranger's home;
Thou hangeſt on Thy mother's breaſt
Who art the joy of ſpirits bleſt.
Hallelujah.

8

Now fearleſs I can look on Thee,
From ſin and grief Thou ſett'ſt me free;
Thou beareſt wrath, Thou conquereſt Death,
Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.
Hallelujah.

9

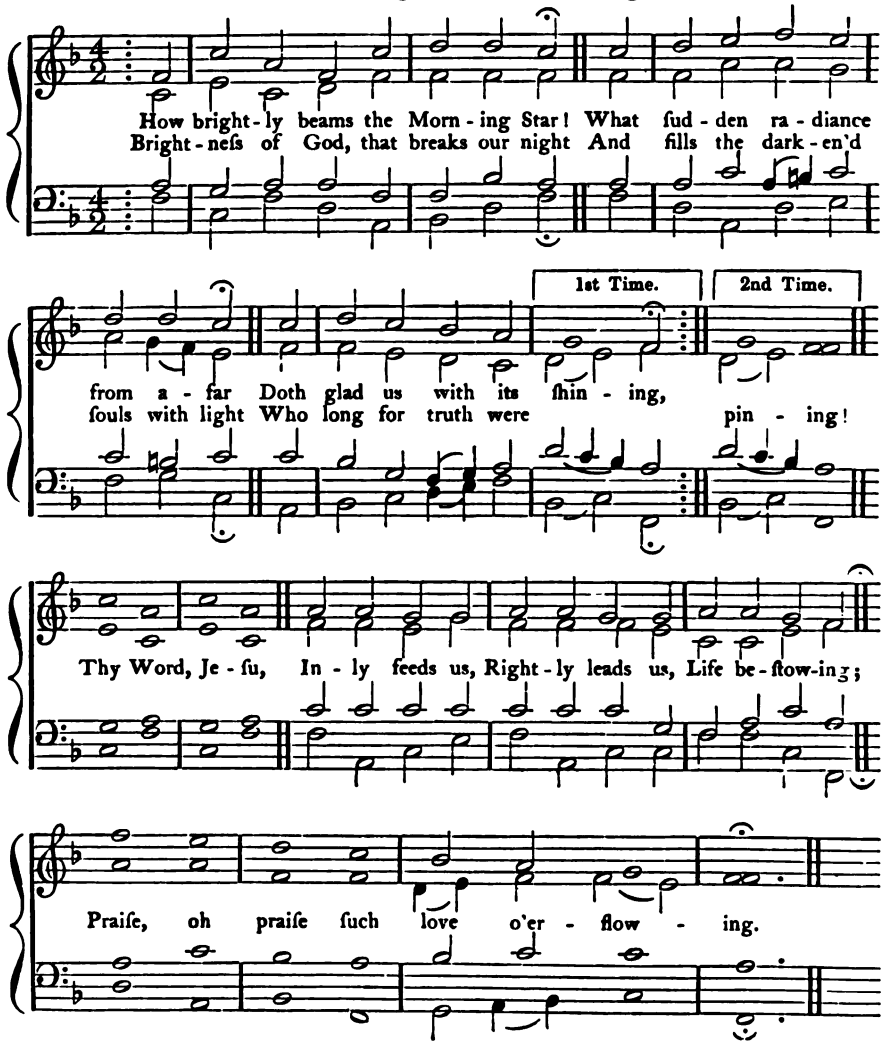
Thou art my Head, my Lord Divine,
I am Thy member, wholly Thine,
And in Thy Spirit's ſtrength would ſtill
Serve Thee according to Thy will.
Hallelujah

10

Thus will I ſing Thy praiſes here
With joyful ſpirit year by year;
And they ſhall ſound before Thy throne,
Where time nor number more are known.
Hallelujah.

(Index of Tunes, CXVII.)

36.

Tune.—"O Morning Star! how fair and bright."

How bright-ly beams the Morn-ing Star! What ſud-den ra-diance
Bright-neſs of God, that breaks our night And fills the dark-en'd
1st Time.
2nd Time.
from a-far Doth glad us with its ſhin-ing,
ſouls with light Who long for truth were pin-ing!
Thy Word, Je-ſu, In-ly feeds us, Right-ly leads us, Life be-ſtow-ing;
Praiſe, oh praiſe ſuch love o'er-flow-ing.

2 Thou here my Comfort, there my Crown,
Thou King of Heaven, who cameſt down
To dwell as man beſide me;
My heart doth praiſe Thee o'er and o'er,
If Thou art mine I aſk no more,
Be wealth or fame denied me;
Thee I ſeek now; None who proves Thee,
None who loves Thee
Finds Thee fail him;
Lord of life, Thy powers avail him!

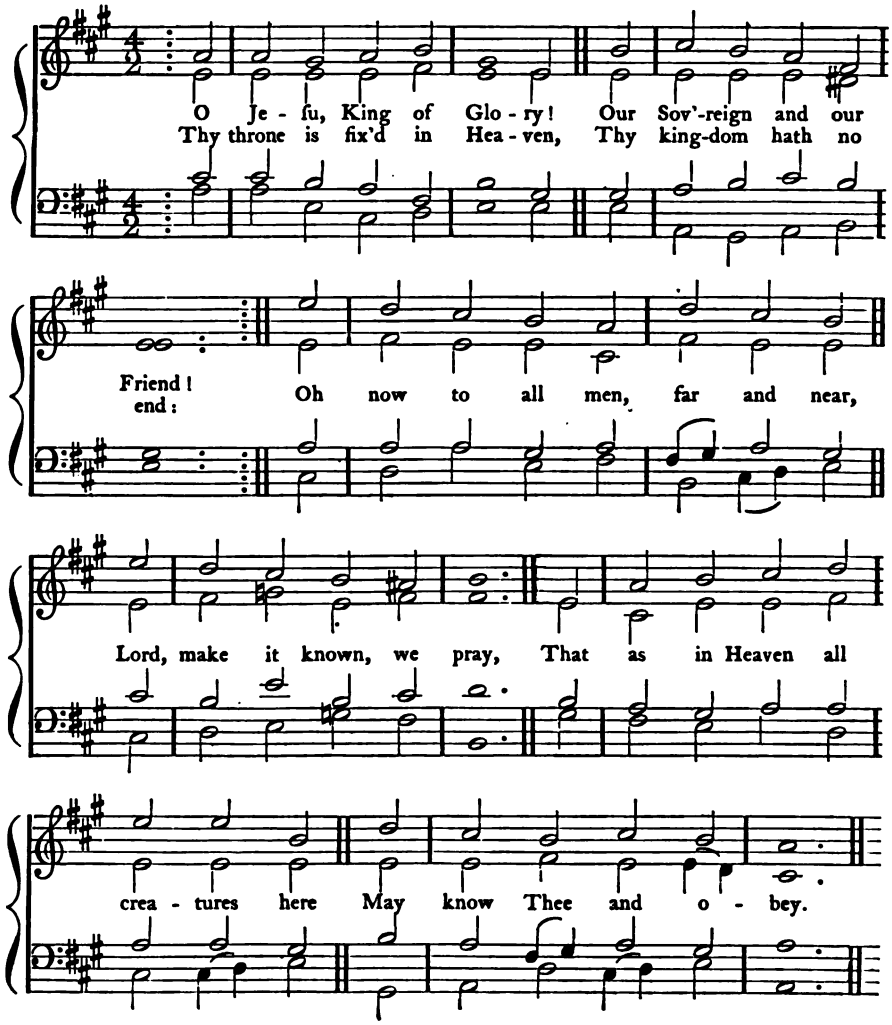
3 Through Thee alone can I be bleſt,
Then deep be on my heart impreſt
The love that Thou haſt borne me;
So make it ready to fulfil
With burning zeal Thy holy will,
Though men may vex or ſcorn me;
Saviour, let me Never loſe Thee,
For I chooſe Thee,
Thirſt to know Thee;
All I am and have I owe Thee!

4 O God, our Father far above,
Thee too I praiſe, for all the love
Thou in Thy Son doſt give me;
In Him am I made one with Thee,
My Brother and my Friend is He;
Shall aught affright or grieve me?
He is Greateſt, Beſt, and Higheſt,
Ever nigheſt
To the weakeſt;
Fear no foes, if Him thou ſeekeſt!

5 O praiſe to Him who came to ſave,
Who conquer'd death and burſt the grave;
Each day new praiſe reſoundeth
To Him the Lamb who once was ſlain,
The Friend whom none ſhall truſt in vain,
Whoſe grace for aye aboundeth;
Sing, ye Heavens, Tell the ſtory
Of His glory,
Till His praiſes
Flood with light Earth's darkeſt places.

(XLIV.—„Ich dank' Dir lieber Herre.")

37.


O Je - su, King of Glo - ry! Our Sov'-reign and our
Thy throne is fix'd in Hea - ven, Thy king-dom hath no
Friend!
end:
Oh now to all men, far and near,
Lord, make it known, we pray, That as in Heaven all
crea - tures here May know Thee and o - bey.

2

The Eaſtern ſages bringing
Their tribute-gifts to Thee,
Bear witneſs to Thy Kingdom,
And humbly bow the knee;
To Thee the Morning Star doth lead,
To Thee th' inſpired Word,
We hail Thee, Saviour in our need,
We worſhip Thee, the Lord.

3

Ah look on me with pity,
Though I am weak and poor,
Admit me to Thy kingdom
To dwell there bleſt and ſure.
Oh reſcue me from all my woes,
And ſhield me with Thine arm
From Sin and Death, the mighty foes
That daily ſeek our harm.

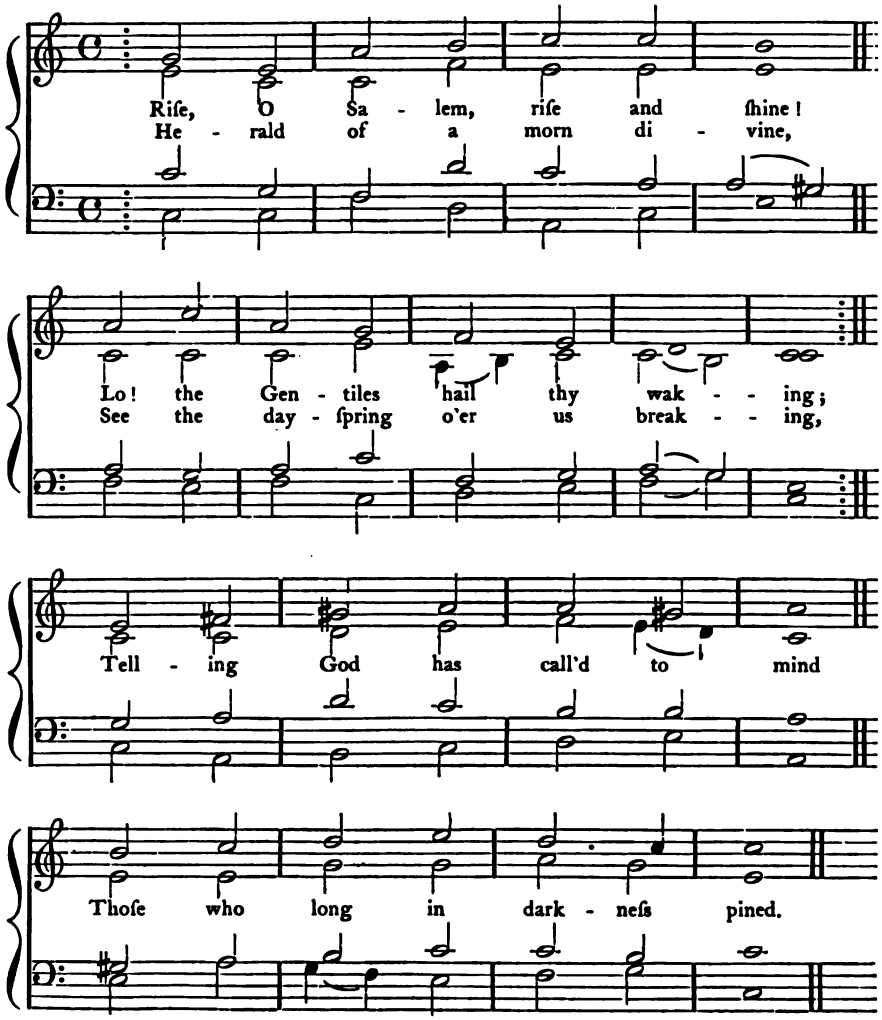
4

And bid Thy Word within us
Shine as the faireſt Star;
Keep ſin and all falſe doctrine
From all Thy people far:
Let us Thy name aright confeſs,
And with Thy Chriſtendom,
Our King and Saviour own and bleſs
Through all the world to come.

(Index of Tunes, LV.)

38.

Tune.—"Jeſus Chriſt, my ſure Defence."


Riſe, O Sa - lem, riſe and ſhine!
He - rald of a morn di - vine,
Lo! the Gen - tiles hail thy wak - - ing;
See the day - ſpring o'er us break - - ing,
Tell - ing God has call'd to mind
Thoſe who long in dark - neſs pined.

2

Ah, how blindly did we ſtray,
  Ere this ſun our earth had brightened.
Heaven we ſought not, for no ray
  Had our 'wilder'd eyes enlighten'd;
All our looks were earthward bent,
All our ſtrength on earth was ſpent.

3

But the day-ſpring from on high
  Hath ariſen with beams unclouded,
And we ſee before it fly
  All the heavy gloom that ſhrouded
This ſad earth, where ſin and woe
Seem'd to reign o'er all below.

4

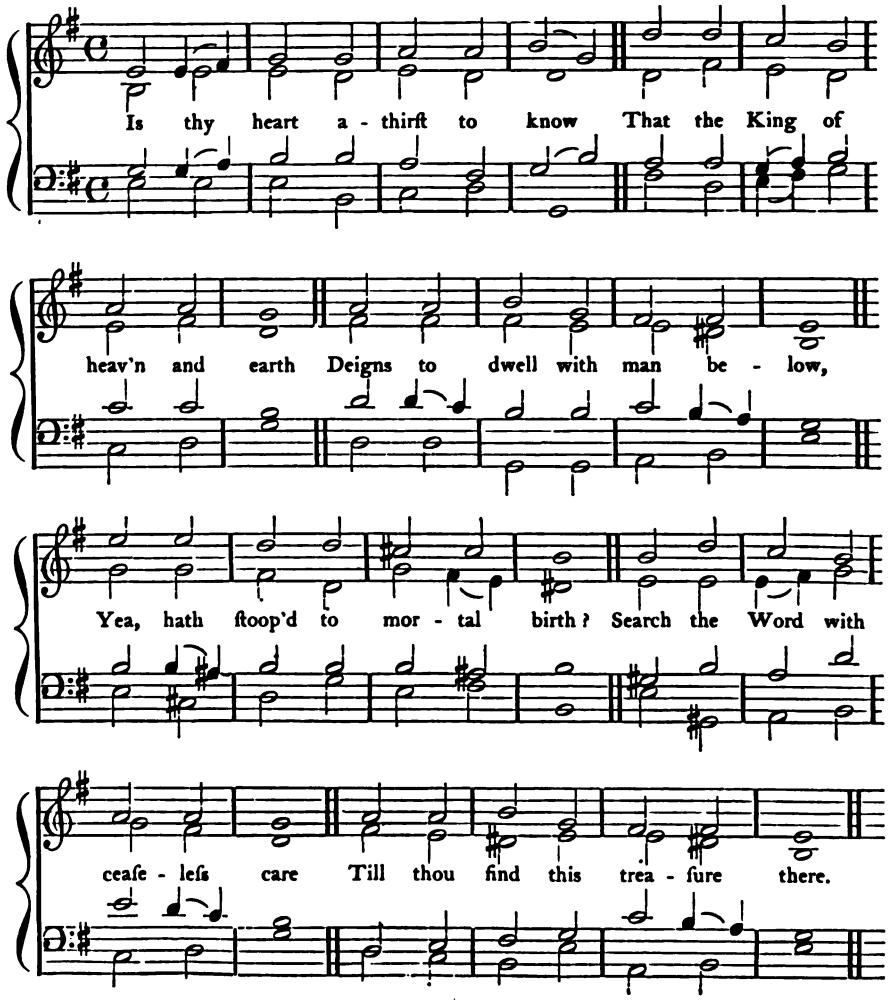
Thy appearing, Lord, ſhall fill
  All my thoughts in ſorrow's hour;
Thy appearing, Lord, ſhall ſtill
  All my dread of death's dark power;
Whether joy or tears be mine,
Through them ſtill Thy light ſhall ſhine.

5

Let me, when my courſe is run,
  Calmly leave a world of ſadneſs
For the place that needs no ſun,
  For Thou art its light and gladneſs,
For the manſions fair and bright,
Where Thy ſaints are crown'd with light.

(Index of Tunes, IV.)

39.

Tune.—"What ſhall I, a ſinner, do?"

Is thy heart a - thirſt to know That the King of
heav'n and earth Deigns to dwell with man be - low,
Yea, hath ſtoop'd to mor - tal birth? Search the Word with
ceaſe - leſs care Till thou find this trea - ſure there.

2

With the ſages from afar
Journey on o'er ſea and land,
Till thou ſee the Morning Star
O'er thy heart unchanging ſtand,
Then ſhalt thou behold His face
Full of mercy, truth, and grace.

3

For if Chriſt be born within,
Soon that likeneſs ſhall appear
Which the heart had loſt through ſin,
God's own image fair and clear,
And the ſoul ſerene and bright
Mirrors back His heavenly light.

4

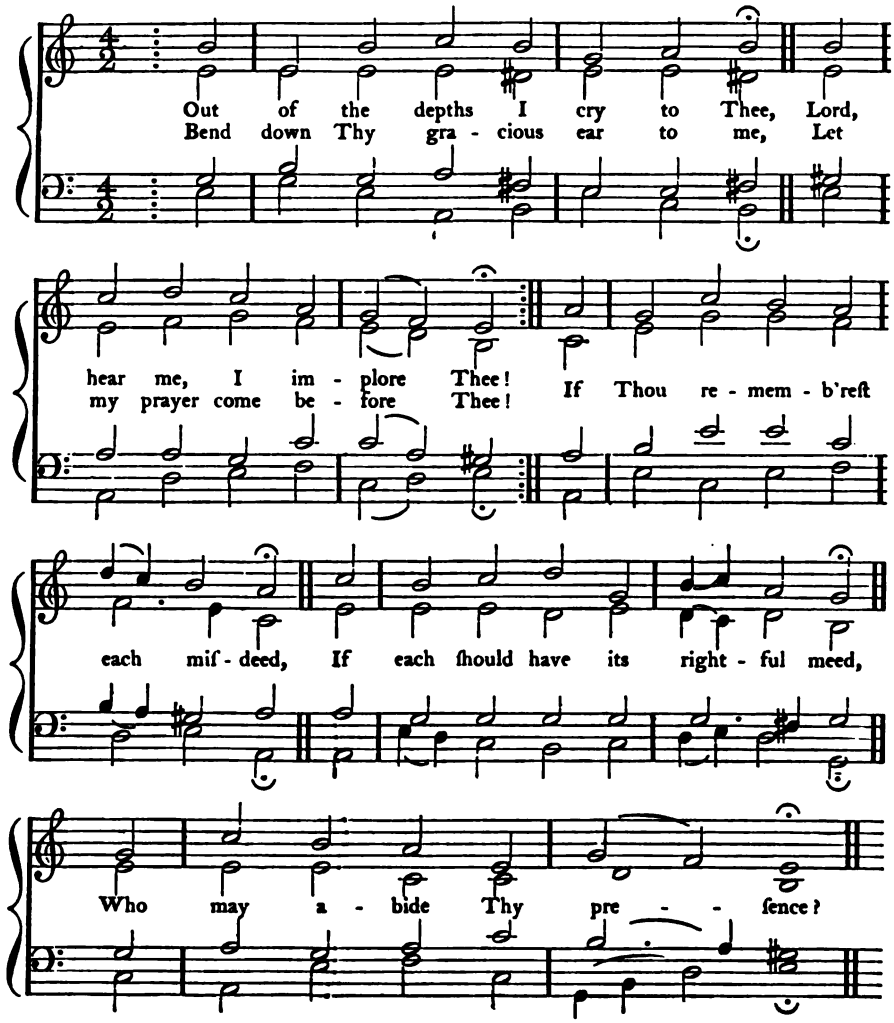
Jeſus, let me ſeek for nought
But that Thou ſhouldſt dwell in me;
Let this only fill my thought,
How I may grow liker Thee,
Through this earthly care and ſtrife,
Through the calm eternal life.

5

With the wiſe who know Thee right,
Though the world accounts them fools,
I will praiſe Thee day and night;
I will order by Thy rules
All my life, that it may be
Fill'd with praiſe and love of Thee.

(XIII.—„Aus tiefer Noth ſchrei ich zu Dir.")

40.

Original Tune.

Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord,
Bend down Thy gra - cious ear to me, Let
hear me, I im - plore Thee!
my prayer come be - fore Thee!
If Thou re - mem - b'reſt
each miſ - deed, If each ſhould have its right - ful meed,
Who may a - bide Thy pre - - ſence?

2

Our pardon is Thy gift, Thy love
And grace alone avail us;
Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
The ſtricteſt life muſt fail us,
That none may boaſt himſelf of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him ſeemeth righteous.

3

And thus my hope is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
I reſt upon His faithful word
To them of contrite ſpirit;
That He is merciful and juſt—
Here is my comfort and my truſt,
His help I wait with patience.

4

And though it tarry till the night,
And round till morning waken,
My heart ſhall ne'er miſtruſt His might,
Nor count itſelf forſaken.
Do thus, O ye of Iſrael's ſeed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for our God's appearing.

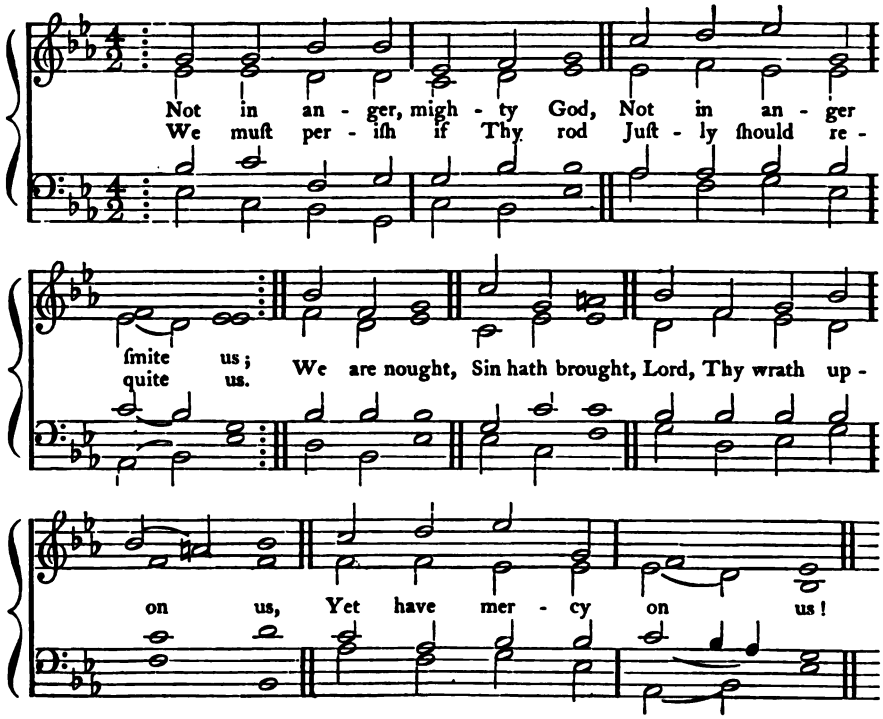
5

Though great our ſins and ſore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmoſt need it ſoundeth;
Our kind and faithful Shepherd, He
Who ſhall at laſt ſet Iſrael free
From all their ſin and ſorrow.

(xcvii.—„ Straf mich nicht in Deinem Zorn.")

41.

Original Tune.


Not in an - ger, migh - ty God, Not in an - ger
We muſt per - iſh if Thy rod Juſt - ly ſhould re -
ſmite us;
quite us.
We are nought, Sin hath brought, Lord, Thy wrath up -
on us, Yet have mer - cy on us!

2

Show me now a Father's love,
And His tender patience,
Heal my wounded ſoul, remove
Theſe too ſore temptations;
I am weak,
Father, ſpeak
Thou of peace and gladneſs,
Comfort Thou my ſadneſs.

3

Weary am I of my pain,
Weary with my ſorrow,
Sighing ſtill for help in vain,
Longing for the morrow;
Why wilt Thou
Tarry now?
Wilt Thou friendleſs leave me,
And of hope bereave me?

4

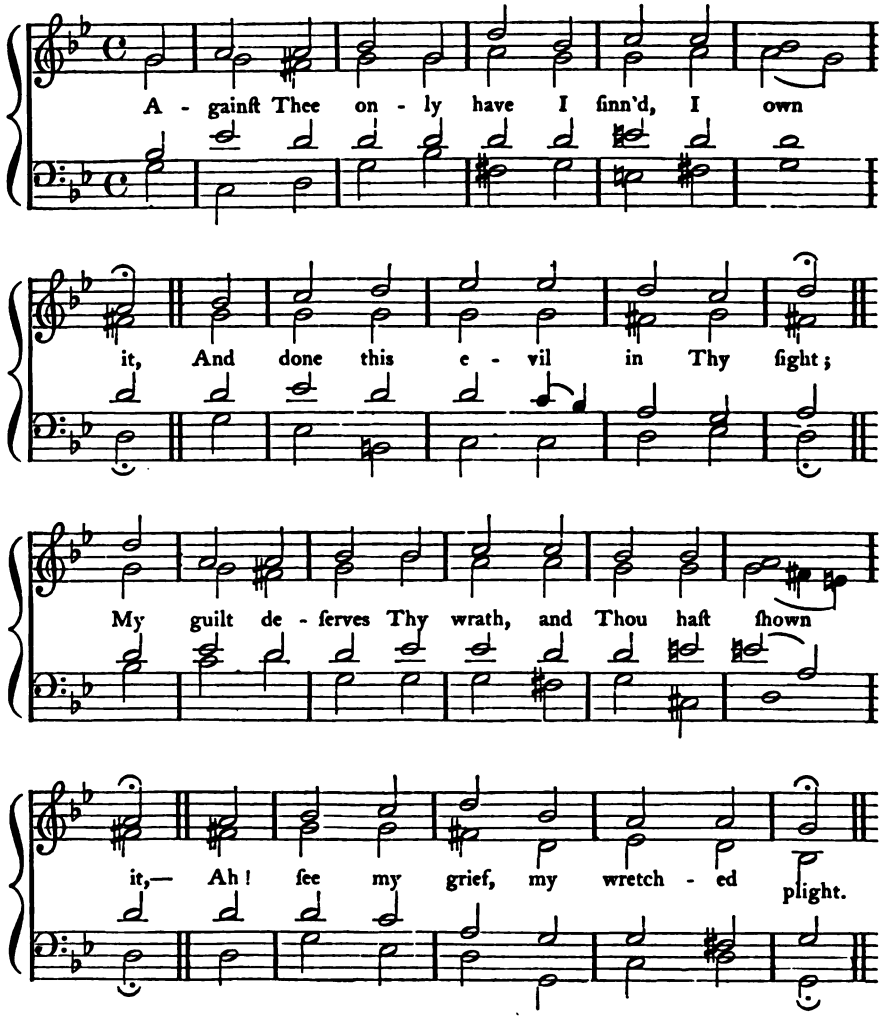
Hence, ye foes! He comes in grace,
God hath deign'd to hear me;
I may come before His face,
He is inly near me;
He o'erthrows
All my foes,
Death and hell are vanquiſh'd
In whoſe bonds I languiſh'd.

5

Father, hymns to Thee we raiſe,
Here and once in heaven;
And the Son and Spirit praiſe,
Who our bonds have riven;
Evermore
We adore
Thee whoſe grace hath ſtirr'd us,
And whoſe pity heard us.

(IX.—„ An Dir allein, an Dir hab' ich geſündigt.")

42.

Original Tune.

A - gainſt Thee on - ly have I ſinn'd, I own
it, And done this e - vil in Thy ſight;
My guilt de - ſerves Thy wrath, and Thou haſt ſhown
it,— Ah! ſee my grief, my wretch - ed plight.

2

My ſecret prayers and ſighs Thou hearеſt plainly,
My tears are ever known to Thee;
Ah God, my God, and ſhall I ſeek Thee vainly?
How long wilt Thou be far from me?

3

Lord, not according to my guilt requite me,
But deal with me in tender grace;
Thy patience and long-ſuffering ſtill invite me,
I come: Ah hide Thou not Thy face!

4

Make me to ſing once more of joy and gladneſs,
Father of mercies, hear my voice!
For Thy name's ſake, oh raiſe me from this ſadneſs,
Thou, God, doſt love that we rejoice.

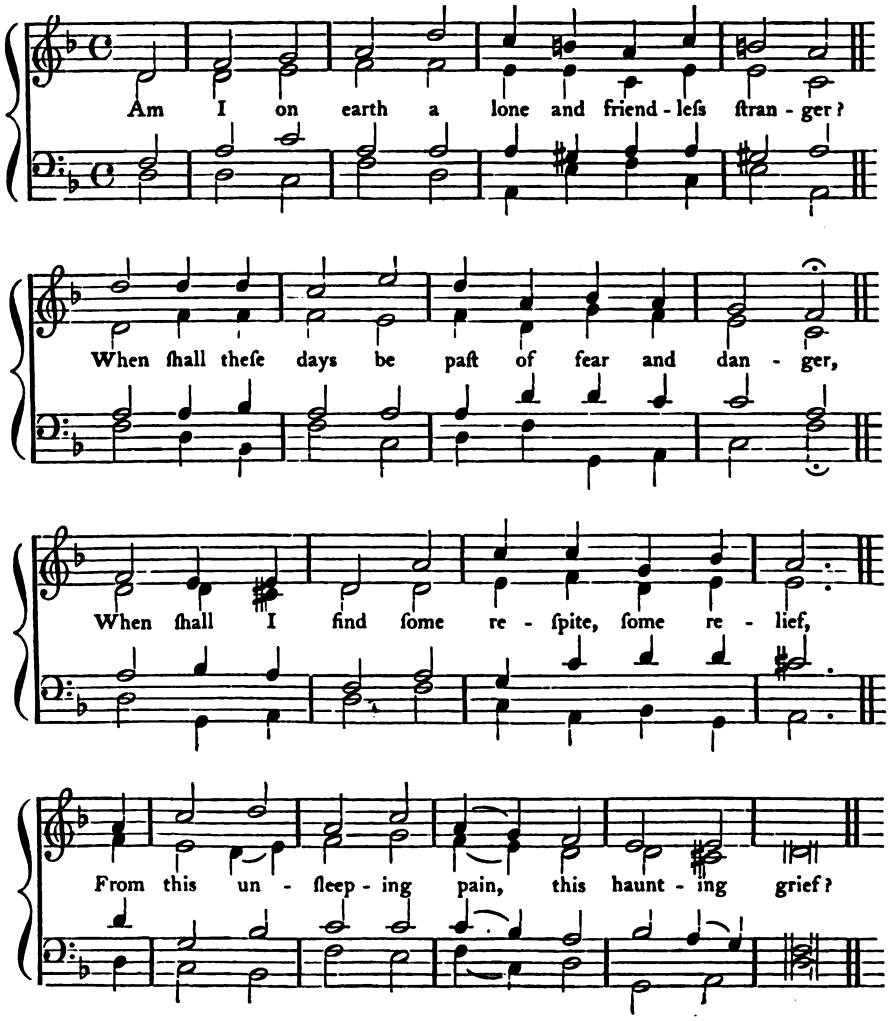
5

Teach me Thy law, with ſpirit glad and fervent
Let me go forth upon my way;
Thou art my God, I am Thy willing ſervant
To do Thy pleaſure day by day.

6

Oh haſte Thou, my Defence, be now beſide me!
Behold, the Lord hath heard my prayer!
Now on a plainer path His hand ſhall guide me,
My ſoul is ſafe beneath His care

(LXXXVII.—Pſalm 8, Goudimel.)

43.

Am I on earth a lone and friend - leſs ſtran - ger?
When ſhall theſe days be paſt of fear and dan - ger,
When ſhall I find ſome re - ſpite, ſome re - lief,
From this un - ſleep - ing pain, this haunt - ing grief?

2

The joyful ſun may bring another morning,
I wake to care, to conſcience' voice of warning;
The ſoft moon comes with ſilent night and ſleep,
And bringeth nought to me but time to weep.

3

My heart and ſoul faint, ſmitten by Thine arrow,
Keen as a fire that pierceth to the marrow;
From morn to eventide where'er I flee
I find no hiding-place, great God, from Thee.

4

Vain are my prayers, vainly I weep my errors,
While Thou doſt ſtrive againſt me with Thy terrors;
The zeal of Thy juſt anger and Thy might
Have plunged my ſoul in blackeſt depths of night.

5

Oh that I had a dove's ſwift wings! I 'd hie me
To ſome far mountain-top where none came nigh me!
Yet could I not eſcape His mighty hand
Before whom all things bare and open ſtand.

6

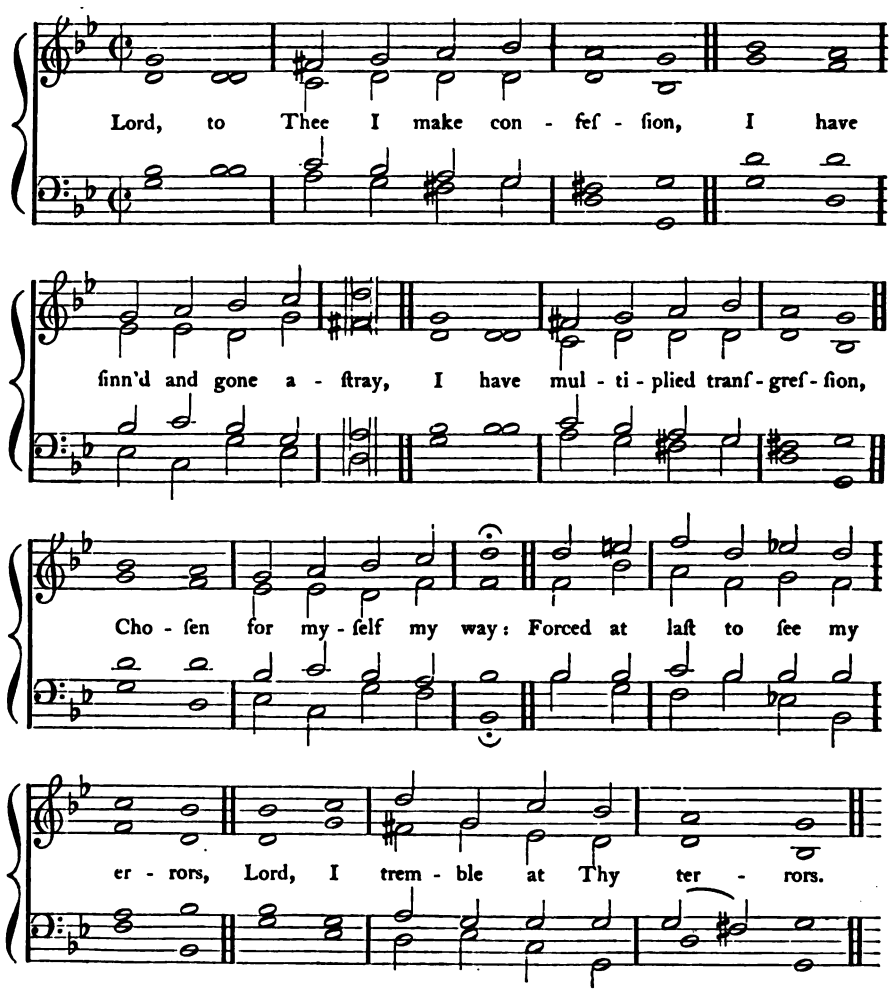
Nay, all He ſends me let me ſuffer rather,
Though ſtill His angry ſtorms around me gather;
A willing heart and patient mind, O God,
I bring to Thy ſevere but righteous rod.

7

Much have I ſinn'd, and utterly I periſh,
If memory of my ſin Thou ſtill will cheriſh;
Yet, Lord of Hoſts, doth not Thy Word proclaim
The Merciful is Thy moſt glorious name!

(xxxvi.—„Herr, ich habe mißgehandelt.")

44.

Original Tune.

Lord, to Thee I make con - feſ - ſion, I have
ſinn'd and gone a - ſtray, I have mul - ti - plied tranſ - greſ - ſion,
Cho - ſen for my - ſelf my way: Forced at laſt to ſee my
er - rors, Lord, I trem - ble at Thy ter - rors.

2

But from Thee how can I hide me,
Thou, O God, art everywhere;
Refuge from Thee is denied me,
Or by land or ſea or air;
Nor death's darkneſs can enfold me
So that Thou ſhouldſt not behold me.

3

Yet though conſcience' voice appall me,
Father, I will ſeek Thy face;
Though Thy child I dare not call me,
Yet accept me to Thy grace;
Do not for my ſins forſake me,
Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.

4

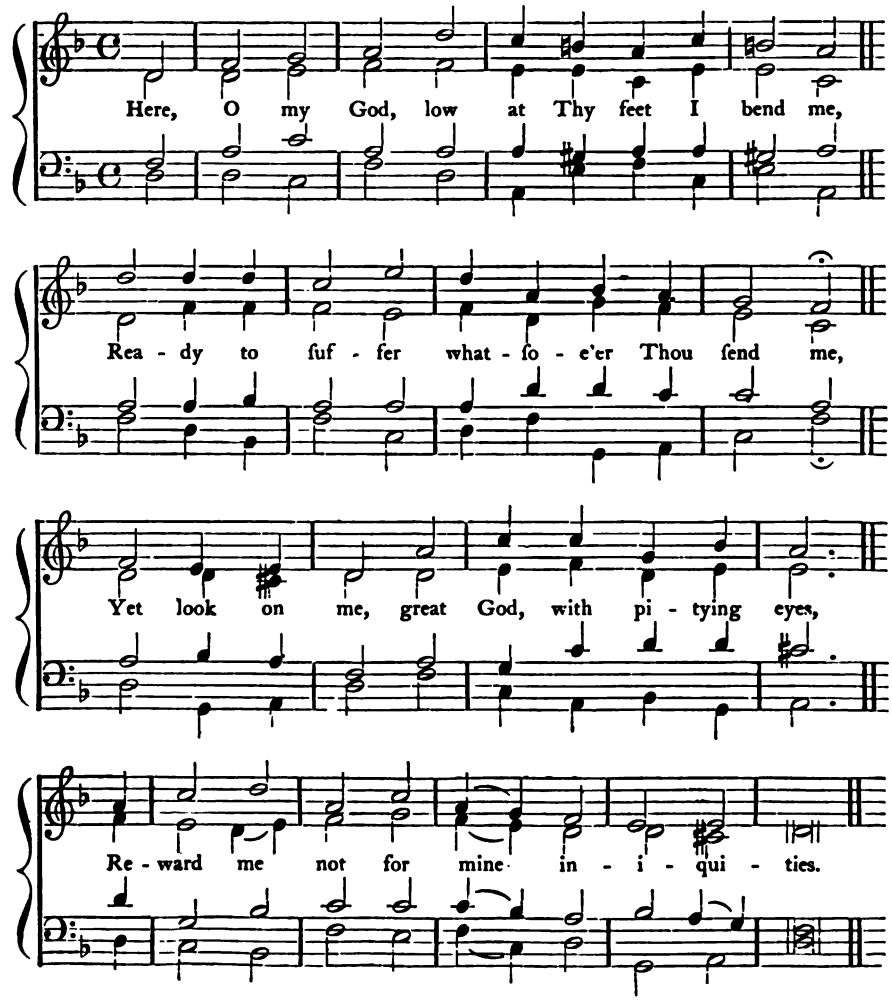
For Thy Son hath ſuffer'd for me,
And the blood He ſhed for ſin,
That can heal me and reſtore me,
Quench this burning fire within;
'Tis alone His croſs can vanquiſh
Theſe dark fears and ſoothe this anguiſh.

5

Then on Him I caſt my burden,
Sink it in the depths below!
Let me feel Thy inner pardon,
Waſh me, make me white as ſnow.
Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
Make me only Thine for ever!

(Index of Tunes, LXXXVII.)

45.

Tune.—" Am I on earth alone, a friendleſs ſtranger?"

Here, O my God, low at Thy feet I bend me,
Rea - dy to ſuf - fer what - ſo - e'er Thou ſend me,
Yet look on me, great God, with pi - tying eyes,
Re - ward me not for mine in - i - qui - ties.

2

My heart hath cheriſh'd ſin, and fear'd no morrow,
Loved the broad, eaſy road that ends in ſorrow;
Till now I learn, O ſin, how keen thy ſmart,
O wrath of God, how terrible thou art!

3

Can I eſcape no more? will no one find me
Some help to break the heavy chains that bind me?
Will man nor creature ſhow me any place
Where I may flee and hide me from God's face?

4

Nay, I muſt flee to Him who can deliver,
In whom our life and hope are hid for ever;
What all the world muſt unaccompliſh'd leave,
Thou, for Thou art Almighty, canſt achieve.

5

Think on the covenant Thou haſt never broken,
Think on the ſteadfaſt word Thyſelf haſt ſpoken,
Know that I am a God, Thy promiſe ſaith,
Who hath no pleaſure in a ſinner's death.

6

Then let the arms of love be thrown around me;
Have pity on me, Thou who thus haſt found me,
Call back Thy ſheep that, wandering far aſtray,
Was loſt in ſin, nor knew the homeward way.

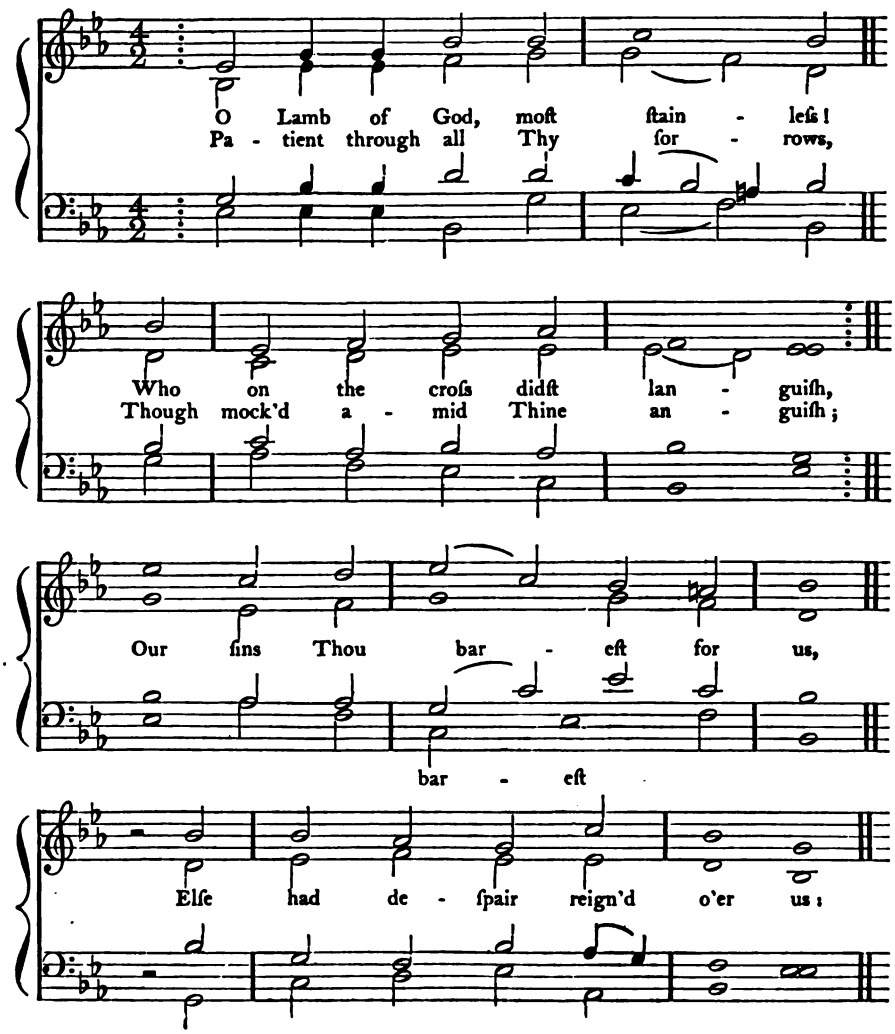
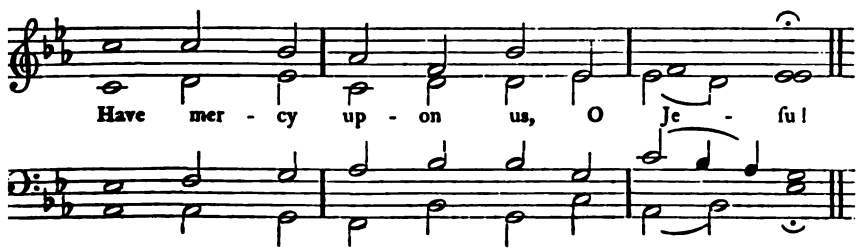
7

O God, moſt merciful! my thankful ſpirit
Adores the goodneſs that I did not merit;
'T is meet in praiſing Thee my time I ſpend,
Here, and above, where praiſe ſhall never end.

(LXXXIII.—„O Lamm Gottes unſchuldig.")

46.

Original Tune.


O Lamb of God, moſt ſtain - leſs!
Pa - tient through all Thy ſor - rows,
Who on the croſs didſt lan - guiſh,
Though mock'd a - mid Thine an - guiſh;
Our ſins Thou bar - eſt for us,
bar - eſt
Elſe had de - ſpair reign'd o'er us:

2

O Lamb of God moſt ſtainleſs!
Who on the croſs didſt languiſh,
Patient through all Thy ſorrows,
Though mock'd amid Thine anguiſh;
Our ſins Thou bareſt for us,
Elſe had deſpair reign'd o'er us:
Have mercy upon us, O Jeſu!

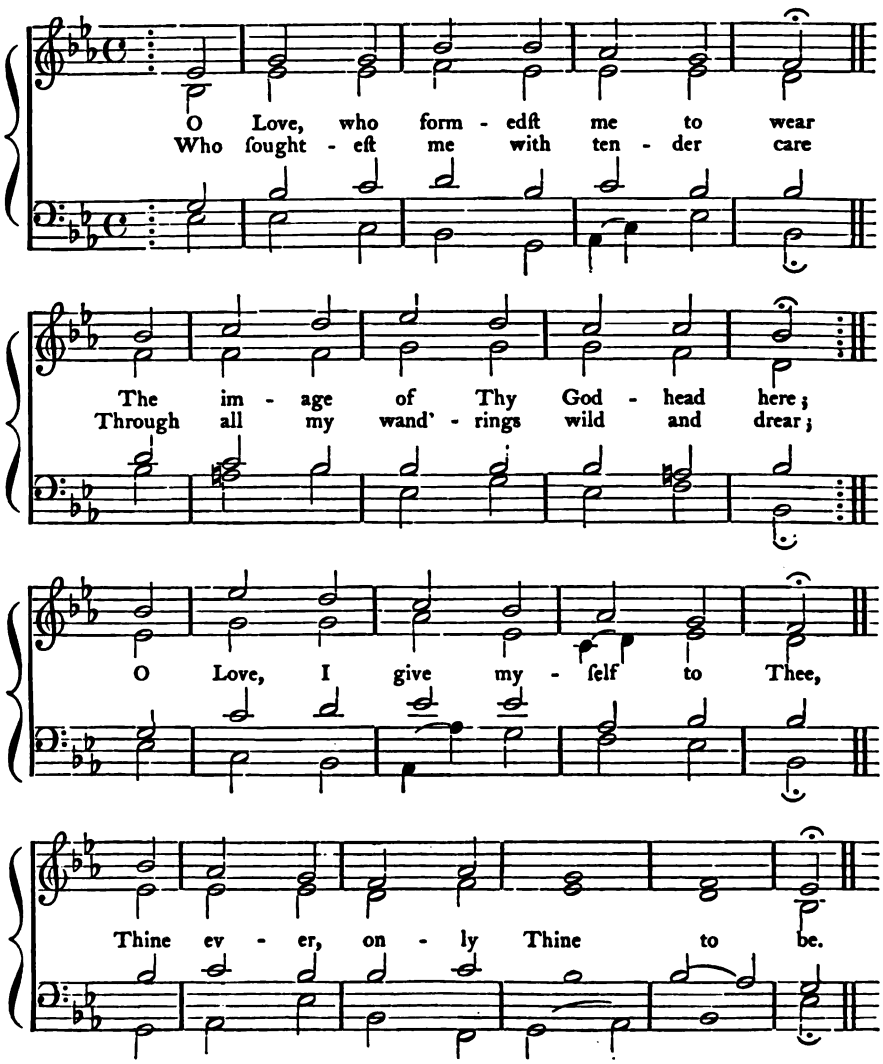
3

O Lamb of God, moſt ſtainleſs!
Who on the croſs didſt languiſh,
Patient through all Thy ſorrows,
Though mock'd amid Thine anguiſh;
Our ſins Thou bareſt for us,
Elſe had deſpair reign'd o'er us:
Grant us Thy peace to-day, O Jeſu!

(Index of Tunes, LXIII.)

47.

Tune.—"Deal with me, God, in mercy now."


O Love, who form - edſt me to wear
Who ſought - eſt me with ten - der care
The im - age of Thy God - head here;
Through all my wand' - rings wild and drear;
O Love, I give my - ſelf to Thee,
Thine ev - er, on - ly Thine to be.

2

O Love, who ere life's earlieſt dawn
On me Thy choice haſt gently laid;
O Love, who here as man waſt born
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

3

O Love, who once in Time waſt ſlain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wreſtling thus didſt gain
That we eternal joy might know;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

4

O Love, of whom is truth and light,
The Word and Spirit, life and power,
Whoſe heart was bared to them that ſmite,
To ſhield us in our trial hour;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

5

O Love, who thus haſt bound me faſt,
Beneath that gentle yoke of Thine;
Love, who haſt conquer'd me at laſt
And rapt away this heart of mine;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

6

O Love, who loveſt me for aye,
Who for my ſoul doſt ever plead;
O Love, who didſt my ranſom pay,
Whoſe power ſufficeth in my ſtead;
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

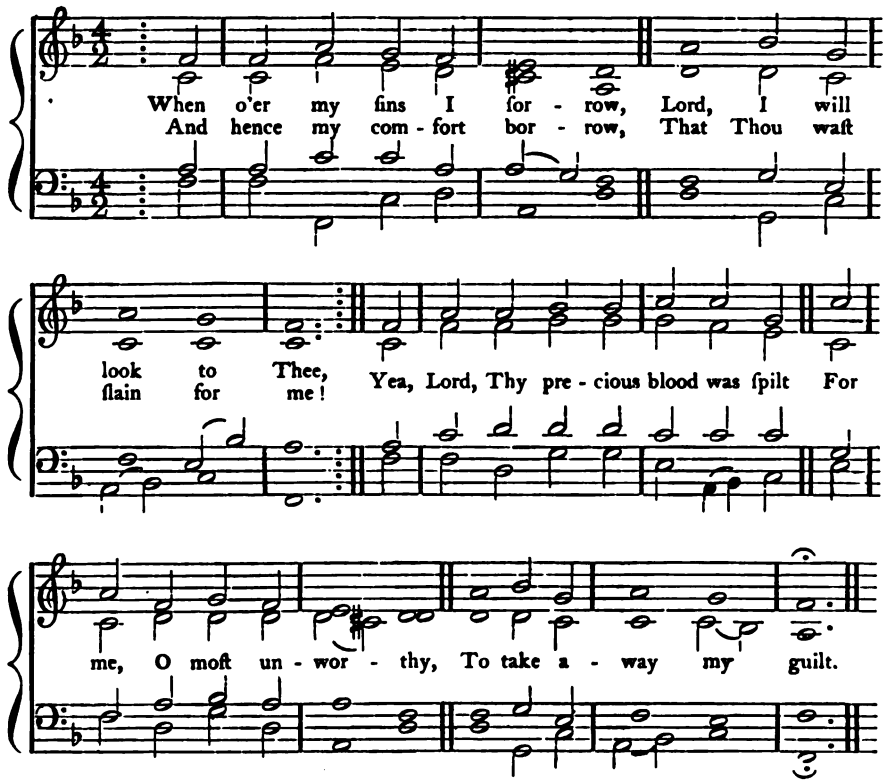
7

O Love, who once ſhalt bid me riſe
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above yon ſkies
Shalt ſet me in the fadeleſs bowers:
O Love, I give myſelf to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

(Index of Tunes, xxxv.)

48.

Tune—"O Thou, of God the Father."


When o'er my ſins I for - row, Lord, I will
look to Thee,
And hence my com - fort bor - row, That Thou waſt
ſlain for me!
Yea, Lord, Thy pre - cious blood was ſpilt For
me, O moſt un - wor - thy, To take a - way my guilt.

Then let Thy woes, Thy patience,
My heart with ſtrength inſpire
To vanquiſh all temptations,
And ſpurn all low deſire;
This thought I fain would cheriſh moſt—
What pain my ſoul's redemption
To Thee, O Saviour, coſt!

3

Whate'er may be the burden,
The croſs here on me laid;
Be ſhame or want my guerdon,
I'll bear it with Thine aid;
Give patience, give me ſtrength to take
Thee for my bright example,
And all the world forſake.

4

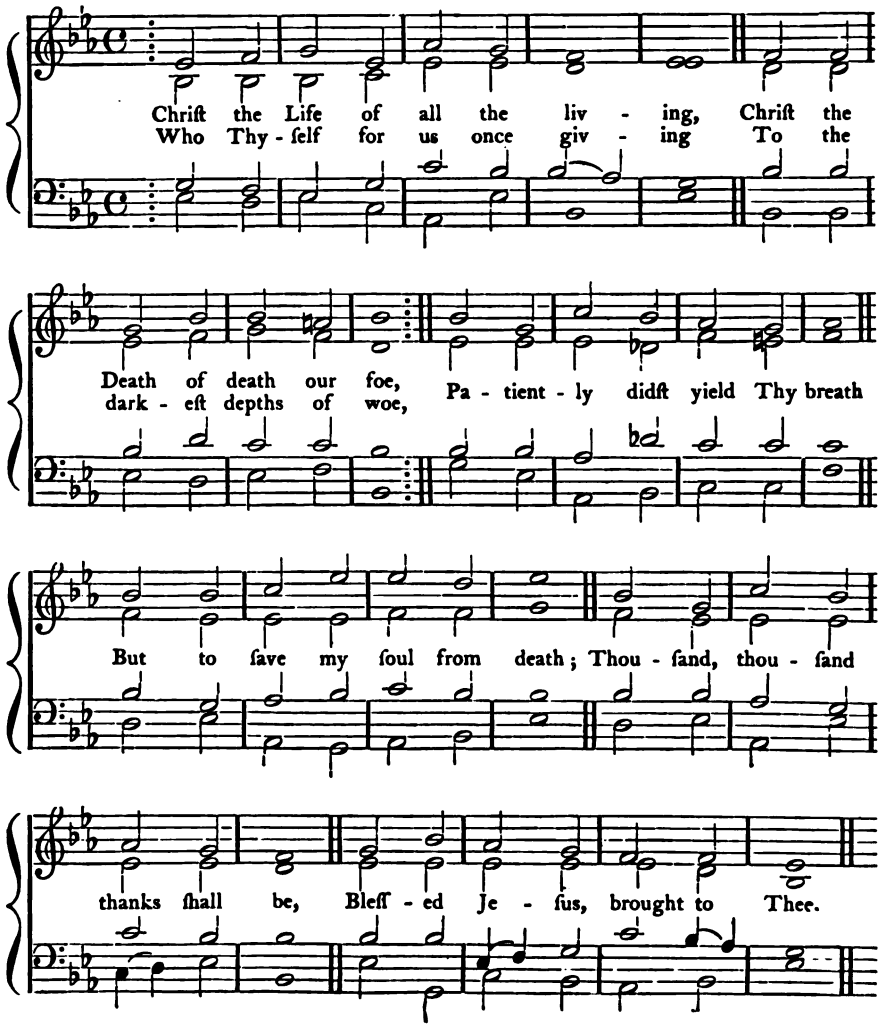
And let me do to others
As Thou haſt done to me,
Love all men as my brothers,
And ſerve them willingly,
With ready heart, nor ſeek my own,
But as Thou, Lord, haſt help'd us,
From pureſt love alone.

5

And let Thy croſs upbear me
With ſtrength, when I depart;
Tell me that nought can tear me
From my Redeemer's heart,
But ſince my truſt is in Thy grace
Thou wilt accept me yonder,
Where I ſhall ſee Thy face!

(LIV.—„Jeſu meines Lebens Leben.")

49.

Original Tune.

Chriſt the Life of all the liv - ing, Chriſt the
Who Thy - ſelf for us once giv - ing To the
Death of death our foe,
dark - eſt depths of woe,
Pa - tient - ly didſt yield Thy breath
But to ſave my ſoul from death; Thou - ſand, thou - ſand
thanks ſhall be, Bleſſ - ed Je - ſus, brought to Thee.

2

Thou, ah Thou, haſt taken on Thee
Bitter ſtrokes, a cruel rod,
Pain and ſcorn were heap'd upon Thee
O Thou ſinleſs Son of God,
Only thus for me to win
Reſcue from the bonds of ſin;
Thouſand, thouſand thanks ſhall be,
Bleſſed Jeſus, brought to Thee.

3

Thou didſt bear the ſmiting only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodeſt falſely charged and lonely,
That I might be ſafe and free;
Comfortleſs that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundleſs woe;
Thouſand, thouſand thanks ſhall be,
Bleſſed Jeſus, brought to Thee.

4

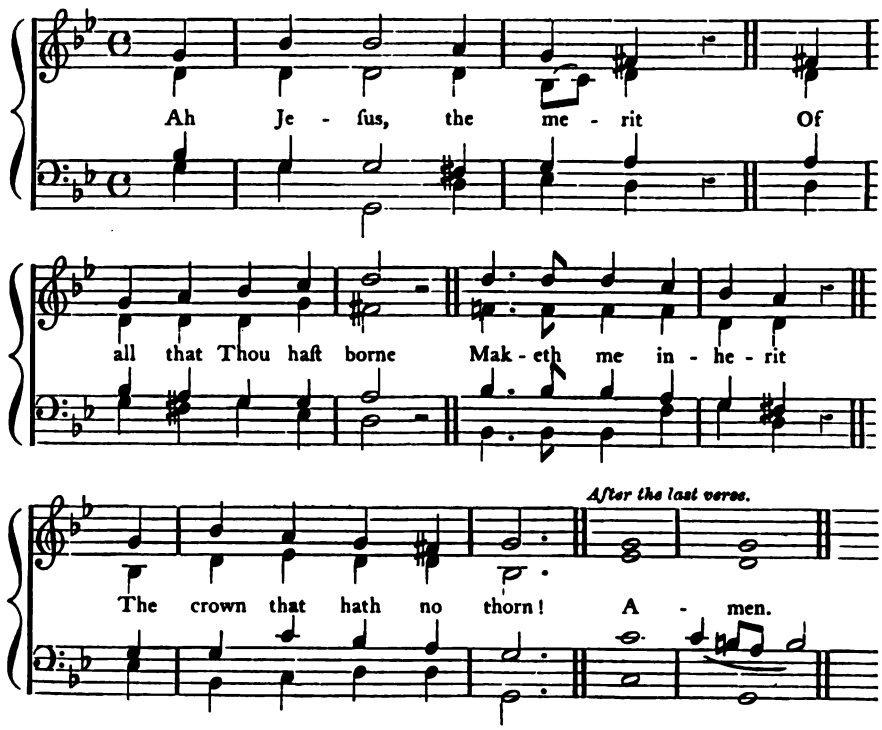
That Thou waſt ſo meek and ſtainleſs
Doth atone for my proud mood;
And Thy death makes dying painleſs,
All Thy ills have wrought our good;
Yea, the ſhame Thou didſt endure
Is my honour and my cure;
Thouſand, thouſand thanks ſhall be,
Bleſſed Jeſus, brought to Thee.

5

Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy ſorrows deep and ſore,
For Thine anguiſh in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with my lateſt breath
For Thy ſad and cruel death,
For that laſt moſt bitter cry,
And ſhall praiſe Thee, Lord, on high.

(III.—„Ach Jeſu dein Sterben.")

50.

Original Tune.

2

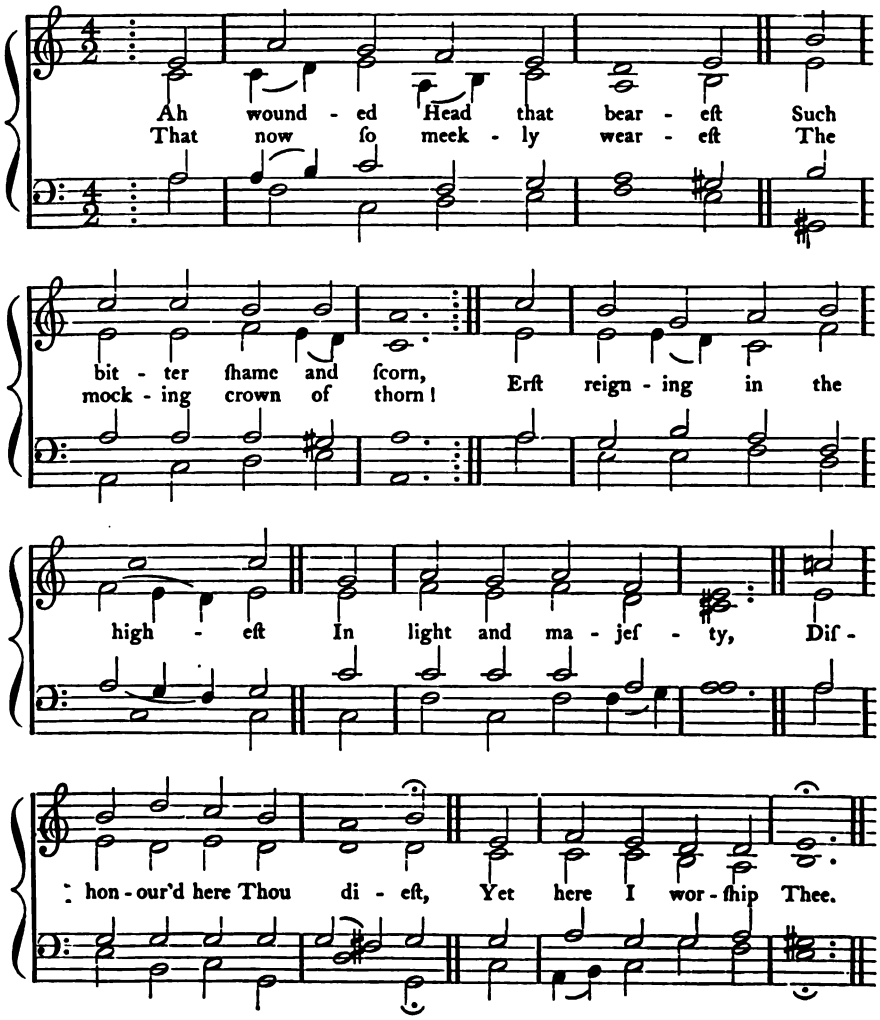
Ah then, teach me duly
To worſhip at Thy croſs,
Owning inly, truly,
The Love that bore our loſs.

3

To ſin, there, oh let me
From henceforth daily die;
Nor in death forget me,
Then grant me life on high.

GOOD FRIDAY.

(XL.—„Herzlich thut mich verlangen."
„O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.")

51.

Ah wound - ed Head that bear - eſt Such
That now ſo meek - ly wear - eſt The
bit - ter ſhame and ſcorn,
mock - ing crown of thorn!
Erſt reign - ing in the
high - eſt In light and ma - jeſ - ty, Diſ -
hon - our'd here Thou di - eſt, Yet here I wor - ſhip Thee.

2

Thou noble Face, whoſe anger
Shall make a world to quail,
That glance is quench'd in languor
To which the ſun were pale;
How hath its brightneſs vaniſh'd!
Thoſe gracious eyes how dim!
What foe their light hath baniſh'd,
Who dared to ſcoff at Him?

3

All lovely hues have faded
That glow'd with warmth and life
As He endures unaided
The laſt and mortal ſtrife;
The Mighty One of valour
Muſt yield Him as a prey,
Death triumphs in his pallour
O'er all His ſtrength to-day.

4

Ah Lord, this cruel burden
Of right belongs to me;
Of my miſdeeds the guerdon
Hath all been laid on Thee;
I caſt me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot,
Yet hear me, I implore Thee,
Redeemer, ſpurn me not!

5

My Guardian, deign to own me,
My Shepherd, I am Thine;
What goodneſs haſt Thou ſhown me,
O Fount of Love Divine!
How oft Thy lips have fed me
On earth with angels' food!
How oft Thy Spirit led me
To ſtores of heavenly good!

6

Ah would that I were bidden
To ſhare Thy croſs and woes!
There all true joy lies hidden,
Thence all true comfort flows.
Ah well for me, if lying
Here at Thy feet, my Life,
I too with Thee were dying,
And thus might end my ſtrife!

7

My ſoul doth melt within me,
O Jeſus, deareſt Friend,
That Thou ſhouldſt bear to win me
Such woes, for ſuch an end!
Ah make me cling the firmer
To One ſo true to me,
And ſink without a murmur
To ſleep at laſt in Thee.

8

Yes, when I hence betake me,
Lord, do not Thou depart;
Oh! never more forſake me
When death is at my heart,
And faith and hope are ſinking,
O'erwhelm'd with dread diſmay;
Thou bareſt all unſhrinking,—
Oh chaſe my fears away!

9

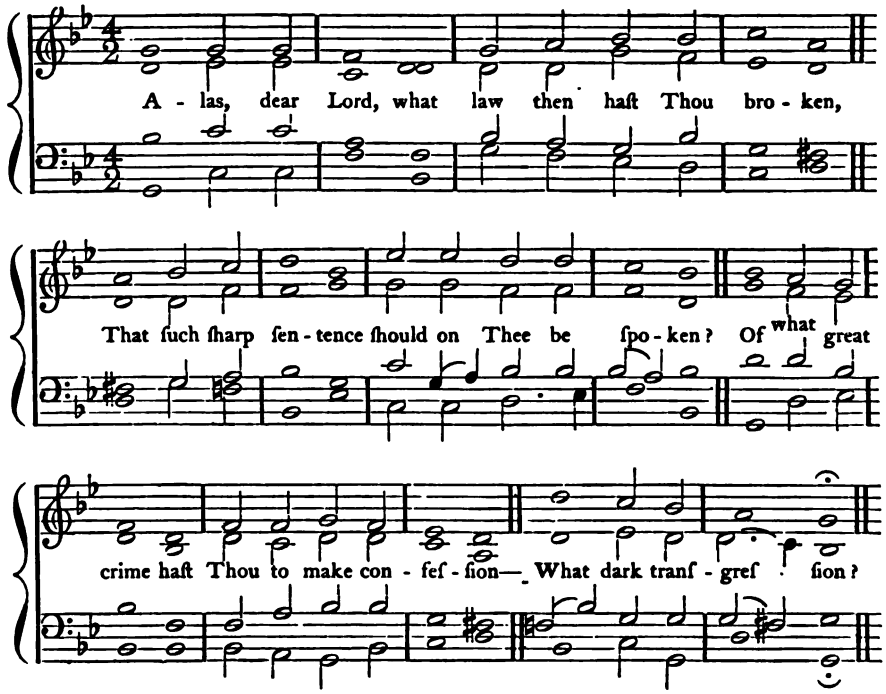
Appear then, my Defender,
My Comfort, ere I die!
This life I can ſurrender
If but I ſee Thee nigh;
My dim eyes ſhall behold Thee,
Upon Thy croſs ſhall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee;
Who dieth thus, dies well!

GOOD FRIDAY.

(XLI.—„Herzliebſter Jeſu was haſt Du verbrochen.")

52.

Original Tune.


A - las, dear Lord, what law then haſt Thou bro - ken,
That ſuch ſharp ſen - tence ſhould on Thee be ſpo - ken? Of what great
crime haſt Thou to make con - feſ - ſion— What dark tranſ - greſ - ſion?

2 They crown His head with thorns, they ſmite, they ſcourge Him,
With cruel mockings to the croſs they urge Him,
They give Him gall to drink, they ſtill decry Him,—
They crucify Him.

3 Whence come theſe ſorrows, whence this mortal anguiſh
It is my ſins for which my Lord muſt languiſh;
Yes, all the wrath, the woe He doth inherit,
'T is I do merit!

4 What ſtrangeſt puniſhment is ſuffer'd yonder!—
The Shepherd dies for ſheep that loved to wander!
The Maſter pays the debts His ſervants owe Him,
Who would not know Him.

5 There was no ſpot in me by ſin untainted,
Sick with its venom all my heart had fainted;
My heavy guilt to hell had well-nigh brought me,
Such woe it wrought me.

6 O wondrous love! whoſe depths no heart hath ſounded,
That brought Thee here by foes and thieves ſurrounded;
All worldly pleaſures, heedleſs, I was trying,
While Thou wert dying!

7 O mighty King! no time can dim Thy glory!
How ſha.. I ſpread abroad Thy wondrous ſtory?
How ſhall I find ſome worthy gift to proffer?
What dare we offer?

8 For vainly doth our human wiſdom ponder—
Thy woes, Thy mercy ſtill tranſcend our wonder.
Oh how ſhould I do aught that could delight Thee!
Can I requite Thee?

9 Yet unrequited, Lord, I would not leave Thee,
I can renounce whate'er doth vex or grieve Thee,
And quench with thoughts of Thee and prayers moſt lowly,
All fires unholy.

10 But ſince my ſtrength alone will ne'er ſuffice me
To crucify deſires that ſtill entice me,
To all good deeds, oh let Thy Spirit win me,
And reign within me!

11 I'll think upon Thy mercy hour by hour,
I'll love Thee ſo that earth muſt loſe her power;
To do Thy will ſhall be my ſole endeavour
Henceforth for ever.

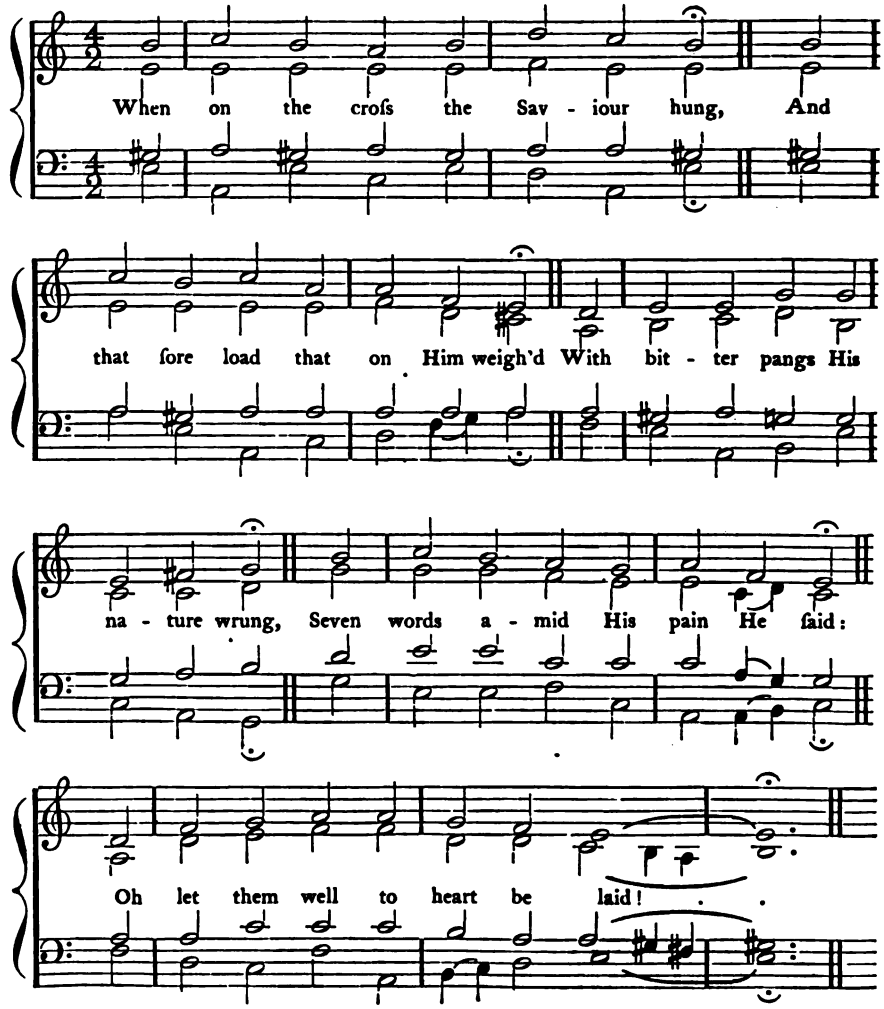
12 Whate'er of earthly good this life may grant me
I'll riſk for Thee,—no ſhame, no croſs ſhall daunt me;
I ſhall not fear what man can do to harm me,
Nor death alarm me.

13 But worthleſs is my ſacrifice, I own it,
Yet, Lord, for love's ſake Thou wilt not diſown it;
Thou wilt accept my gift in Thy great meekneſs,
Nor ſhame my weakneſs.

14 And when, dear Lord, before Thy throne in heaven
To me the crown of joy at laſt is given,
Where ſweeteſt hymns Thy ſaints for ever raiſe Thee,
I too ſhall praiſe Thee!

(XVII.—„Da Jeſus an dem Kreuze ſtund.")

53.

Original Tune.

When on the croſs the Sav - iour hung, And
that ſore load that on Him weigh'd With bit - ter pangs His
na - ture wrung, Seven words a - mid His pain He ſaid:
Oh let them well to heart be laid!

2

"Father, forgive these men," He spake;
"For lo! they know not what they do,
Nor of my sufferings vengeance take!"
And when we sin in error too,
For us, dear Lord, this prayer renew!

3

He thought upon the thief, and said,—
"Thou shalt behold my Paradise
With me, ere yet this day be fled."
Lord, see us too with pitying eyes,
And raise us from our miseries!

4

His mother stood beside Him there;
"Behold thy son! Oh let her find
A son, O John, in thy true care."
Lord, care for those we leave behind,
Nor let the world prove all unkind!

5

Once more He saith,—"I thirst, I thirst!"
O Prince of Life! that we might be
Rescued from death, Thou dar'st the worst.
So dost Thou long to set us free!
Not fruitless be that thirst in Thee!

6

Again, "My God, My God," He cried,
"Ah why dost Thou forsake me thus?"
Thou art forsaken at this tide,
To win acceptance, Lord, for us;
Oh comfort deep and marvellous!

7

He saith,—"Lo! it is finish'd now!"
Saviour, Thy perfect work is done!
O make us faithful, Lord, as Thou,
No trial and no cross to shun
Till all Thou lay'st on us be done.

8

And last,—"My Father, to Thine hands
My parting soul I now commend."
Lord, when my spirit trembling stands
Upon life's verge, this cry I send
To Thee, and with Thy words I end.

9

Whoso shall ponder oft these words
When long-past sins his soul alarm,
Shall find the hope Thy cross accords,
And in Thy grace a healing balm
That brings the wounded conscience calm.

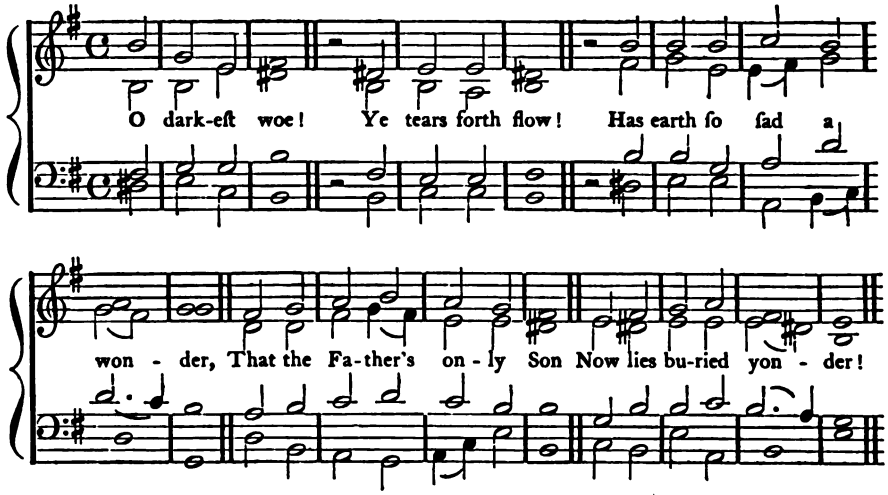
10

Lord Jesu Christ, who diedst for us,
This one thing grant us evermore;
To ponder o'er Thy passion thus,
Till truer, deeper than before
We learn to love Thee and adore!

EASTER EVE.

(LXXXIV.—„O Traurigkeit, O Herzeleid.")

54.

Original Tune.

2

O ſon of man!
It was the ban
Of death on thee that brought Him
Down to ſuffer for thy ſins,
And ſuch woe hath wrought Him.

3

Behold thy Lord,
The Lamb of God,
Blood-ſprinkled lies before thee,
Pouring out His life that He
May to life reſtore thee.

4

O Ground of faith
Laid low in death!
Sweet lips now ſilent ſleeping!
Surely all that live muſt mourn
Here with bitter weeping.

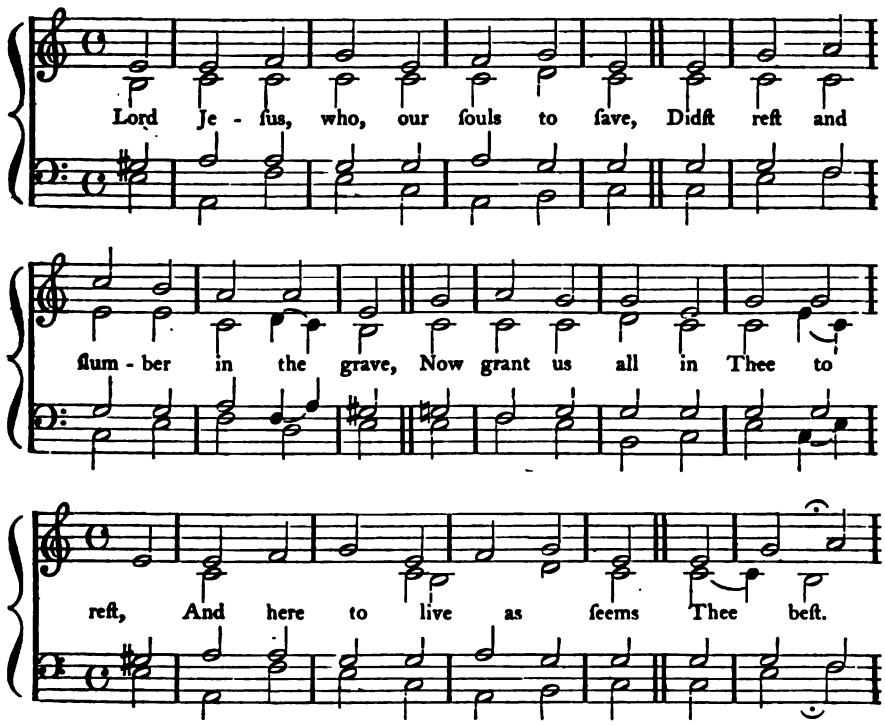
5

Yea, bleſt is he
Whoſe heart ſhall be
Fix'd here, and apprehendeth
Why the Lord of glory thus
To the grave deſcendeth.

6

O Jeſu bleſt!
My help and reſt!
With tears I pray—Lord, hear me;
Make me love Thee to the laſt,
In the grave be near me!

(xx.—„Der Du Herr Jeſu Ruh und Raſt.")

55.

Lord Je - ſus, who, our ſouls to ſave, Didſt reſt and
ſlum - ber in the grave, Now grant us all in Thee to
reſt, And here to live as ſeems Thee beſt.

2

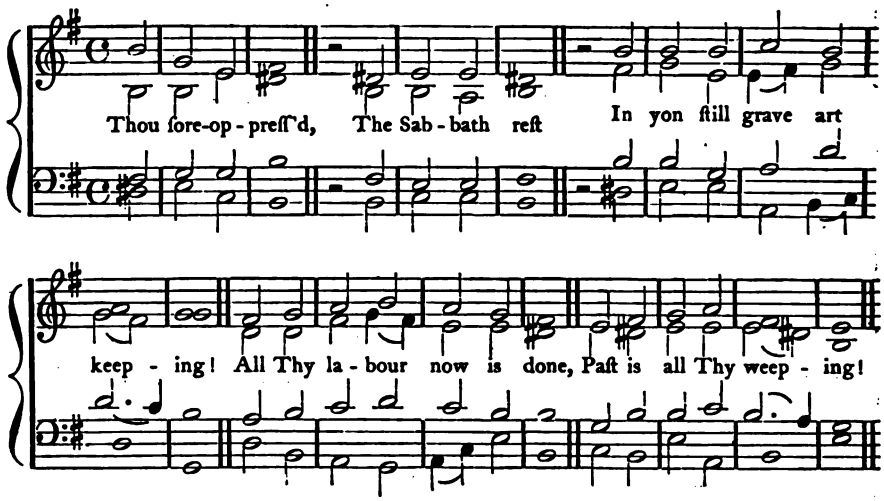
Give us the ſtrength, the dauntleſs faith,
That Thou haſt purchaſed with Thy death,
And lead us to that glorious place
Where we ſhall ſee the Father's face.

3

O Lamb of God! who once waſt ſlain,
We thank Thee for that bitter pain!
Let us partake Thy death, that we
May enter into life with Thee!

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIV.)

56.

Tune.—" O darkeſt woe! Ye tears, forth flow!"

2

The ſtrife is o'er,
Nought hurts Thee more,
The heart at laſt hath ſlumber'd,
That in conflict ſore for us
Bore our ſins unnumber'd.

3

Thou awful tomb,
Once fill'd with gloom!
How bleſſed and how holy
Art thou now, ſince in the grave
Slept the Saviour lowly!

4

How calm and bleſt
The dead now reſt
Who in the Lord departed!
All their works do follow them,
Yes, they ſleep glad-hearted.

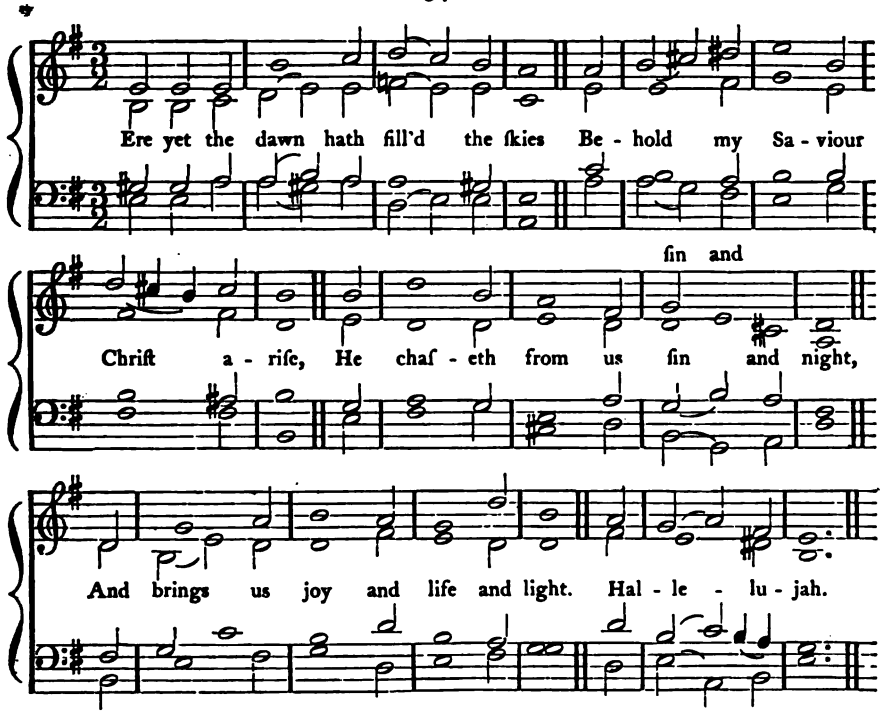
5

O lead us Thou
To reſt e'en now,
With all who, ſorely anguiſh'd
'Neath the burden of their ſins,
Long in woe have languiſh'd.

6

O Bleſſed Rock!
Soon grant Thy flock
To ſee Thy Sabbath morning!
Strife and pain will all be paſt
When that day is dawning.

(XXVIII.—„Erſchienen iſt der herrlich' Tag.")

57.

Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the ſkies Be - hold my Sa - viour
ſin and
Chriſt a - riſe, He chaſ - eth from us ſin and night,
And brings us joy and life and light. Hal - le - lu - jah.

2 O ſtronger Thou than Death and Hell,
Where is the foe Thou canſt not quell?
What heavy ſtone Thou canſt not roll
From off the priſon'd anguiſh'd ſoul?
Hallelujah.

3 If Jeſus lives, can I be ſad?
I know He loves me, and am glad;
Though all the world were dead to me,
Enough, O Chriſt, if I have Thee!
Hallelujah.

4 He feeds me, comforts and defends,
And when I die His angel ſends
To bear me whither He is gone,
For of His own He loſeth none.
Hallelujah.

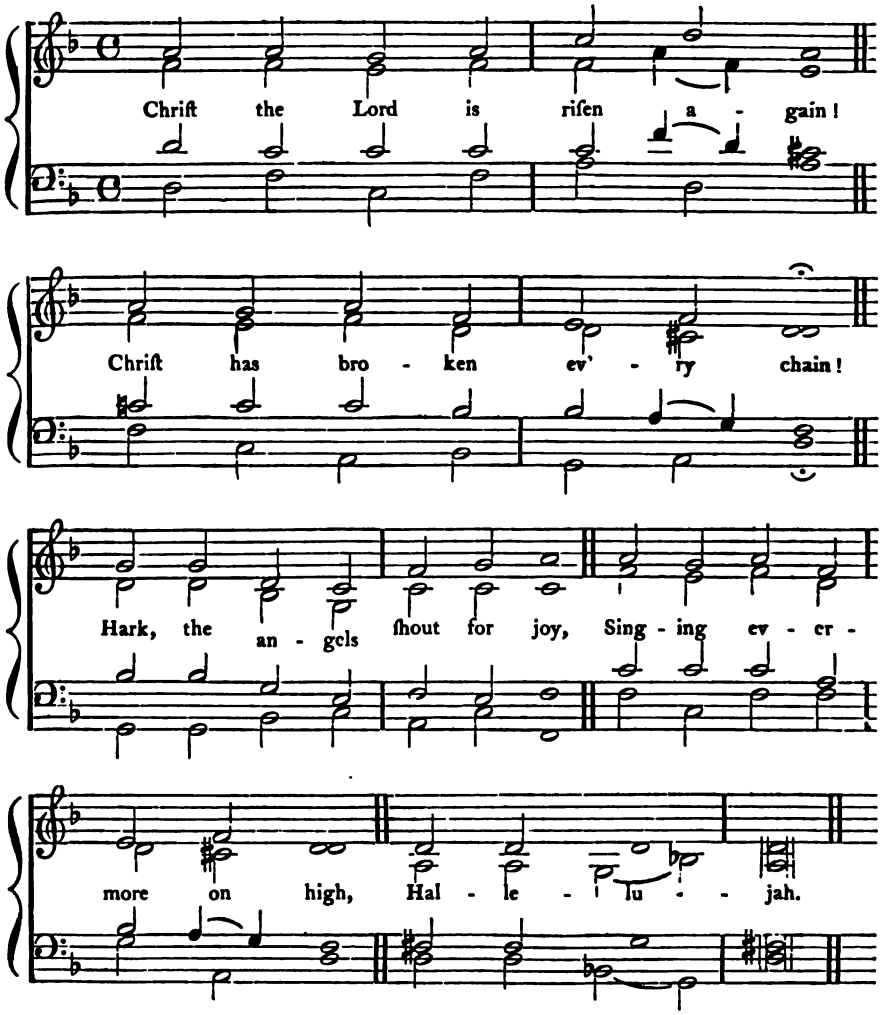
5 No more to fear or grief I bow,
God and the angels love me now;
The joys prepared for me to-day
Drive fear and mourning far away;
Hallelujah.

6 Strong Champion! For this comfort ſee
The whole world brings her thanks to Thee;
And once we too ſhall raiſe above
More ſweet and loud the ſong we love:
Hallelujah.

(xvi.—„Chriſt iſt erſtanden.")

58.

Original Tune.


Chriſt the Lord is riſen a - gain!
Chriſt has bro - ken ev' - ry chain!
Hark, the an - gels ſhout for joy, Sing - ing ev - er -
more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah.

2

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the ſtrife,
Is our Paſchal Lamb to-day!
We too ſing for joy, and ſay:
Hallelujah.

3

He who bore all pain and loſs
Comfortleſs upon the croſs,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah.

4

He whoſe path no records tell,
Who deſcended into hell,
Who the ſtrong man arm'd hath bound,
Now in higheſt heaven is crown'd:
Hallelujah.

5

He who ſlumber'd in the grave
Is exalted now to ſave;
Now through Chriſtendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings!
Hallelujah.

6

Now He bids us tell abroad
How the loſt may be reſtored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Hallelujah.

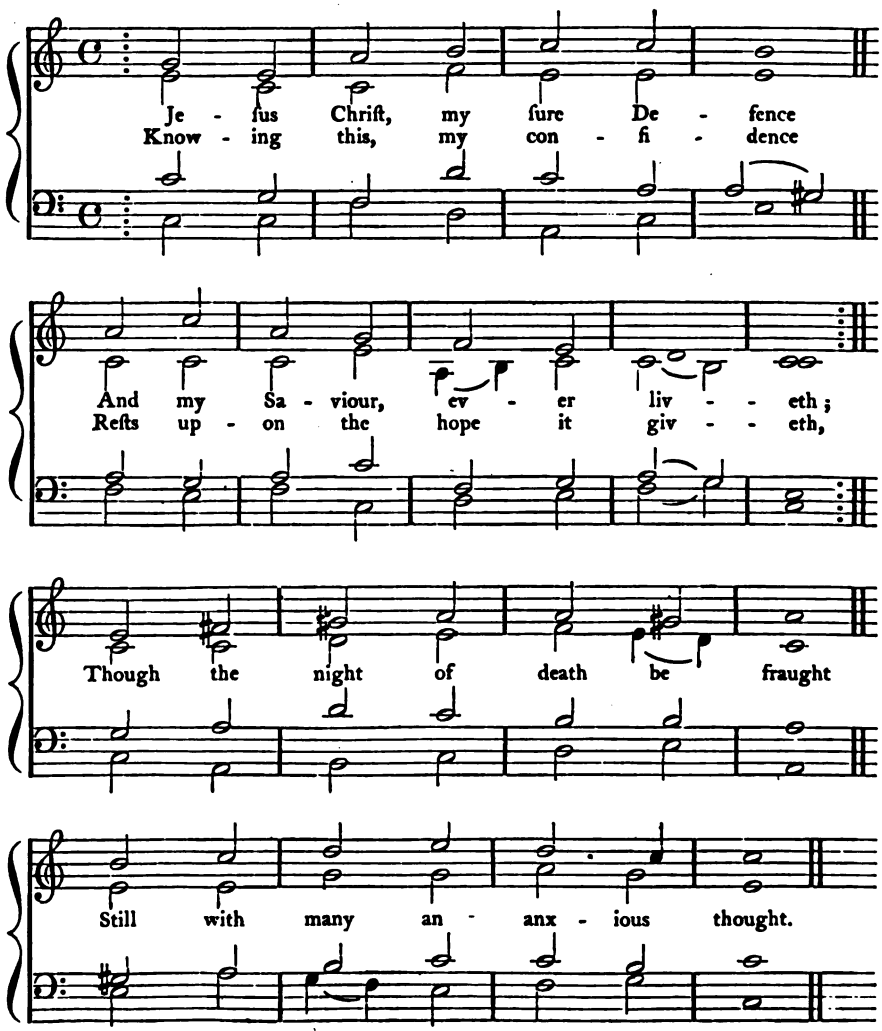
7

Thou our Paſchal Lamb indeed,
Chriſt, to-day Thy people feed;
Take our ſins and guilt away,
That we all may ſing for aye,
Hallelujah.

(L.V.—„Jeſus meine Zuverſicht.")

59.

Original Tune.


Je - ſus Chriſt, my ſure De - fence
Know - ing this, my con - fi - dence
And my Sa - viour, ev - er liv - - eth;
Reſts up - on the hope it giv - - eth,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an - anx - ious thought.

2

Jeſus, my Redeemer, lives!
I too unto life muſt waken;
He will have me where He is,
Shall my courage then be ſhaken?
Shall I fear? Or could the Head
Riſe and leave its members dead?

3

Nay, too cloſely am I bound
Unto Him by hope for ever;
Faith's ſtrong hand the Rock hath found,
Graſped it, and will leave it never;
Not the ban of death can part
From its Lord the truſting heart.

4

What now ſickens, mourns, and ſighs,
Chriſt with Him in glory bringeth;
Earthly is the ſeed and dies,
Heavenly from the grave it ſpringeth;
Natural is the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

5

Then take comfort, nay, rejoice,
For His members Chriſt will cheriſh;
Fear not, they will know His voice,
Though awhile they ſeem to periſh,
When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf, cold grave is ſtirred.

6

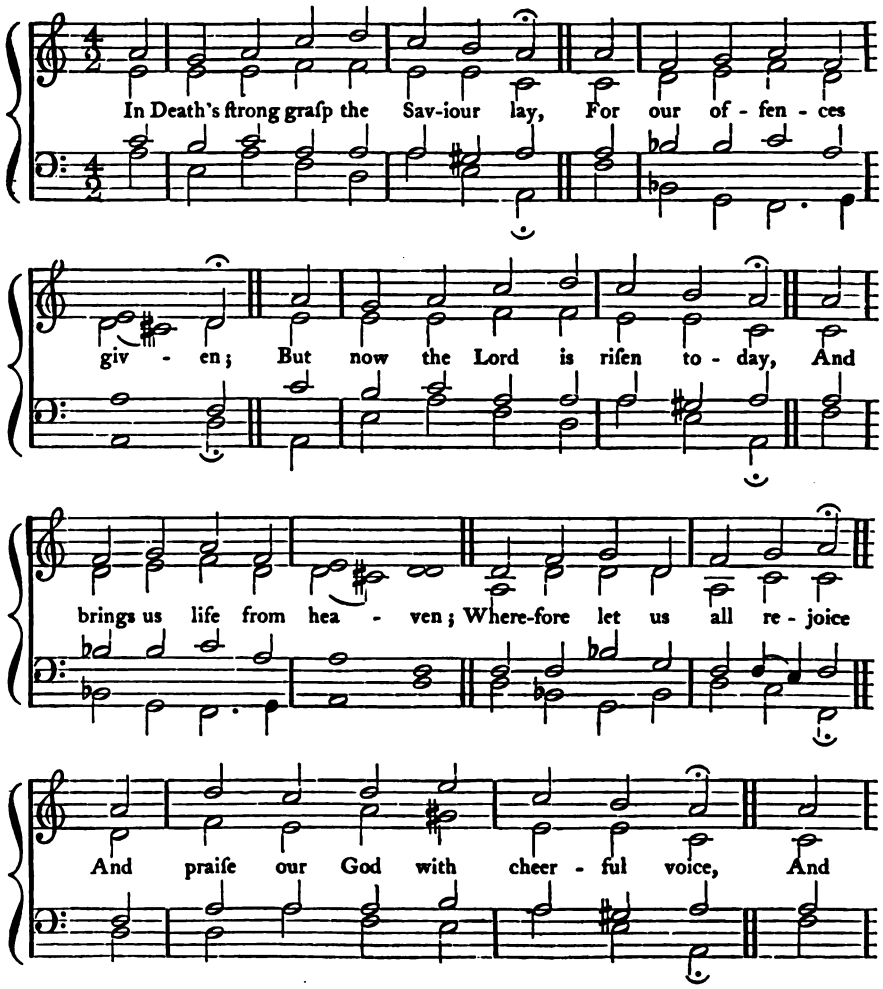
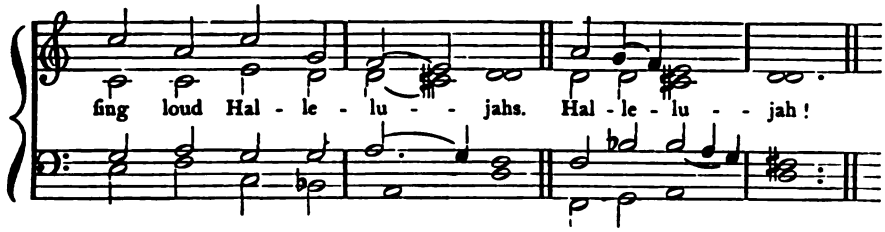
Laugh to ſcorn the gloomy grave,
And at death no longer tremble,
For the Lord, who comes to ſave,
Round Him ſhall His ſaints aſſemble,
Raiſing them o'er all their foes,
Mortal weakneſs, fear, and woes.

7

Only draw away your heart
Now from pleaſures baſe and hollow;
Would ye there with Chriſt have part,
Here His footſteps ye muſt follow;
Fix your heart beyond the ſkies,
Whither ye yourſelves would riſe!

(XIV.—„Chriſt lag in Todesbanden.")

60.

Original Tune.

In Death's ſtrong graſp the Sav-iour lay, For our of - fen - ces
giv - en; But now the Lord is riſen to - day, And
brings us life from hea - ven; Where-fore let us all re - joice
And praiſe our God with cheer - ful voice, And

2

No ſon of man could conquer Death,
Such miſchief ſin had wrought us,
For innocence dwelt not on earth,
And therefore Death had brought us
Into thraldom from of old,
And ever grew more ſtrong and bold,
His ſhadow lay athwart us.—Hallelujah!

3

But Jeſus Chriſt, God's only Son,
Hath come to conquer for us,
Hath put away our ſins, and won
Death's power and title o'er us.
Now 'tis but his form is left,
For of his ſting he is bereft
Since Jeſus will reſtore us.—Hallelujah!

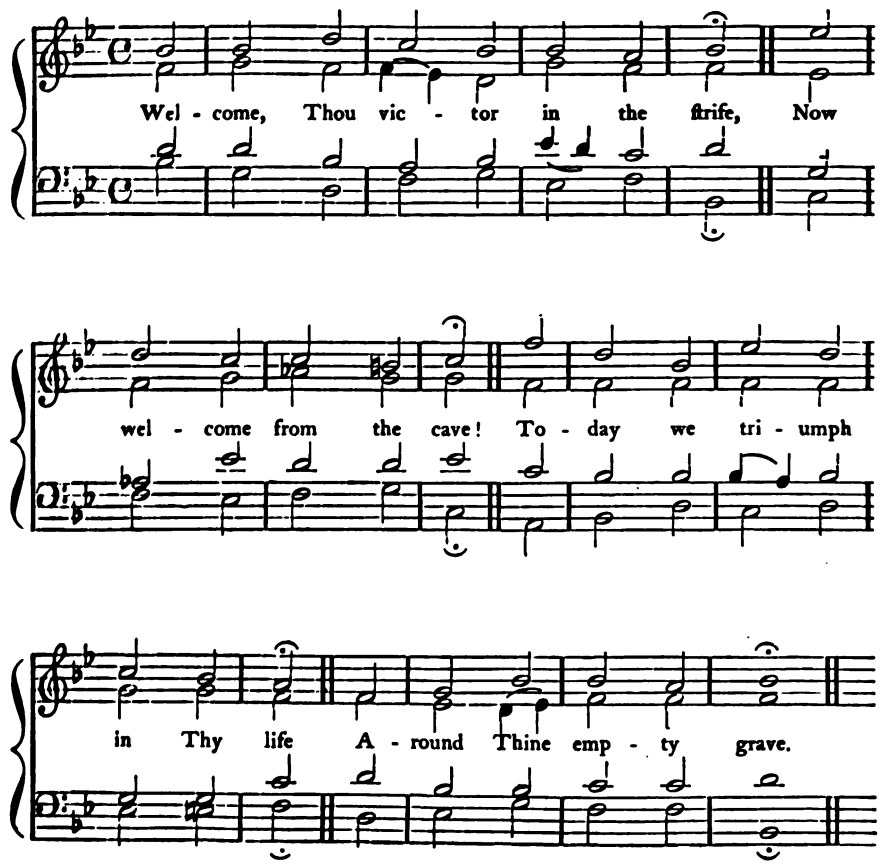
4

It was a wondrous war, I trow,
When Life and Death contended;
But Life hath triumphed o'er the foe,
The reign of Death is ended;
Yea, 'tis as the Scripture ſaith,
That Chriſt in dying conquered Death,
And from his realm aſcended.—Hallelujah!

5

Then let us keep the feaſt to-day
That God Himſelf hath given;
And His pure Word ſhall do away
The old and evil leaven;
Chriſt to-day will meet His own,
And faith will feed on Him alone,
The Living Bread from heaven.—Hallelujah!

(XCII. PSALM 88, Ravenſcroft.)

61.

2

The dwellings of the juſt reſound
With ſongs of victory;
For in their midſt, Lord, Thou art found,
And bringeſt peace with Thee.

3

Oh ſhare with us the ſpoils, we pray,
Thou diedſt to achieve;
We meet within Thy houſe to-day
Our portion to receive:

4

We die with Thee; oh let us live
Henceforth to Thee aright;
The bleſſings Thou haſt died to give,
Be daily in our ſight.

5

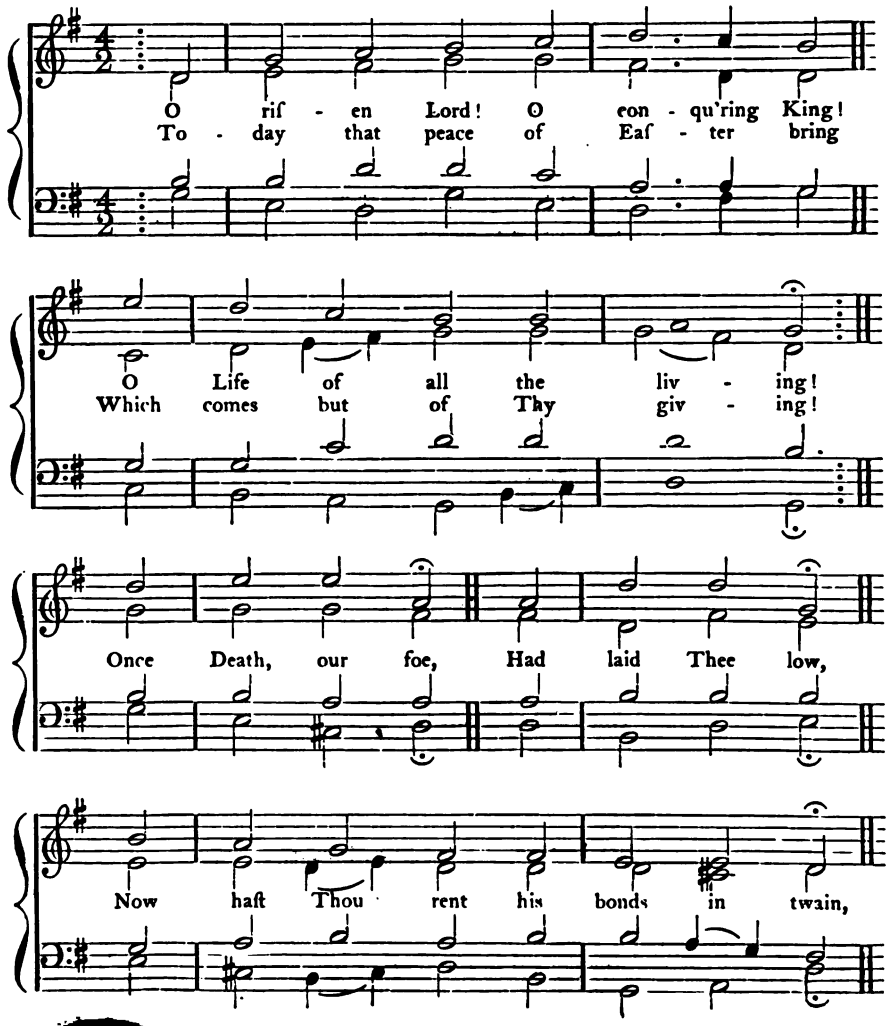
Fearleſs we lay us in the tomb,
And ſleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

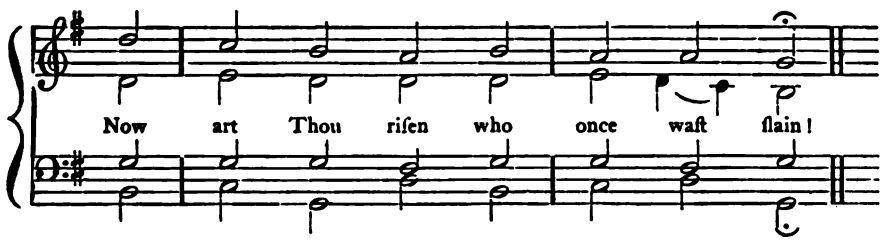
6

Death hurts us not; his power is gone,
And pointleſs all his darts;
Now hath God's favour on us ſhone,
And joy fills all our hearts.

(Index of Tunes, CIX.)

62.

Tune.—"Whate'er my God ordains is right."

O rif - en Lord! O con - qu'ring King!
To - day that peace of Eaſ - ter bring
O Life of all the liv - ing!
Which comes but of Thy giv - ing!
Once Death, our foe, Had laid Thee low,
Now haſt Thou rent his bonds in twain,

EASTER.

2

Oh that to know Thy victory
To us were inly granted,
And theſe cold hearts might catch from Thee
The glow of faith undaunted;
Thy quenchleſs light,
Thy glorious might
Still comfortleſs and lonely leave
The ſoul that cannot yet believe.

3

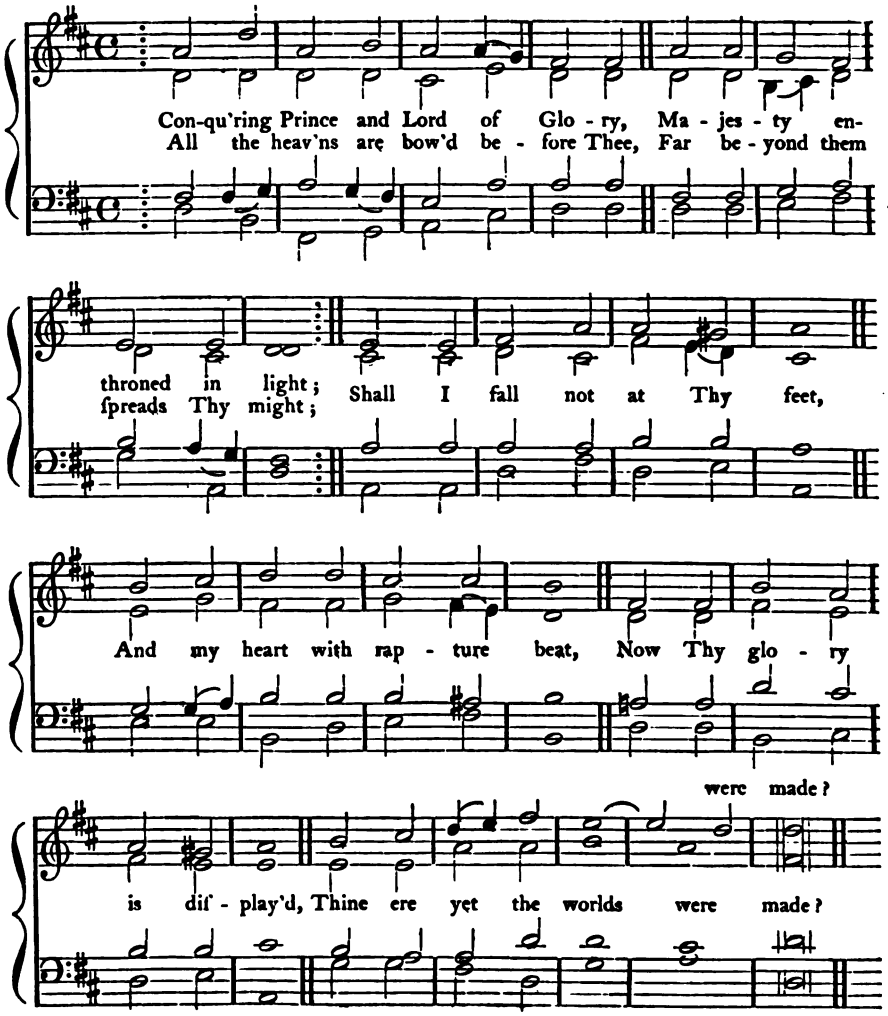
Then break through our hard hearts Thy way,
O Jeſus, Lord of glory!
Kindle the lamp of faith to-day,
Teach us to ſing before Thee
For joy at length,
That in Thy ſtrength
We too may riſe whom ſin had ſlain,
And Thine eternal reſt attain.

4

And when our tears for ſin o'erflow,
Do Thou in love draw near us,
Thy precious gift of peace beſtow,
Let Thy bright preſence cheer us,
That ſo may we,
O Chriſt, from Thee
Drink in the life that cannot die,
And keep true Eaſter feaſts on high.

(Index of Tunes, VII.)

63.

Tune.—"Hark! a voice ſaith, All are mortal."

Con-qu'ring Prince and Lord of Glo - ry, Ma - jes - ty en-
All the heav'ns are bow'd be - fore Thee, Far be - yond them
throned in light; Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
ſpreads Thy might;
And my heart with rap - ture beat, Now Thy glo - ry
were made?
is diſ - play'd, Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

2

As I watch Thee far aſcending
To the right hand of the throne,
See the hoſt before Thee bending,
Praiſing Thee in ſweeteſt tone,
Shall not I too at Thy feet
Here the angels' ſtrain repeat,
And rejoice that heaven doth ring
With the triumph of my King?

3

Power and Spirit are o'erflowing,
On me alſo be they pour'd;
Every hindrance overthrowing,
Make Thy foes Thy footſtool, Lord!
Yea, let earth's remoteſt end
To Thy righteous ſceptre bend,
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and ſpirits reign.

4

Lo! Thy preſence now is filling
All Thy Church in every place;
Fill my heart too, make me willing
In this ſeaſon of Thy grace;
Come, Thou King of glory, come,
Deign to make my heart Thy home,
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne!

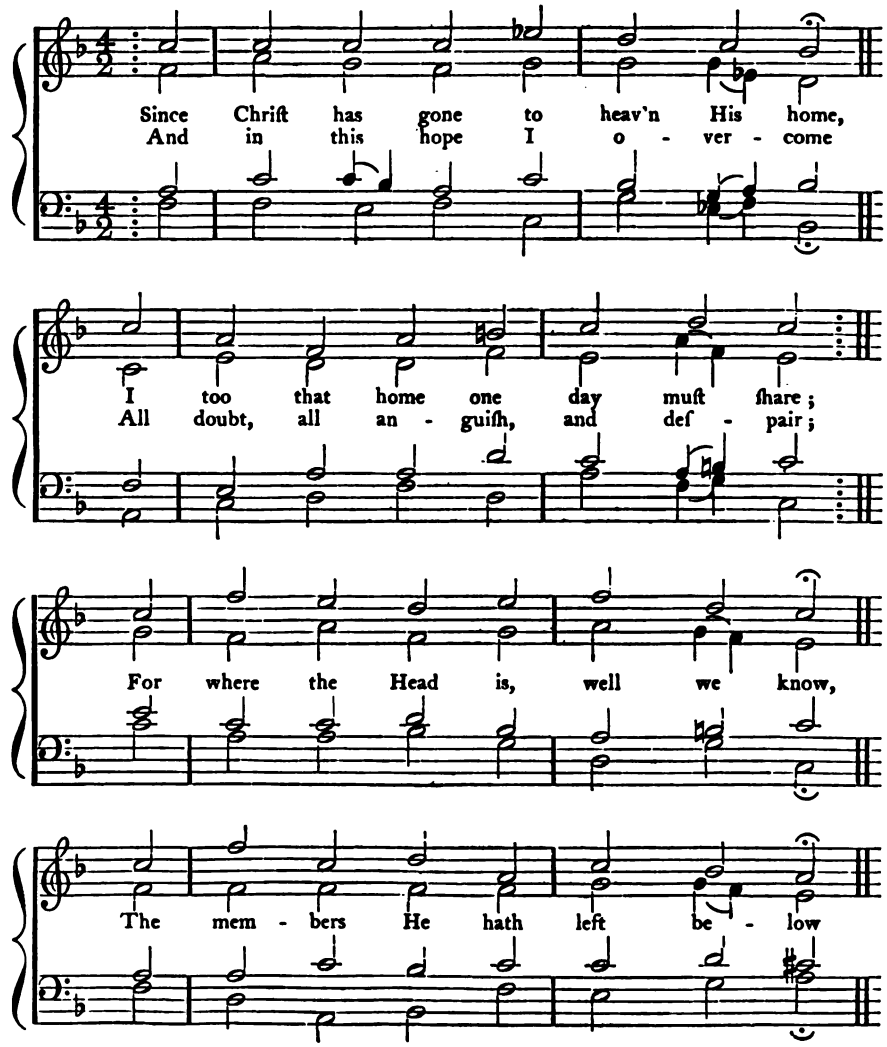
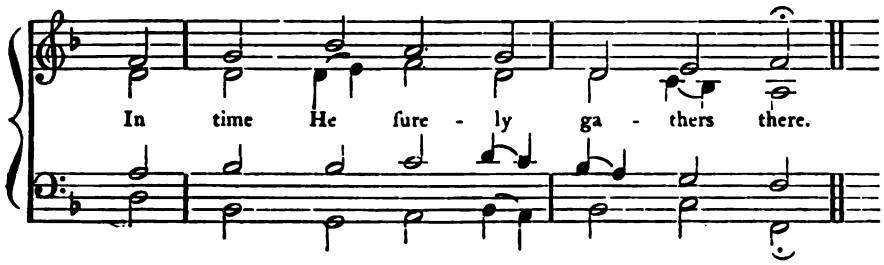
5

Thou art leaving me, yet bringing
God and heaven moſt inly near;
From this earthly life upſpringing,
As though ſtill I ſaw Thee here,
Let my heart, tranſplanted hence,
Strange to earth and time and ſenſe,
Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
Where our only joy art Thou!

(Index of Tunes, xxix.)

64.

Tune.—" All praiſe and thanks."


Since Chriſt has gone to heav'n His home,
And in this hope I o - ver - come
I too that home one day muſt ſhare;
All doubt, all an - guiſh, and deſ - pair;
For where the Head is, well we know,
The mem - bers He hath left be - low

2

Since Chriſt hath reached His glorious throne,
And mighty gifts henceforth are His,
My heart can reſt in heaven alone,
On earth my Lord I daily miſs;
I long to be with Him on high,
And heart and thoughts would hourly fly
Where now my only treaſure is.

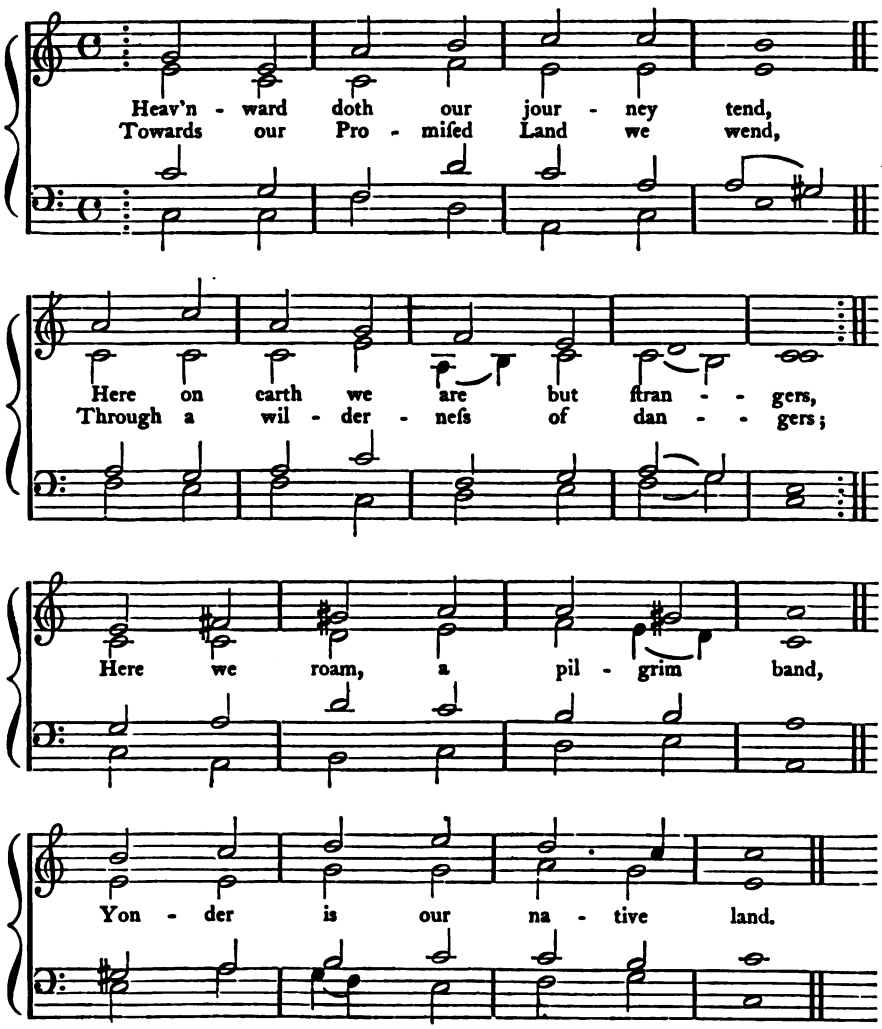
3

From Thy aſcenſion let ſuch grace,
Dear Lord, be ever found in me,
That ſteadfaſt faith may guide my ways
With ſtep unfault'ring up to Thee,
And at Thy voice I may depart
With joy to dwell where Thou, Lord, art:
O Saviour, grant this prayer to me!

(Index of Tunes, LV.)

65.

Tune.—"Jeſus Chriſt, my ſure Defence."


Heav'n - ward doth our jour - ney tend,
Towards our Pro - miſed Land we wend,
Here on earth we are but ſtran - - gers,
Through a wil - der - neſs of dan - - gers;
Here we roam, a pil - grim band,
Yon - der is our na - tive land.

2

Heavenward ſtretch, my ſoul, thy wings,
Thou canſt claim a heavenly nature;
Cleave not to theſe earthly things,
Thou canſt reſt not in the creature.
Every ſoul that God inſpires,
Back to Him, its Source, aſpires.

3

Heavenward! doth His Spirit cry,
Oft as in His word I hear Him;
Pointing to the reſt on high
Where I ſhall be ever near Him.
When His word fills all my thought,
Oft to heaven my ſoul is caught.

4

Heavenward ſtill I long to haſte,
When Thy ſupper, Lord, is given;
Heavenly ſtrength on earth I taſte,
Feeding on the Bread of Heaven;
Such is e'en on earth our fare,
Who Thy marriage feaſt will ſhare.

5

Heavenward! To that bleſſed home
Death at laſt will ſurely lead me;
All my trials overcome,
Chriſt with life and joy will feed me;
Who Himſelf hath gone before
That we too might heavenward ſoar.

6

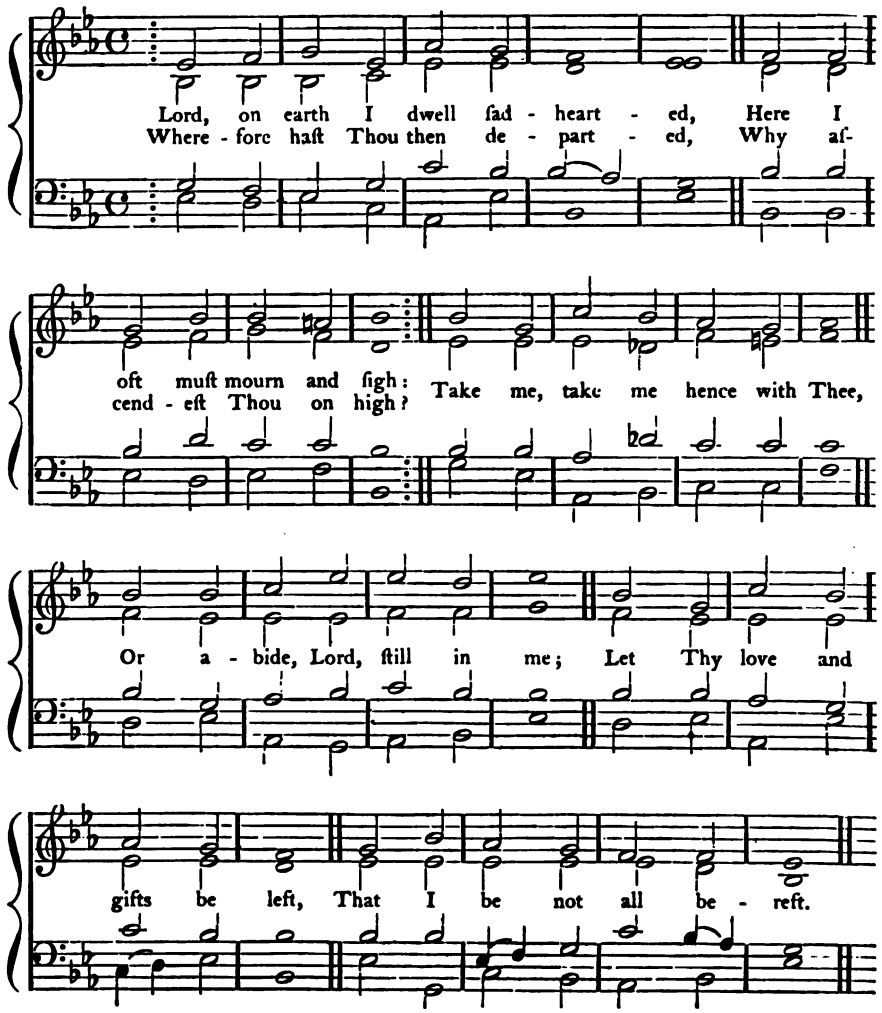
Heavenward! This ſhall be my cry
While a pilgrim here I wander,
Paſſing earth's allurements by
For the love of what is yonder;
Heavenward all my being tends,
Till in Heaven my journey ends.

ASCENSION.

(Index of Tunes, LIV.)

66.

Tune.—"Chriſt the Life of all the living."


Lord, on earth I dwell ſad - heart - ed, Here I
Where - fore haſt Thou then de - part - ed, Why af-
oft muſt mourn and ſigh: Take me, take me hence with Thee,
cend - eſt Thou on high?
Or a - bide, Lord, ſtill in me; Let Thy love and
gifts be left, That I be not all be - reft.

2

Leave Thy heart ſtill inly near me,
Take mine hence where Thou art gone,
Open heaven to me, and hear me
When to Thee I cry alone;
When I cannot pray, oh plead
With Thy Father in my ſtead;
Seated now at God's right hand,
Help us here, Thy faithful band.

3

Worldly joys I caſt behind me,
Let me chooſe the better part,
And though mortal chains yet bind me,
Heavenly be my thoughts and heart;
That my time through faith may be
Order'd for eternity;
'Till we riſe, all perils o'er,
Whither Thou haſt gone before.

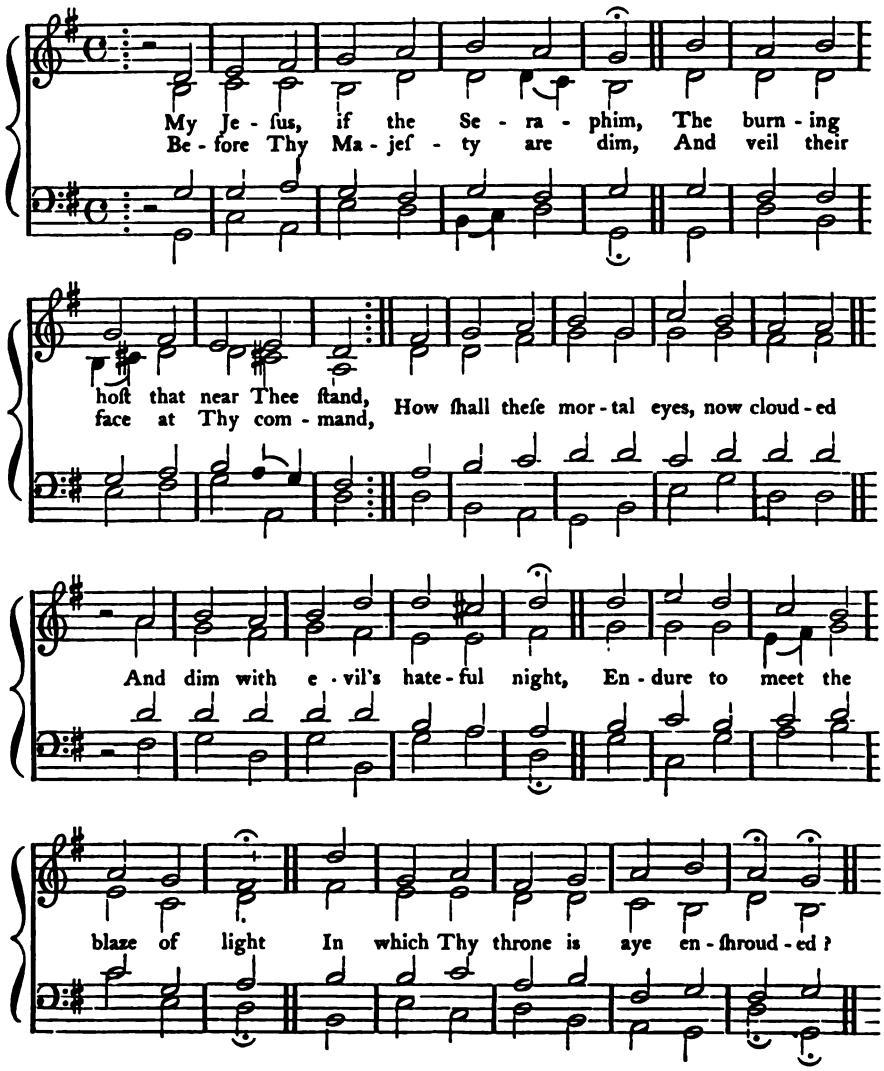
4

Then return, the promiſe keeping
That was made to us of old;
Raiſe the members that are ſleeping
Gnaw'd of death beneath the mould.
Judge the evil world that deems
Thy ſure words but empty dreams;
And for all our ſorrows paſt
Let us know Thy joy at laſt.

ASCENSION.

(LXV.—„Mein Jeſu, dem die Seraphinen.")

67.

Original Tune.

My Je - ſus, if the Se - ra - phim, The burn - ing
Be - fore Thy Ma - jeſ - ty are dim, And veil their
hoſt that near Thee ſtand,
face at Thy com - mand,
How ſhall theſe mor - tal eyes, now cloud - ed
And dim with e - vil's hate - ful night, En - dure to meet the
blaze of light In which Thy throne is aye en - ſhroud - ed ?

2 Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord,
To pierce within the Holy Place,
For I am ſaved and Thou adored,
If I am quicken'd by Thy grace.
Behold, O King, my ſoul is bending
In lowly love before Thy throne,
Oh ſay, "I chooſe thee for mine own,
With faithful love thy courſe befriending."

3 Have mercy, Lord of love, for long
My ſpirit for Thy mercy ſighs,
My inmoſt ſoul hath found a tongue,
"Be merciful, O God," ſhe cries!
I know Thou wilt not bid me leave Thee,
Thou canſt not ſhow Thyſelf a foe
To one for whom Thou bar'ſt ſuch woe,
Whoſe loſt eſtate ſo ſore could grieve Thee.

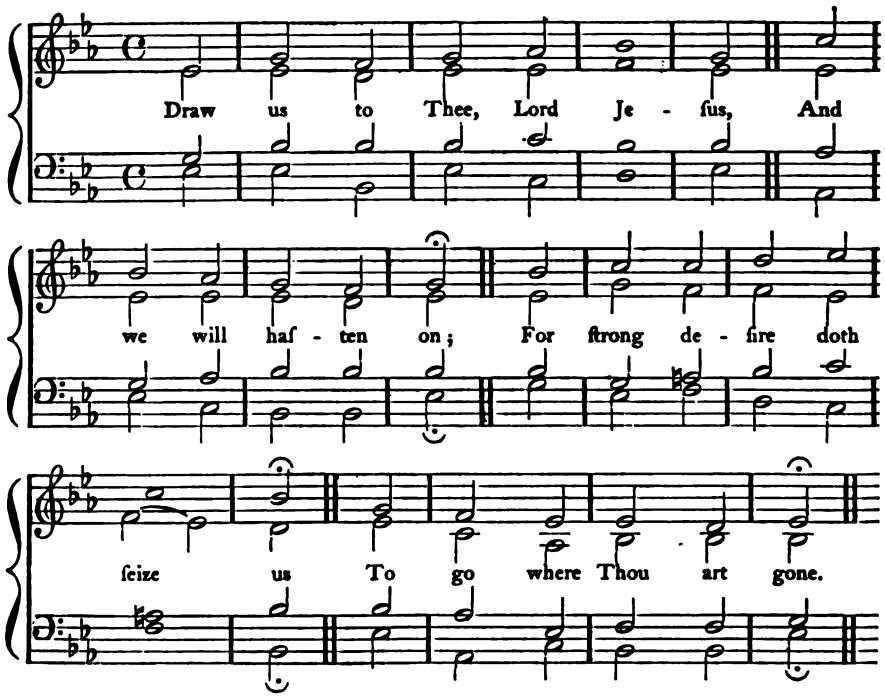
4 Then let Thy wiſdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy light from me away,
Thy grace be ever at my ſide,
That from Thy path I may not ſtray;
But feeling that Thy hand is o'er me,
In ſteadfaſt faith my courſe fulfil,
And keep Thy word, and do Thy will,
Thy love within, Thy heaven before me!

5 Reach down and arm me with Thy hand,
And ſtrengthen me with inner might,
That I through faith may ſtrive and ſtand
Though craft and force againſt me fight;
That ſo may through me and within me
The kingdom of Thy love be ſpread,
That honours Thee, our glorious Head,
And once a crown of light ſhall win me.

6 To Thee I riſe in faith on high,
O bend Thou down in love to me!
Let nothing rob me of this joy,
That all my ſoul is fill'd with Thee;
As long as here I live, yea longer,
Thee will I honour, fear, and love,
For when this heart hath ceaſed to move
Than Death itſelf Thy Love is ſtronger.

(Index of Tunes, xv.)

68.

Tune.—"My life is hid in Jeſus."

2

Draw us to Thee; enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That elſe the tempeſts frighten,
Or pleaſures lure aſtray.

3

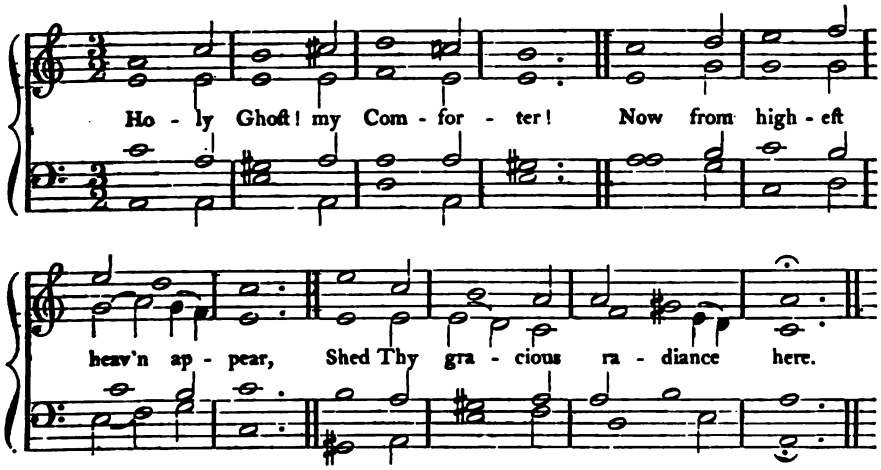
Draw us to Thee; and teach us
Even now that reſt to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.

4

Draw us to Thee; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod,
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to God.

(xxxiv.—„Heil'ger Geiſt, du Tröſter mein.")

69.

Original Tune.

2

Come to them who ſuffer dearth,
With Thy gifts of priceleſs worth,
Lighten all who dwell on earth!

3

Thou the heart's moſt precious gueſt,
Thou of comforters the beſt,
Give to us, th' o'er-laden, reſt!

4

Come, in Thee our toil is ſweet,
Shelter from the noon-day heat,
From whom ſorrow flieth fleet!

5

Bleſſed Sun! Oh let Thy rays
Fill with joy and warmth and grace
Every heart that truly prays.

6

What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wiſeſt thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

7

Cleanſe us, Lord, from ſinful ſtain,
O'er the parchèd heart oh rain,
Heal the wounded from its pain.

8

Bend the ſtubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with fire divine,
Erring hearts aright incline.

9

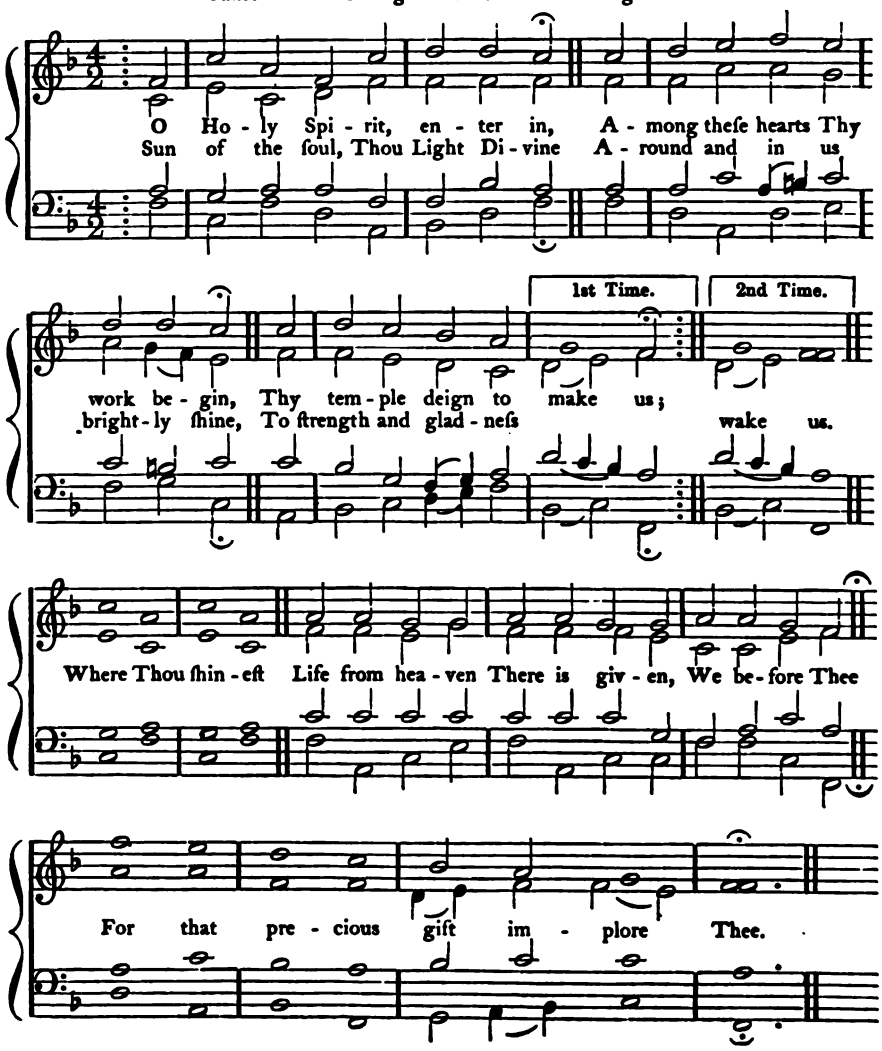
Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfaſt in the faith to be,
Give Thy gifts of charity:

10

May we live in holineſs,
And in death find happineſs,
And abide with Thee in bliſs!

(Index of Tunes, CXVII.)

70.

Tune.—"O Morning Star! how fair and bright."

O Ho - ly Spi - rit, en - ter in, A - mong theſe hearts Thy
Sun of the ſoul, Thou Light Di - vine A - round and in us
1st Time.
2nd Time.
work be - gin, Thy tem - ple deign to make us;
bright - ly ſhine, To ſtrength and glad - neſs wake us.
Where Thou ſhin - eſt Life from hea - ven There is giv - en, We be - fore Thee
For that pre - cious gift im - plore Thee.

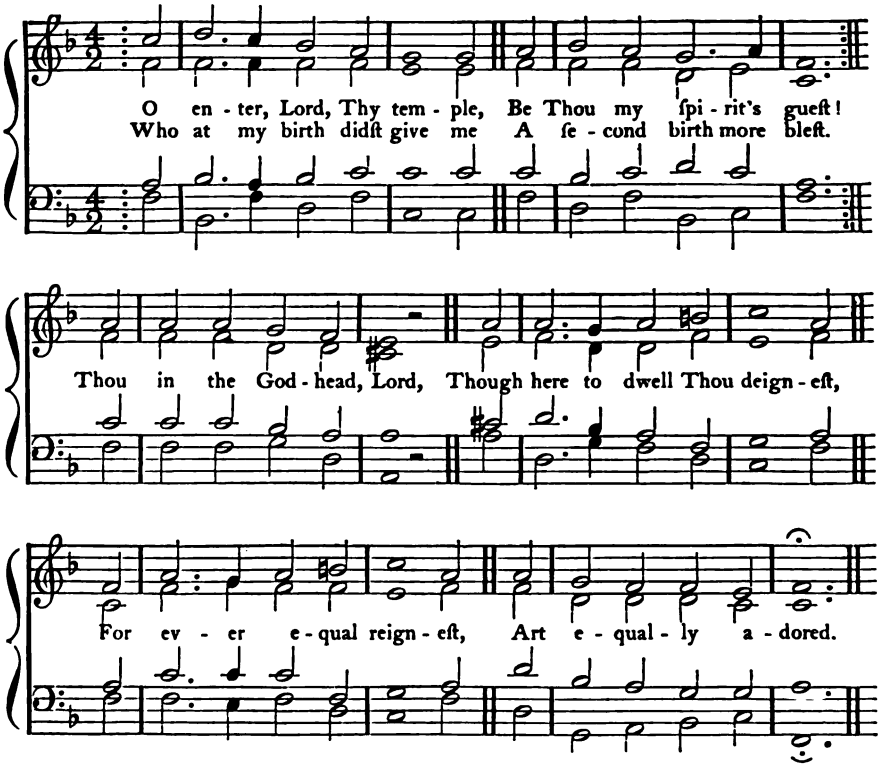
2 Left to ourſelves we ſhall but ſtray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wiſeſt counſel guide us,
And give us ſteadfaſtneſs, that we
May henceforth truly follow Thee,
Whatever woes betide us;
Heal Thou gently Hearts now broken,
Give ſome token
Thou art near us,
Whom we truſt to light and cheer us.

3 O mighty Rock, O Source of Life,
Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and ſtrife,
Be ſo within us burning
That we be faithful unto death,
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wiſdom learning;
Lord, Thy graces On us ſhower,
By Thy power
Chriſt confeſſing,
Let us win His grace and bleſſing.

4 O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
With power upon the hearts of all,
Thy tenderneſs inſtilling;
That heart to heart more cloſely bound,
Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,
The law of love fulfilling;
No wrath, no ſtrife Here ſhall grieve thee,
We receive Thee,
Where Thou liveſt
Peace and love and joy Thou giveſt.

5 Grant that our days, while life ſhall laſt,
In pureſt holineſs be paſt;
Our minds ſo rule and ſtrengthen
That they may riſe o'er things of earth,
The hopes and joys that here have birth;
And if our courſe Thou lengthen,
Keep Thou pure, Lord, From offences,
Heart and ſenſes;
Bleſſed Spirit,
Bid us thus true life inherit!

(CIII.—Crüger's tune: „Von Gott will ich nicht laſſen.")

71

O en - ter, Lord, Thy tem - ple, Be Thou my ſpi - rit's gueſt!
Who at my birth didſt give me A ſe - cond birth more bleſt.
Thou in the God - head, Lord, Though here to dwell Thou deign - eſt,
For ev - er e - qual reign - eſt, Art e - qual - ly a - dored.

2

O enter, let me know Thee,
And feel Thy power within,
The power that breaks our fetters,
And reſcues us from ſin;
So waſh and cleanſe Thou me,
That I may ſerve Thee truly,
And render honour duly
With perfect heart to Thee.

3

'Tis Thou, O Spirit, teacheſt
The ſoul to pray aright;
Thy ſongs have ſweeteſt muſic,
Thy prayers have wondrous might;
Unheard they cannot fall,
They pierce the higheſt heaven,
Till He His help hath given
Who ſurely helpeth all.

4 Joy is Thy gift, O Spirit!
Thou wouldſt not have us pine;
In darkeſt hours Thy comfort
Doth aye moſt brightly ſhine;
Ah then how oft thy voice
Hath ſhed its ſweetneſs o'er me,
And open'd heaven before me,
And bid my heart rejoice!

5 All love is Thine, O Spirit!
Thou hateſt enmity;
Thou loveſt peace and friendſhip,
All ſtrife wouldſt have us flee;
Where wrath and diſcord reign
Thy whiſper inly pleadeth,
And to the heart that heedeth
Brings love and light again.

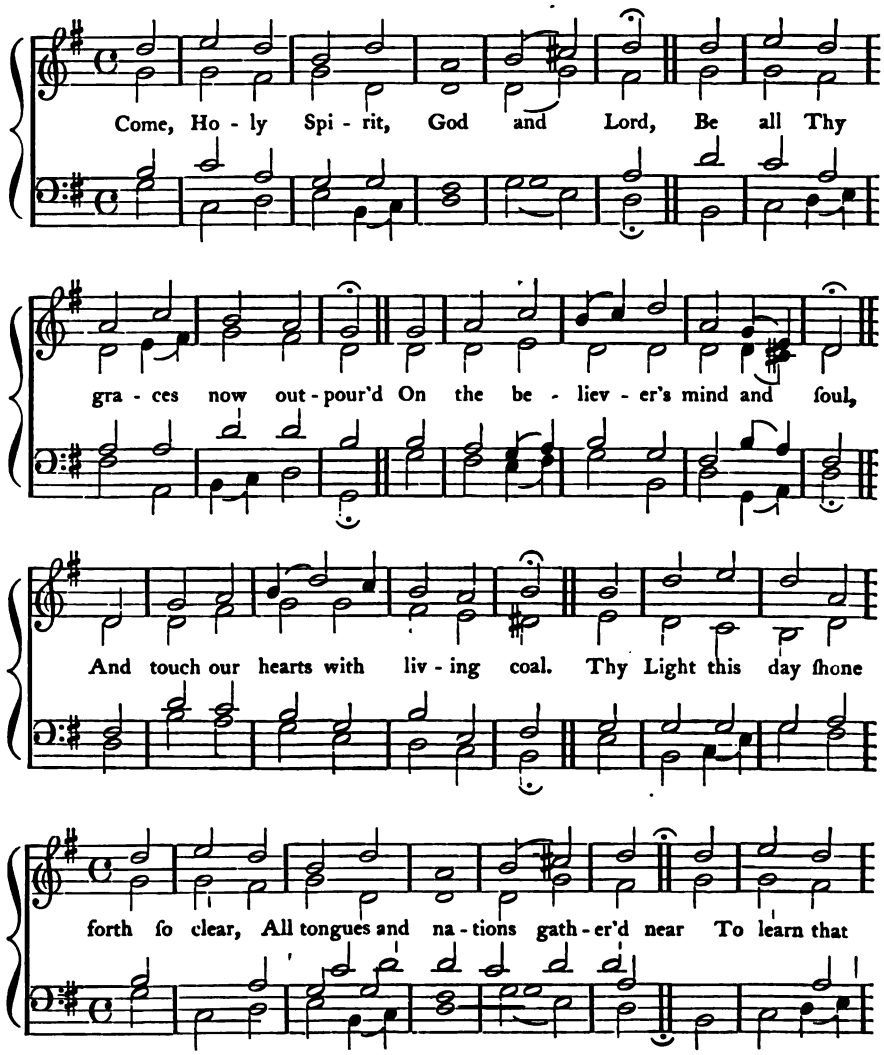
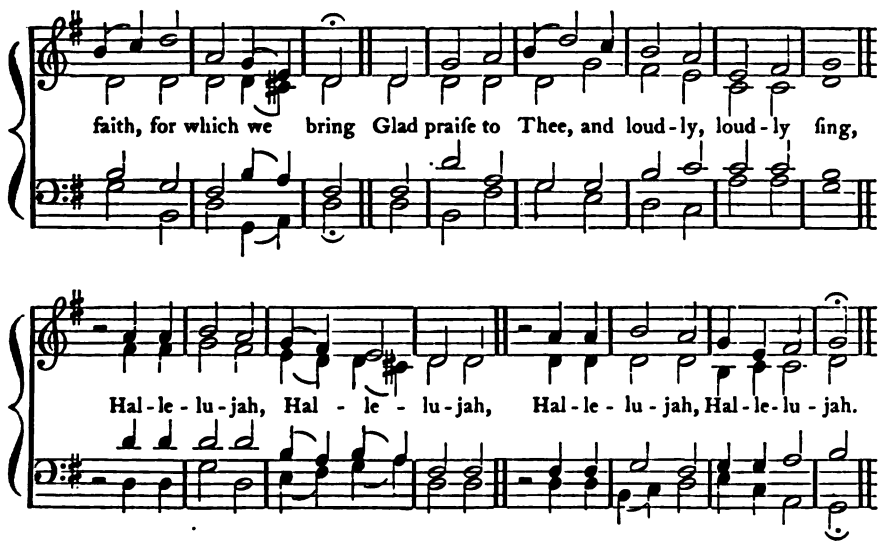
6 The whole wide world, O Spirit!
Upon Thy hands doth reſt,
Our wayward hearts Thou turneſt
As it may ſeem Thee beſt;
Once more Thy power make known!
As Thou haſt done ſo often,
Convert the wicked, ſoften
To tears the heart of ſtone.

7 With holy zeal then fill us,
To keep the faith ſtill pure;
And bleſs our lands and houſes
With wealth that may endure;
And make that foe to flee
Who in us with Thee ſtriveth,
From out our heart he driveth
Whate'er delighteth Thee.

8 Order our path in all things
According to Thy mind,
And when this life is over,
And muſt be all reſign'd,
Oh grant us then to die
With calm and fearleſs ſpirit,
And after death inherit
Eternal life on high.

(LVII.—„Komm heiliger Geiſt, Herre Gott.")

72.

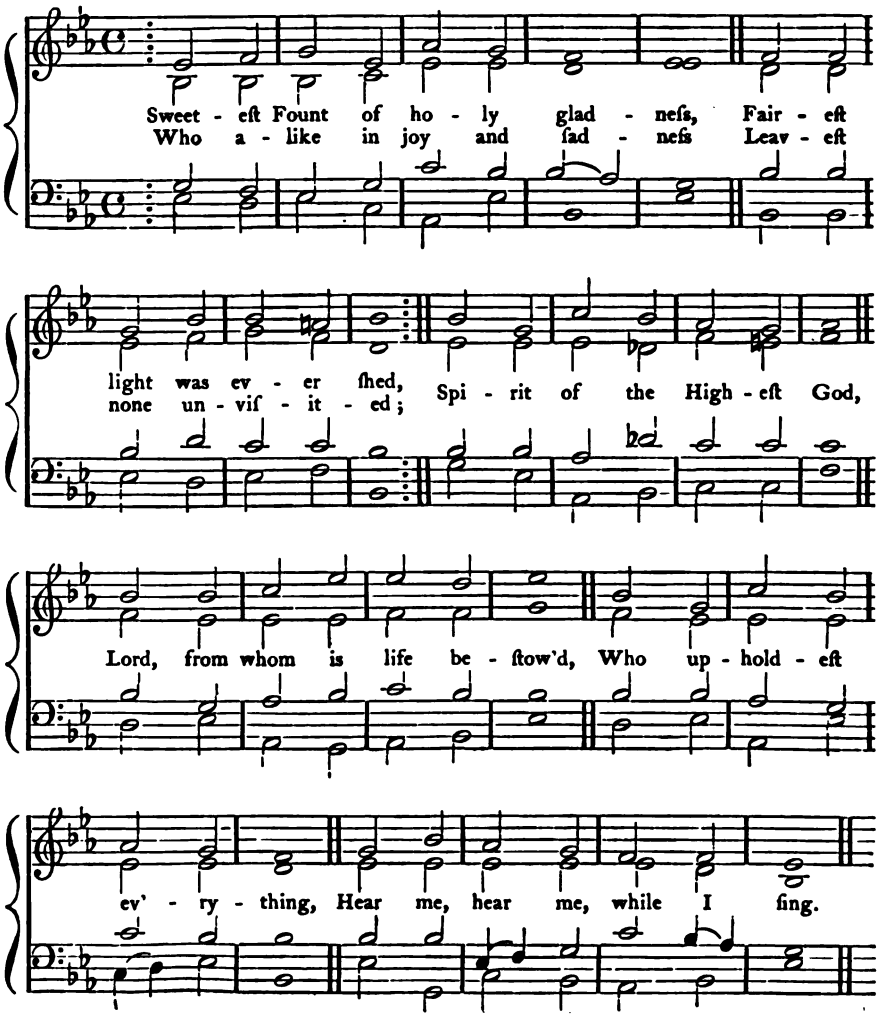
Original Tune.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, God and Lord, Be all Thy
gra - ces now out - pour'd On the be - liev - er's mind and ſoul,
And touch our hearts with liv - ing coal. Thy Light this day ſhone
forth ſo clear, All tongues and na - tions gath - er'd near To learn that

Thou Strong Defence, Thou Holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart:
The Word of life and truth impart,
That we may love not doctrines ſtrange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jeſus for our Maſter owr,
And put our truſt in Him, in Him alone.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

3

Thou Sacred Ardour, Comfort Sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
Lord, make us ready with Thy powers,
Strengthen the fleſh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee, to Thee our courſe.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

(Index of Tunes, LIV.)

73.

Tune.—"Chriſt the Life of all the living."

Sweet - eſt Fount of ho - ly glad - neſs, Fair - eſt
Who a - like in joy and ſad - neſs Leav - eſt
light was ev - er ſhed, Spi - rit of the High - eſt God,
none un - vif - it - ed;
Lord, from whom is life be - ſtow'd, Who up - hold - eſt
ev' - ry - thing, Hear me, hear me, while I ſing.

2

Thou art ſhed like gentleſt ſhowers
From the Father and the Son,
Bringing to us quicken'd powers,
Pureſt bleſſing from their throne;
Suffer then, O noble Gueſt,
That rich gift by Thee poſſeſt,
That Thou giveſt at Thy will,
All my being now to fill.

3

Thou art ever true and holy,
Sin and falſehood Thou doſt hate;
But Thou comeſt where the lowly
And the pure Thy preſence wait;
Waſh me then, O Well of grace,
Every ſtain and ſpot efface,
Let me flee what Thou doſt flee,
Grant me what Thou lov'ſt to ſee.

4

Well content am I if only
Thou wilt deign to dwell with me;
With Thee I am never lonely,
Never comfortleſs with Thee;
Thine for ever make me now,
And to Thee, my Lord, I vow
Here and yonder to employ
Every power for Thee with joy.

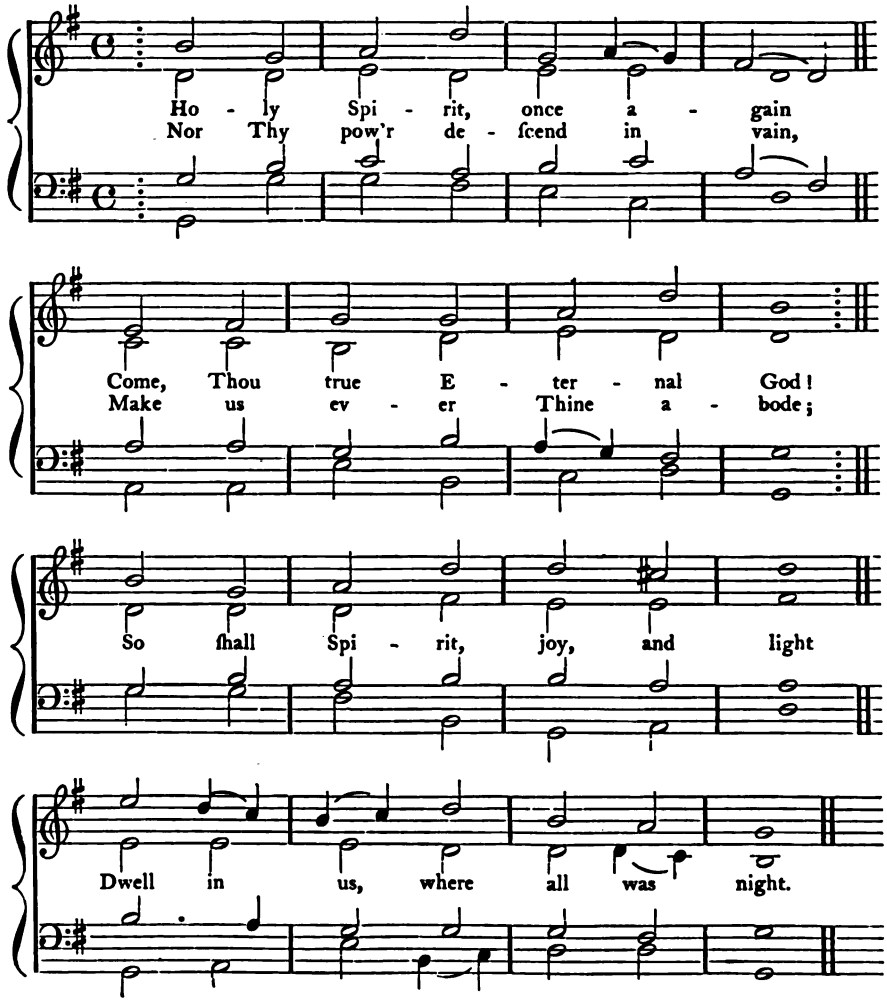
5

When I cry for help, oh hear me;
When I ſink, oh haſte to ſave;
When I die, be inly near me,
Be my hope e'en in the grave;
Bring me when I riſe again
To the land that knows no pain,
Where Thy followers from Thy ſtream
Drink for ever joys ſupreme!

(LVIII.—„Komm, O komm du Geiſt des Lebens.")

74.

Original Tune.


Ho - ly Spi - rit, once a - gain
Nor Thy pow'r de - ſcend in vain,
Come, Thou true E - ter - nal God!
Make us ev - er Thine a - bode;
So ſhall Spi - rit, joy, and light
Dwell in us, where all was night.

2

Guide us, Lord, from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Clear all hindrances away
That might foil us in the race;
When we ſtumble hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.

3

Witneſs in our hearts that God
Counts us children through His Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
Smites us for our good alone;
So when tried, perplex'd, diſtreſt,
In His love we ſtill may reſt.

4

Quicken us to ſeek His face
Freely, with a truſting heart,
In our prayers oh breathe Thy grace,
Go with us when we depart;
So ſhall our requeſts be heard,
And our faith to joy be ſtirr'd.

5

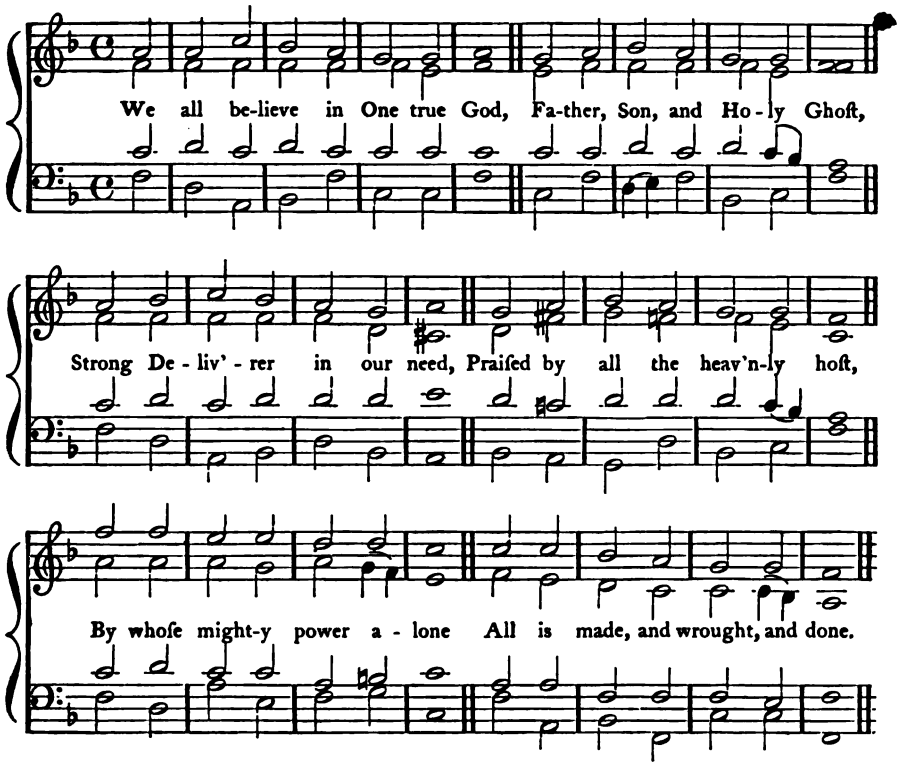
Lord, preſerve us in the faith,
Suffer nought to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, ſcorn, nor death;
Be our God and our defence;
Though the fleſh reſiſt Thy will,
Let Thy word be ſtronger ſtill.

6

And at laſt when we muſt die,
Oh aſſure the ſinking heart
Of the glorious realm on high
Where Thou healeſt every ſmart,
Of the joys unſpeakable
Where our God would have us dwell.

(cxx.—„Wir glauben all an einen Gott, Vater.")

75.

Original Tune.

We all be-lieve in One true God, Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghoſt,
Strong De-liv'-rer in our need, Praiſed by all the heav'n-ly hoſt,
By whoſe might-y power a-lone All is made, and wrought, and done.

2

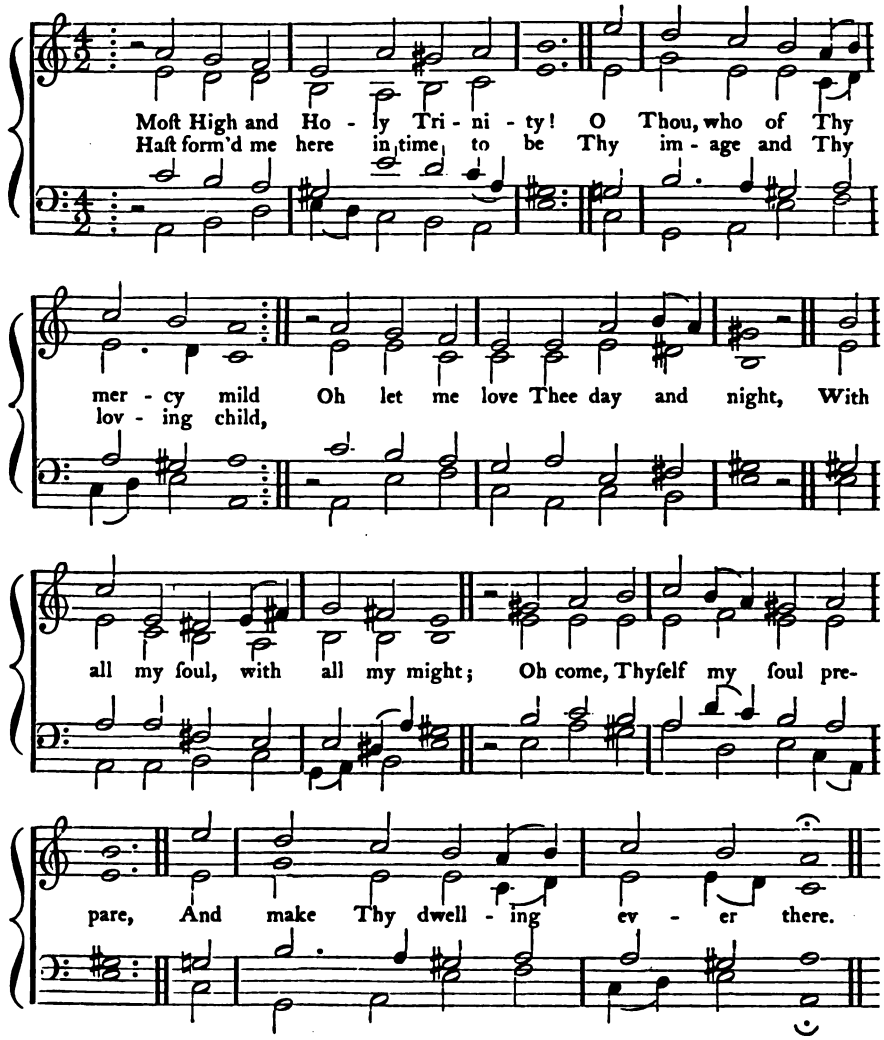
And we believe in Jeſus Chriſt,
Son of man and Son of God;
Who, to raiſe us up to heaven,
Left His throne, and bore our load;
By whoſe croſs and death are we
Reſcued from our miſery.

3

And we confeſs the Holy Ghoſt,
Who from both for ever flows;
Who upholds and comforts us
In the midſt of fears and woes.
Bleſt and holy Trinity,
Praiſe ſhall aye be brought to Thee!

(XLII.—„Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit.")

76

Original Tune.

Moſt High and Ho - ly Tri - ni - ty! O Thou, who of Thy
Haſt form'd me here in time to be Thy im - age and Thy
mer - cy mild Oh let me love Thee day and night, With
lov - ing child,
all my ſoul, with all my might; Oh come, Thyſelf my ſoul pre-
pare, And make Thy dwell - ing ev - er there.

2

Father! repleniſh with Thy grace
  This longing heart that would be Thine,
Make it Thy quiet dwelling-place,
  Thy inner conſecrated ſhrine!
Forgive that oft my ſpirit wears
Her time and ſtrength in trivial cares,
Enfold her in Thy changeleſs peace,
So ſhe from all but Thee may ceaſe!

3

O God the Son! Thy wiſdom's light
  Now on my darken'd reaſon pour;
Forgive that things of ſenſe and ſight
  Have been her only joy of yore;
Henceforth let every thought and deed
On Thee be fix'd, from Thee proceed;
Draw me to Thee, for I would riſe
Above theſe earthly vanities!

4

O Holy Ghoſt! Thou fire of love!
  Enkindle with Thy flame my will;
Come with Thy ſtrength, Lord, from above
  Help me Thy bidding to fulfil:
Forgive that I ſo oft have done
What I as ſinful ought to ſhun;
Let me with pure and quenchleſs fire
Thy favour and Thyſelf deſire.

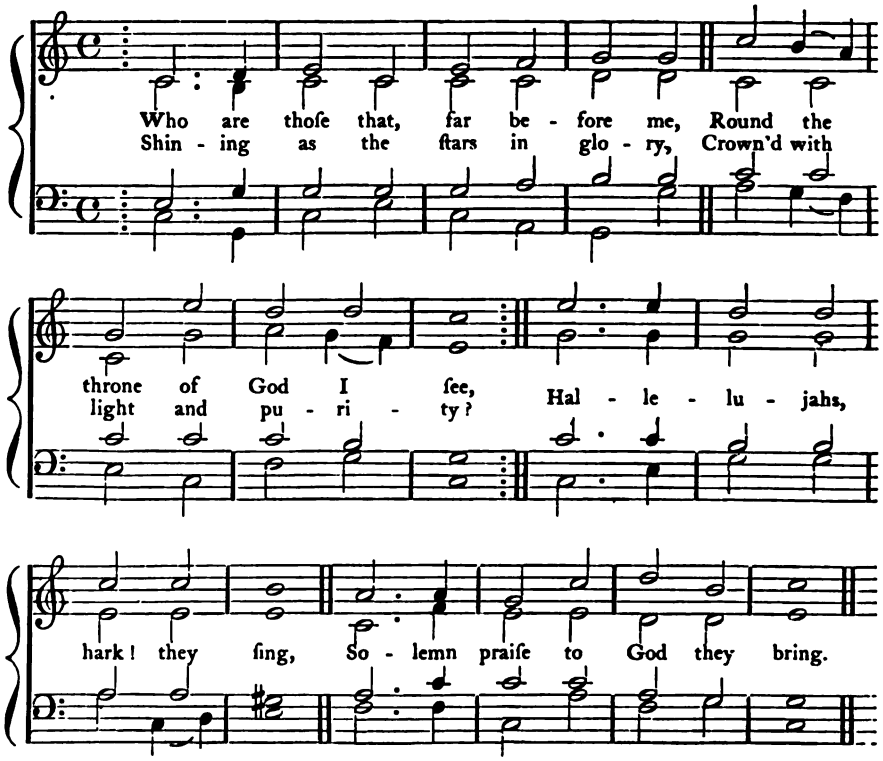
5

Moſt High and Holy Trinity!
  O draw me now away far hence,
And fix upon eternity
  All powers alike of ſoul and ſenſe!
Make me at one within; at one
With Thee on earth; when life is done
Take me to dwell in light with Thee,
Moſt High and Holy Trinity!

(Index of Tunes, XCVIII.)

77.

Tune.—"Open now Thy gates of beauty."


Who are thoſe that, far be - fore me, Round the
Shin - ing as the ſtars in glo - ry, Crown'd with
throne of God I ſee, Hal - le - lu - jahs,
light and pu - ri - ty?
hark! they ſing, So - lemn praiſe to God they bring.

2

Who are thoſe array'd in brightneſs,
Clothed in righteousneſs divine,
Wearing robes of dazzling whiteneſs,
That unſtain'd ſhall ever ſhine,
And can never more decay,—
Whence came all this fair array?

3

They are thoſe whoſe hearts were riven
Here with ſorrow, grief, and care,
Who by day and night have ſtriven
With the mighty God in prayer;
Now their warfare finds its cloſe,
God hath ended all their woes.

4

They are thoſe who, daily ſerving
Here as prieſts before their Lord,
Offer'd up with faith unſwerving
Soul and body at His word;
Now within the Holy place
They behold Him face to face.

5

As the hunted hart hath panted
For the river freſh and clear,
So their hearts with longing fainted
For the Living Fountain here.
Now their thirſt is quench'd, they dwell
With the Lord they loved ſo well.

6

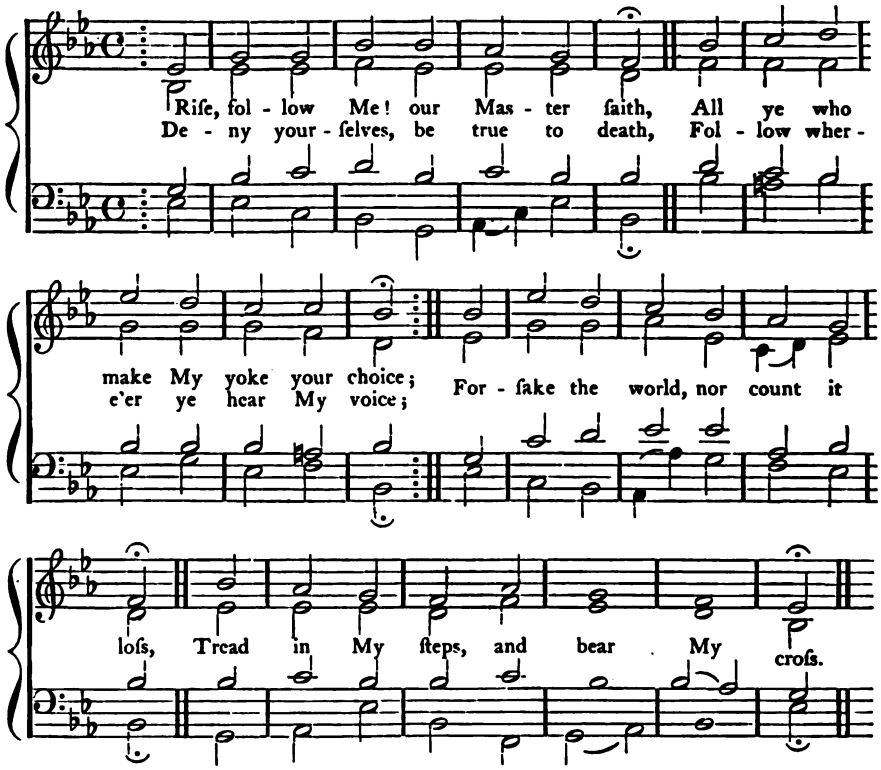
I too ſtretch my hands with longing
Thither, Jeſus, day by day,
While my foes are round me thronging,
In Thy houſe on earth I pray,—
Let me ſink not in the war,
Drive for me my foes afar.

7

Thus, O Lord, in earth and heaven
With Thy ſervants caſt my lot,
Let my ſins be all forgiven,
In my need forſake me not;
Near the throne where Thou doſt ſhine
May a place at laſt be mine!

(Index of Tunes, LXIII.)

78.

Tune.—"Deal with me, God, in mercy now."

Riſe, fol - low Me! our Mas - ter ſaith, All ye who
De - ny your - ſelves, be true to death, Fol - low wher -
make My yoke your choice;
e'er ye hear My voice;
For - ſake the world, nor count it
loſs, Tread in My ſteps, and bear My croſs.

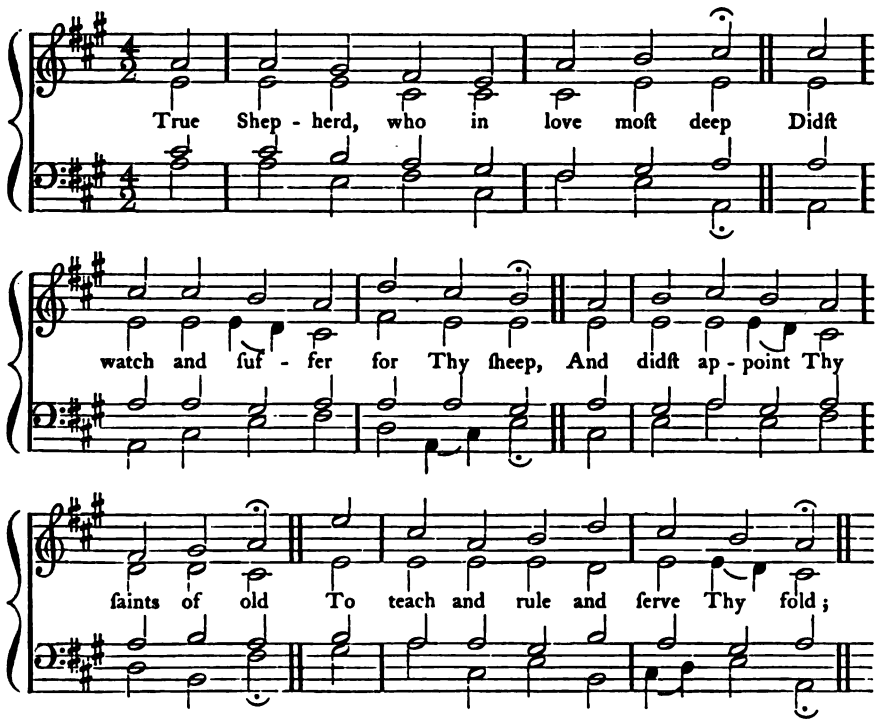
2 Though heavy it may ſeem, yet think
I went before, I ſtill am near,
I fought the fight, and did not ſhrink,
I trod the path of ſuffering here;
My banner ſtill is in the field,
Would ye, faint hearts, then fly or yield?

3 For he who ſeeks to ſave his life
Shall find his care without Me vain;
Who ſeems to loſe it in the ſtrife
Shall find it in his God again;
Who follows not My croſs through all,
He is not worthy of My call.

4 Then let us follow Thee, dear Lord,
As Thy true ſervants did of old,
Forſaking all things at Thy word,
In ſuffering calm, in danger bold;
'T is only he who wins the fight
May hope to wear their crown of light.

(Index of Tunes, xc.)

79.

Tune.—"Ye ſervants of the Lord, who ſtand."

True Shep - herd, who in love moſt deep Didſt
watch and ſuf - fer for Thy ſheep, And didſt ap - point Thy
ſaints of old To teach and rule and ſerve Thy fold;

2

We thank Thee for that gracious care,
And pray that now and everywhere
Thy ſervants call'd to preach Thy Word
Be faithful ſhepherds, like their Lord.

3

Yea, all who own Thee for their Head,
Oh let them in Thy footſteps tread,
Owning and loving more Thy croſs
Through perſecution, ſhame, or loſs.

4

No better trophy hath this day
Than hearts new-kindled to obey
The call, for Thee that bids them live,
And gladly yield all earth can give.

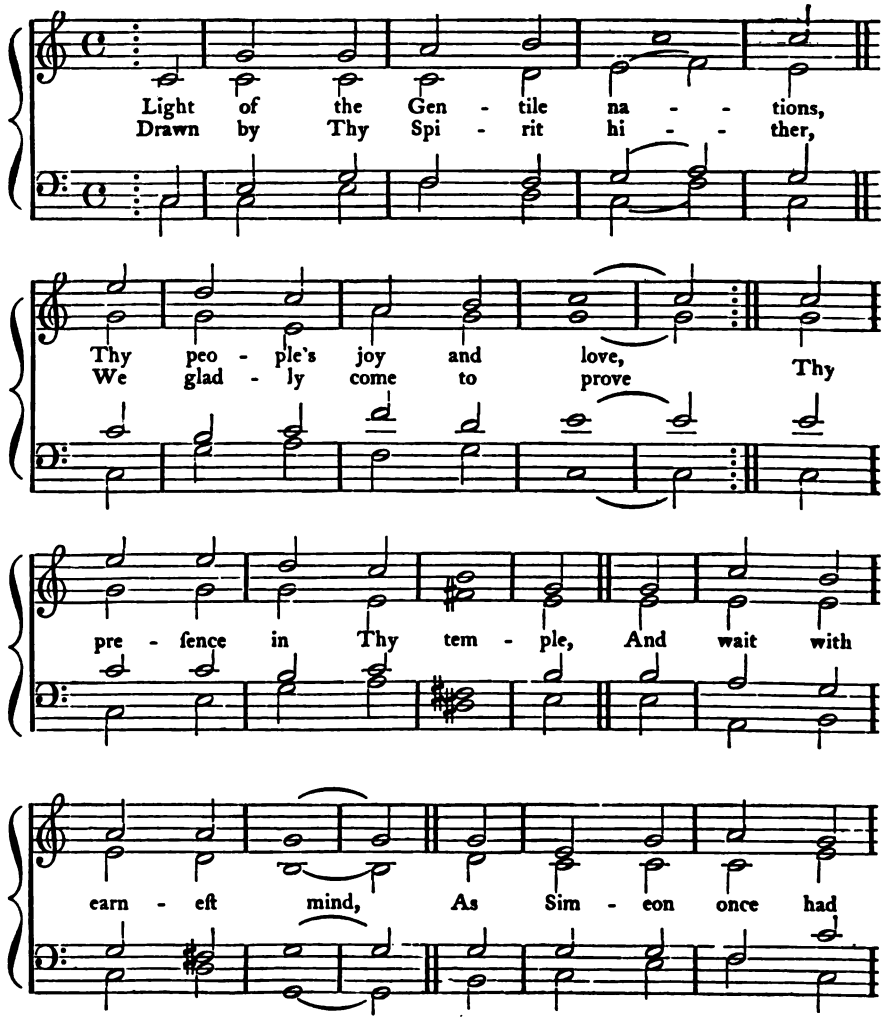
5

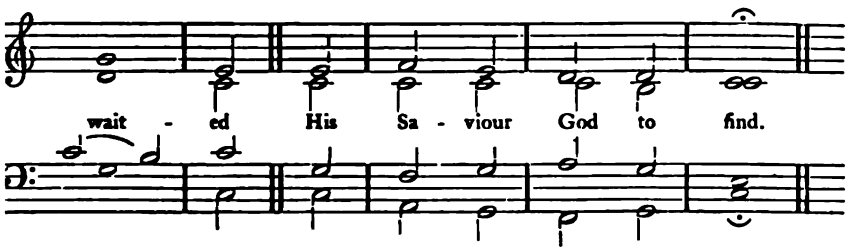
Nor for ourſelves we pray alone,
In Thee Thy Church is ever one.
Unite us here in faith and love
Until we worſhip Thee above.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

(Index of Tunes, XCIX.)

80.

Tune.—"Farewell I gladly bid Thee."

Light of the Gen - tile na - - tions,
Drawn by Thy Spi - rit hi - - ther,
Thy peo - ple's joy and love,
We glad - ly come to prove Thy
pre - ſence in Thy tem - ple, And wait with
earn - eſt mind, As Sim - eon once had

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

2 Yes, Lord, Thy ſervants meet Thee,
Ev'n now, in ev'ry place,
Where Thy true word hath promiſed
That they ſhould ſee Thy face.
Thou yet wilt gently grant us,
Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's ſtrong arms to bear Thee,
As once that aged ſeer.

3 Be Thou our joy, our brightneſs,
That ſhines 'mid pain and loſs,
Our Sun in times of terror,
The glory round our croſs;
A glow in ſinking ſpirits,
A ſunbeam in diſtreſs,
Phyſician, friend in ſickneſs,
In death our happineſs.

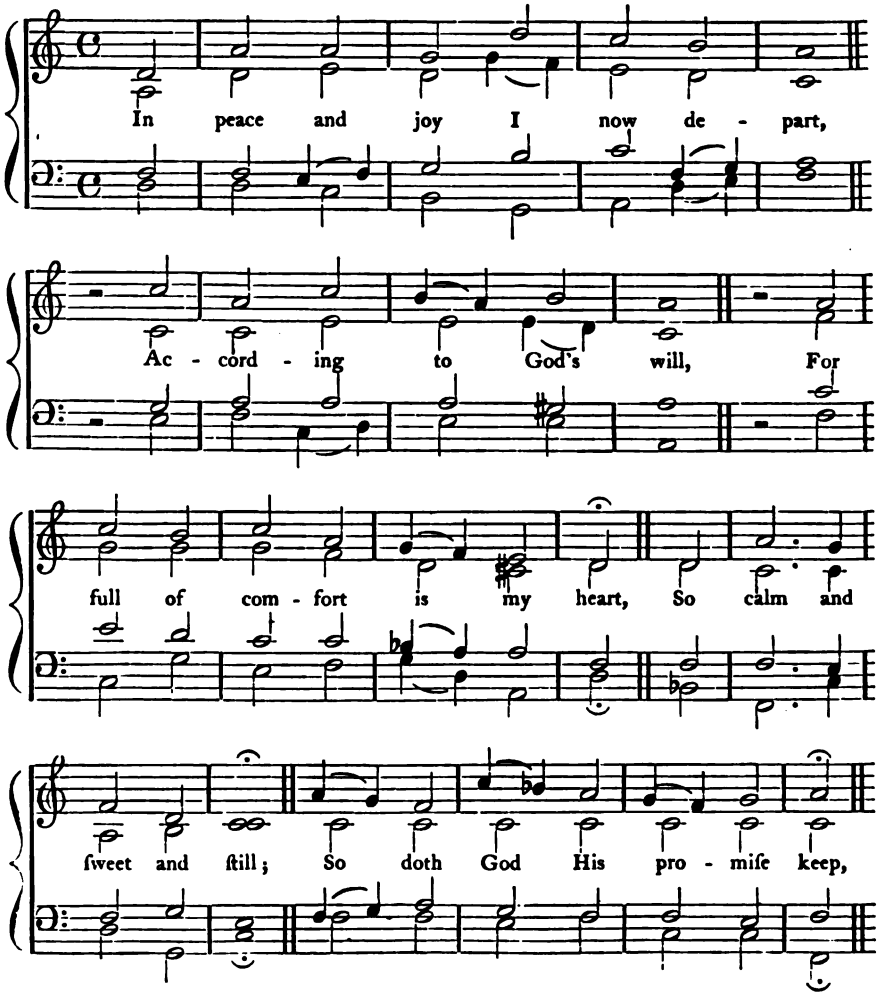
4 Let us, O Lord, be faithful
With Simeon to the end,
That ſo his dying ſong may
From all our hearts aſcend:
"O Lord, now let Thy ſervant
Depart in peace for aye,
Since I have ſeen my Saviour,
Have here beheld His day."

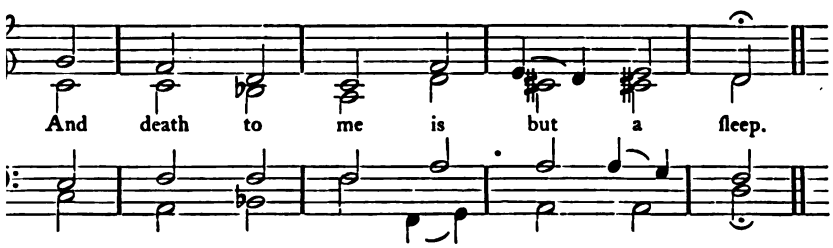
5 My Saviour, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of faith;
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he ſaith;
Within Thy heart abiding,
As Thou doſt dwell in me,
No pain, no death has terrors
To part my ſoul from Thee!

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

(LXVIII.—„Mit Fried und Freud fahr ich dahin.")

81.

Original Tune.

In peace and joy I now de - part,
Ac - cord - ing to God's will, For
full of com - fort is my heart, So calm and
ſweet and ſtill; So doth God His pro - miſe keep,



2

'T is Chriſt hath wrought this work for me,
Thy dear and only Son,
Whom Thou haſt ſuffer'd me to ſee,
And made Him ſurely known
As my Help when trouble 's rife,
And even in death itſelf my Life.

3

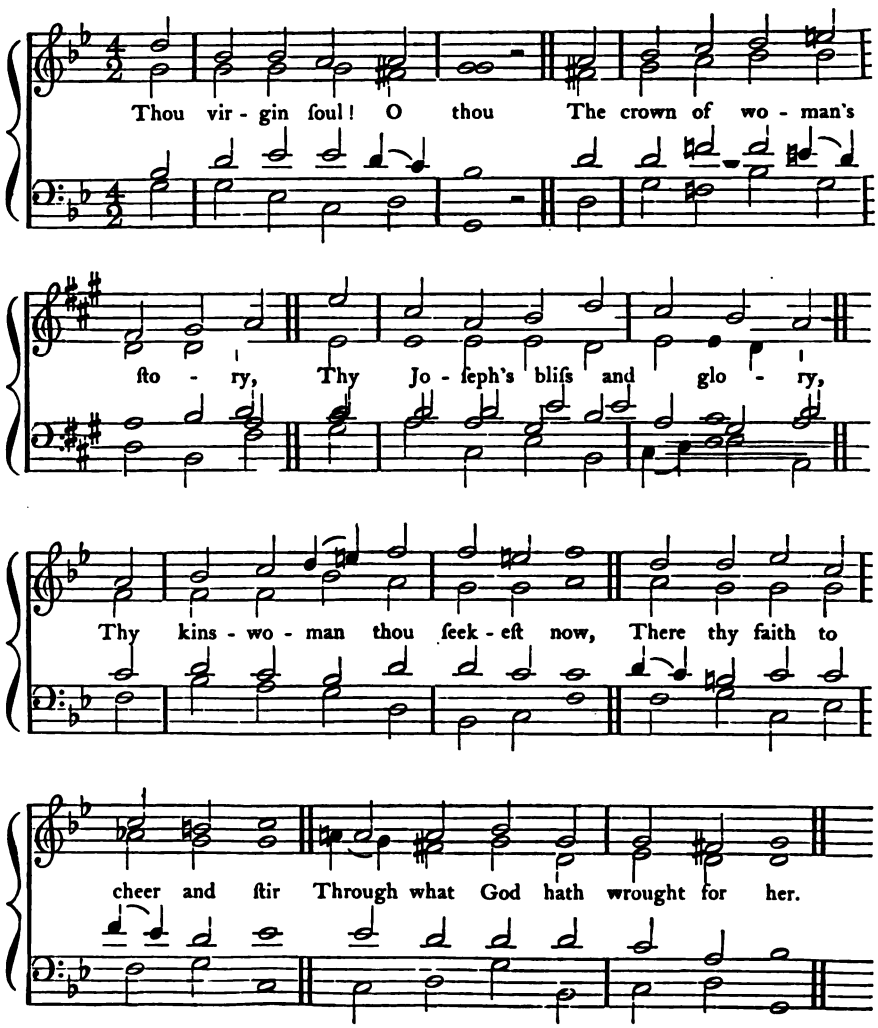
For Thou in mercy unto all
Haſt ſet this Saviour forth ;
And to His kingdom Thou doſt call
The nations of the earth
Through His bleſſed wholeſome Word,
That now in every place is heard.

4

He is the heathens' ſaving Light,
And He will gently lead
Thoſe who now know Thee not aright,
And in His paſtures feed ;
While His people's joy He is,
Their Sun, their glory, and their bliſs.

(xxv.—„Du keuſche Seele du.")

82.

Original Tune.

Thou vir - gin ſoul! O thou The crown of wo - man's
ſto - ry, Thy Jo - ſeph's bliſs and glo - ry,
Thy kins - wo - man thou ſeek - eſt now, There thy faith to
cheer and ſtir Through what God hath wrought for her.

2

My faith, alas! is weak,
And where it ſees not plainly
It ſtrives to graſp but vainly,
And ſcarcely cares new ſtrength to ſeek;
Seeing now what God can do,
May my faith grow ſtronger too!

3

Thou Pearl of women, here
Haſt to His will reſign'd thee,
Thou wilt not look behind thee;
Thy tender heart, towards one ſo dear
To thy friends, doth warmly glow,
Loving ſervice fain would ſhow.

4

God! I lament to Thee,
My will towards good is idle,
And yet I ſcarce can bridle
Its ſinful impulſes in me;
May my courſe hereafter prove
Rich in good works and in love!

5

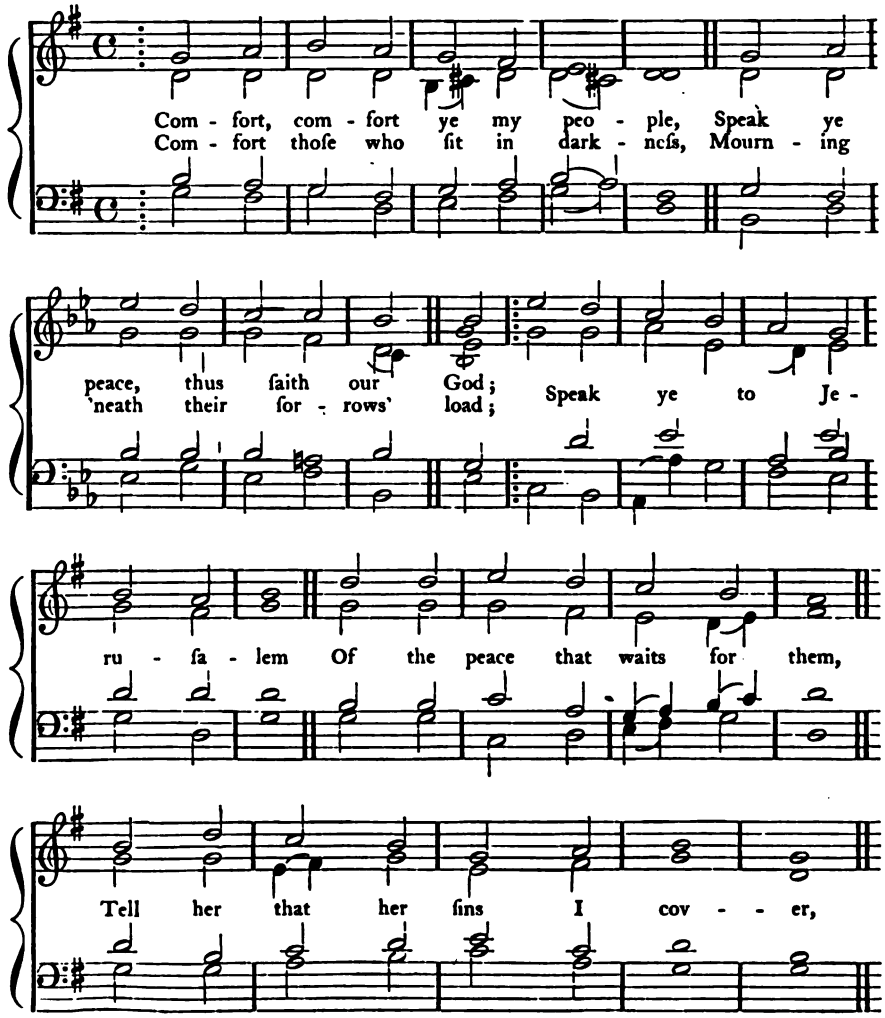
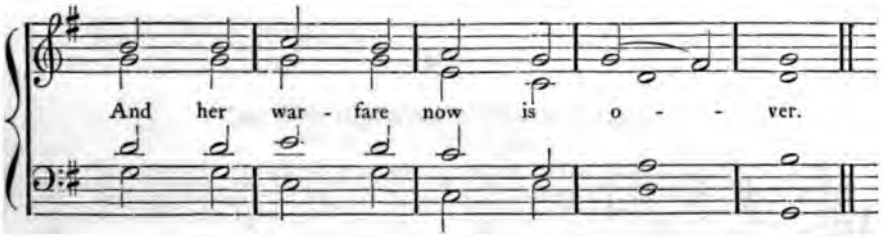
At laſt thou goeſt forth,
Moſt loving ſoul and faireſt,
With thee thy Lord thou beareſt,
The Father's Word come down to earth.
Happy thou! that He will be
Thus companion unto thee.

6

The world is ſuch a place,
Where we are pilgrims only,
And we muſt fear, if lonely
We meet the end that comes apace.
Jeſus! let me then by faith
Walk with Thee through life and death!

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIX.)

83.

Tune.—"When the Lord recalls the baniſhed."

Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, Speak ye
Com - fort thoſe who ſit in dark - neſs, Mourn - ing
peace, thus ſaith our God;
'neath their for - rows' load;
Speak ye to Je -
ru - ſa - lem Of the peace that waits for them,
Tell her that her ſins I cov - - er,

2

Yea, her ſins our God will pardon,
  Blotting out each dark miſdeed ;
All that well deſerved His anger
  He will no more ſee nor heed.
She hath ſuffer'd many a day,
Now her griefs have paſſed away,
God will change her pining ſadneſs
Into ever-ſpringing gladneſs.

3

For Elijah's voice is crying
  In the deſert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
  Since the kingdom now is here.
Oh that warning cry obey,
Now prepare for God a way ;
Let the valleys riſe to meet Him,
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

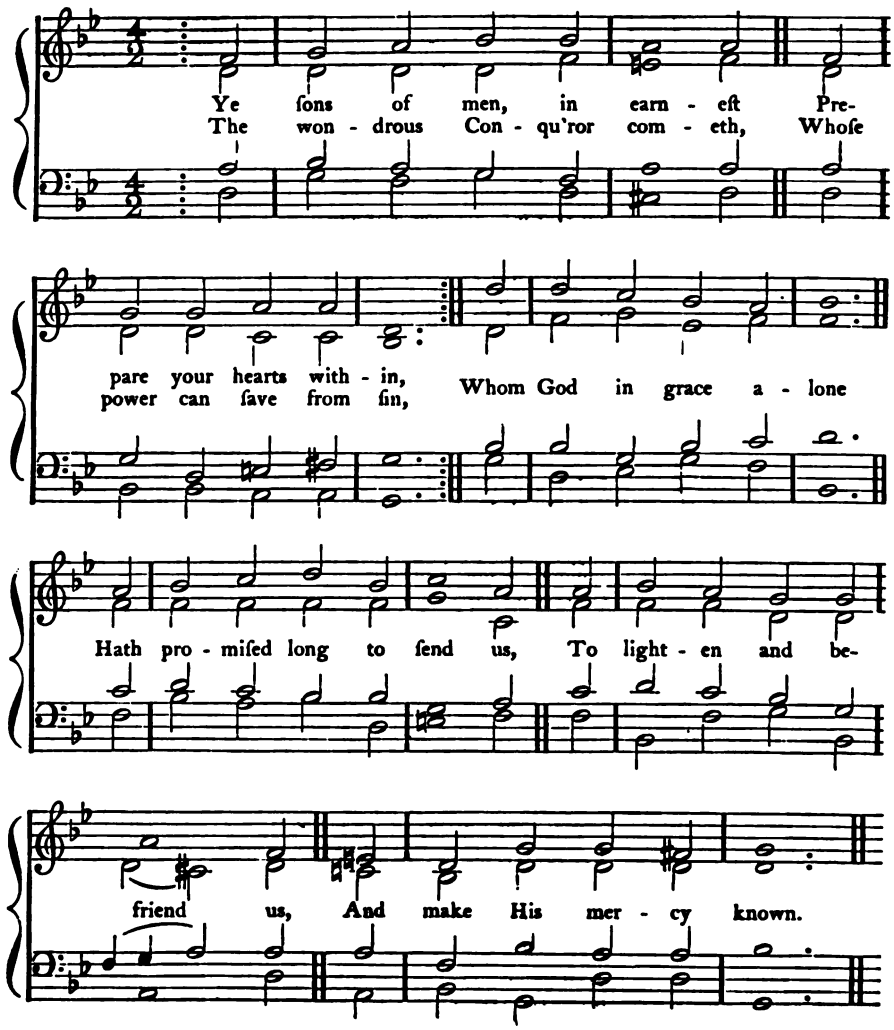
4

Make ye ſtraight what long was crooked,
  Make the rougher places plain,
Let your hearts be true and humble,
  As befits His holy reign ;
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is ſhed abroad,
And all fleſh ſhall ſee the token
That His Word is never broken.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Index of Tunes, CII.)

84.

Tune.—"From God ſhall nought divide me."

Ye ſons of men, in earn - eſt Pre-
The won - drous Con - qu'ror com - eth, Whoſe
pare your hearts with - in,
power can ſave from ſin, Whom God in grace a - lone
Hath pro - miſed long to ſend us, To light - en and be-
friend us, And make His mer - cy known.

2

Oh ſet your ways in order
When ſuch a gueſt is nigh;
Make plain the paths before Him
That now deſerted lie.
Forſake what He doth hate,
Exalt the lowly valleys,
Bring down all pride and malice,
And make the crooked ſtraight.

3

The heart that's meek and lowly
Is higheſt with our God;
The heart now proud and lofty
He humbles with His rod;
The heart that's unenticed
By ſin, and fears to grieve Him,
Is ready to receive Him,
To ſuch comes Jeſus Chriſt.

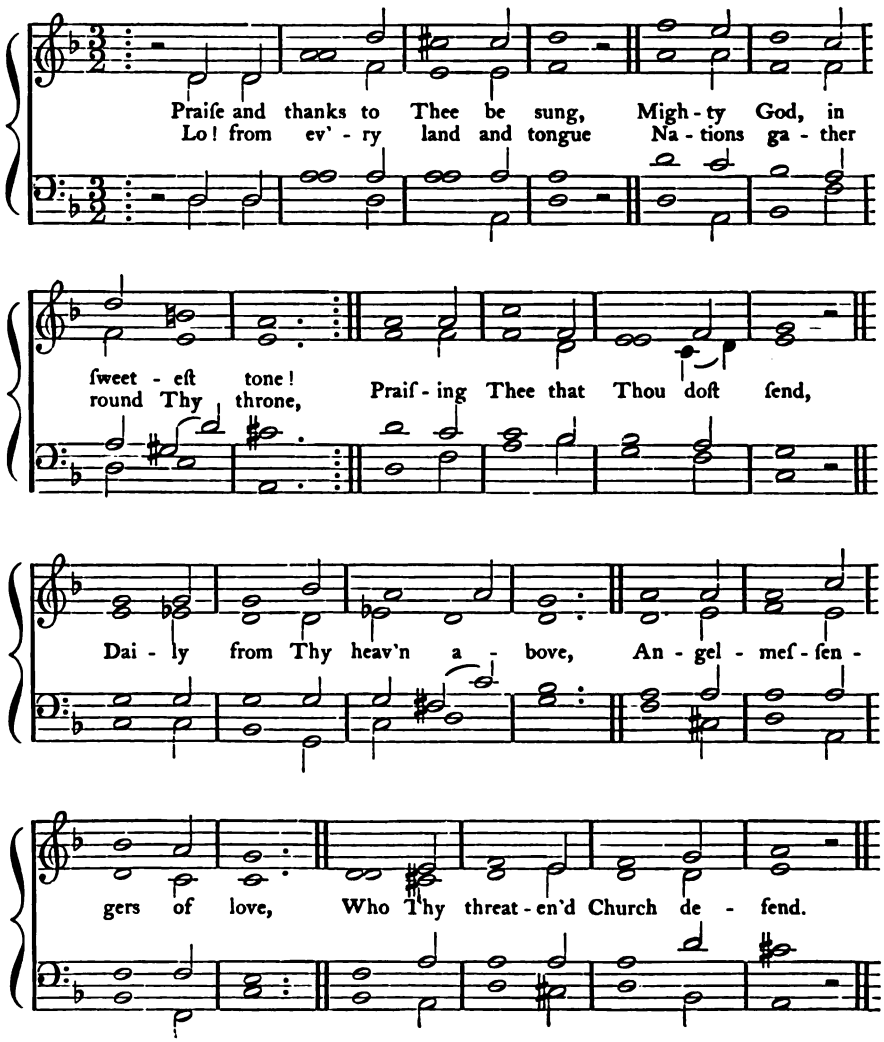
4

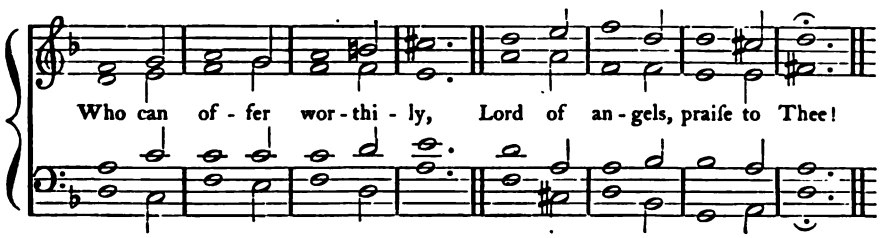
'Twas thus St. John hath taught us,
'Twas thus he preach'd of yore;
And they will feel God's anger
Who liſt not to his lore.
Ah God! now let his voice
To Thy true ſervice win us,
That Chriſt may come within us,
And we in Him rejoice!

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

(Index of Tunes, LX.)

85.

Tune.—"Shall I not ſing praiſe to Thee."

Praiſe and thanks to Thee be sung, Migh-ty God, in
Lo! from ev'-ry land and tongue Na-tions ga-ther
ſweet-eſt tone!
round Thy throne, Praiſ-ing Thee that Thou doſt ſend,
Dai-ly from Thy heav'n a-bove, An-gel-meſ-ſen-
gers of love, Who Thy threat-en'd Church de-fend.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

2

'T is your office, Spirits bright,
Still to guard us night and day,
And before your heavenly might
Powers of darkneſs flee away;
Ever doth your unſeen hoſt
Camp around us, and avert
All that ſeeks to do us hurt,
Curbing Satan's malice moſt.
Lord, who then can worthily
For ſuch goodneſs honour Thee!

3

And ye come on ready wing,
When we drift toward ſheer deſpair,
Seeing nought where we might cling,
Suddenly, lo, ye are there!
And the wearied heart grows ſtrong,
As an angel ſtrengthen'd Him,
Fainting in the garden dim
'Neath the world's vaſt woe and wrong.
Lord, who then can worthily
For ſuch mercy honour Thee!

4

Right and ſeemly is it then
We ſhould glory, that our God
Hath ſuch honour put on men,
That He ſends o'er earth abroad
Princes of the realm above,
Champions, who by day and night
Shield us with His holy might;
Come, behold how great His love!
Lord, who then can worthily
For ſuch favour honour Thee!

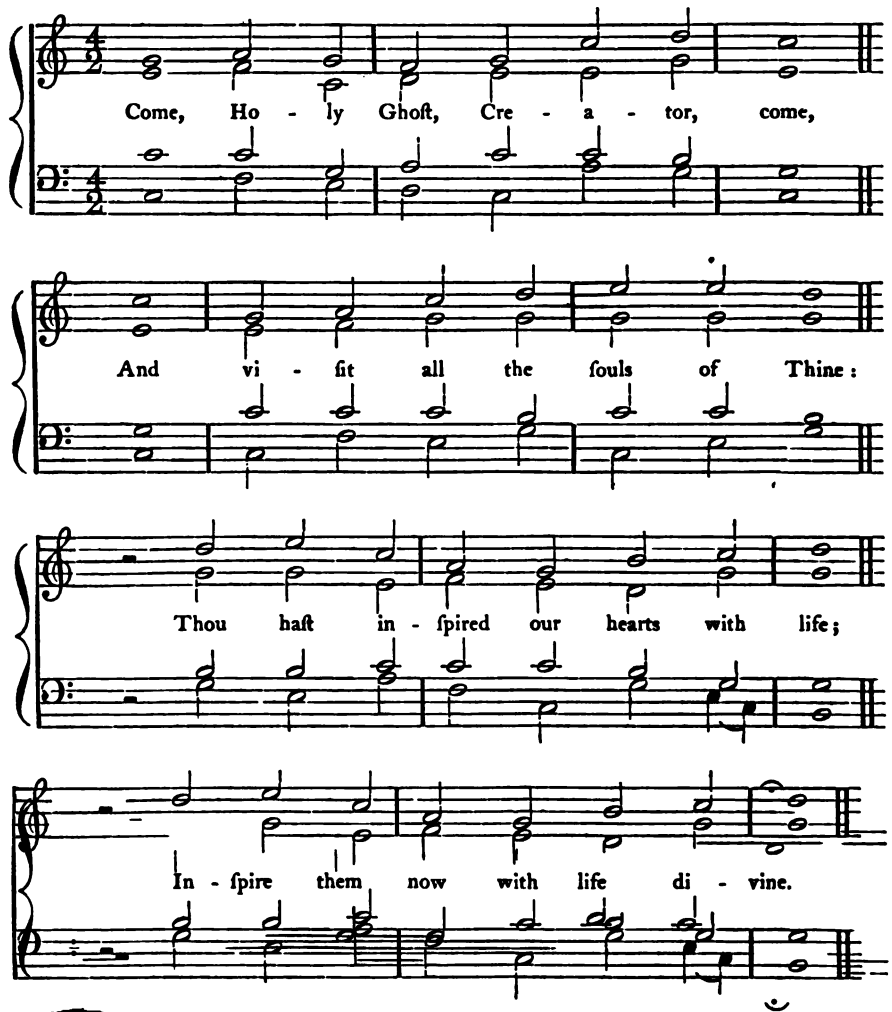
5

Praiſe and thanks to Thee be ſung,
Mighty God, in ſweeteſt tone!
Lo! from ev'ry land and tongue
Nations gather round Thy throne,
Praiſing Thee that Thou doſt ſend,
Hourly from Thy glorious ſphere,
Angels down to help us here,
And Thy threaten'd Church defend.
Let us henceforth worthily,
Lord of angels, honour Thee.

(CI.—"Veni Creator Spiritus.")

86.

Original Tune.


Come, Ho - ly Ghoſt, Cre - a - tor, come,
And vi - ſit all the ſouls of Thine:
Thou haſt in - ſpired our hearts with life;
In - ſpire them now with life di - vine.

2

Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God moſt high; the fire of love,
The everlaſting ſpring of joy,
And holy unction from above.

3

Thy gifts are manifold; Thou writ'ſt
God's laws in every faithful heart;
The promiſe of the Father, Thou
Doſt heavenly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark ſouls, till they
Thy love, Thy heavenly love embrace;
And ſince we are by nature frail
Aſſiſt us with Thy ſaving grace.

5

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And grant us to have peace within;
That, with Thy light and guidance bleſt,
We may eſcape the ſnares of ſin.

6

Teach us the Father to confeſs,
And Son, who from the grave revived;
And, with the Father and the Son,
Thee, Holy Ghoſt, from both derived.

7

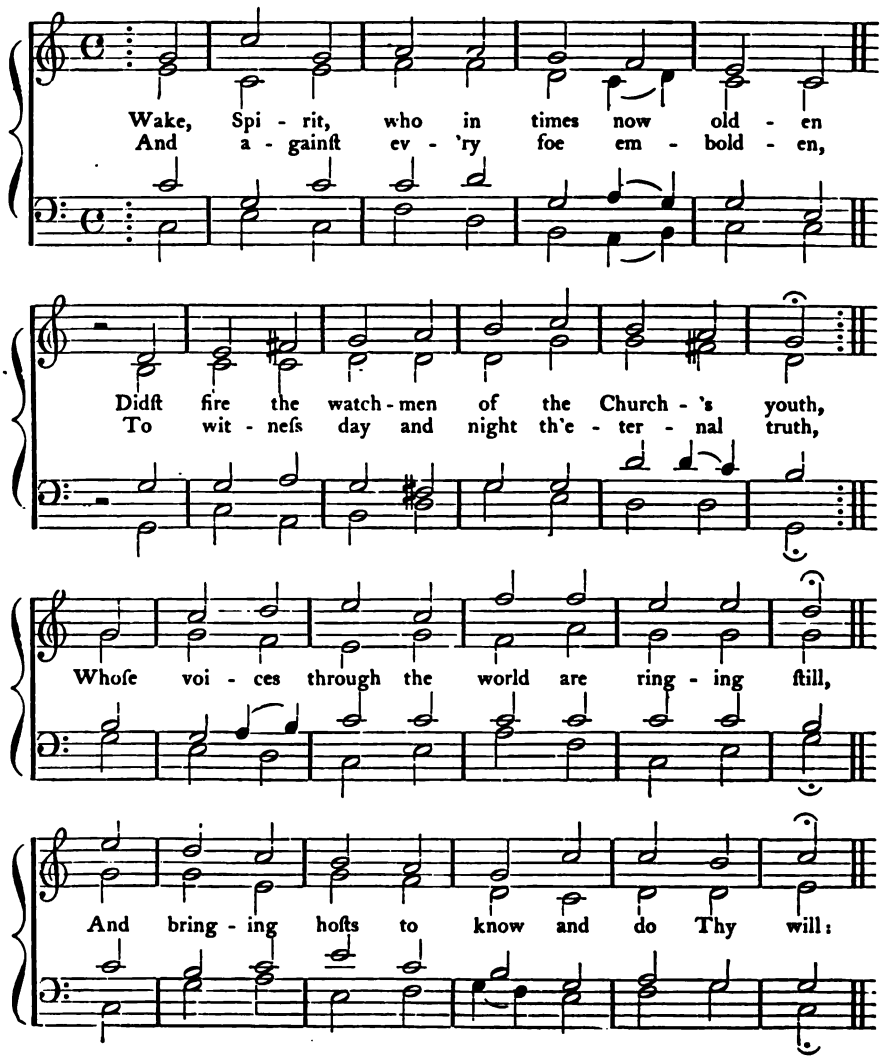
With Thee, O Father, therefore may
The Son, who was from death reſtor'd,
And ſacred Comforter, One God,
To endleſs ages be adored!

EMBER WEEKS.

(Index of Tunes, xxiii.)

87.

Tune.—"Jehovah, let me now adore Thee."


Wake, Spi - rit, who in times now old - en
And a - gainſt ev - 'ry foe em - bold - en,
Didſt fire the watch - men of the Church - 's youth,
To wit - neſs day and night th'e - ter - nal truth,
Whoſe voi - ces through the world are ring - ing ſtill,
And bring - ing hoſts to know and do Thy will:

2

Soon may that fire from heaven be lent us,
That ſwift from land to land its flame may leap!
Soon, Lord, that priceleſs boon be ſent us
Of faithful ſervants, fit for Thee to reap
The harveſt of the ſoul,—look down and view
How great the harveſt, but the labourers few.

3

Lord, to our earneſt prayer now hearken,
The prayer we offer at Thy Son's command,
For, lo! while ſtorms around us darken,
Thy children's hearts are ſtirr'd in every land,
To cry for help, with fervent ſoul, to Thee;
O hear us, Lord, and ſpeak: "Thus let it be!"

4

Oh ſpeedily that help be granted!
Send forth evangeliſts, in ſpirit ſtrong,
Arm'd with Thy Word, a hoſt undaunted,
Bold to attack the rule of ancient wrong,
And let them all the earth for Thee reclaim,
To be Thy kingdom and to know Thy name!

5

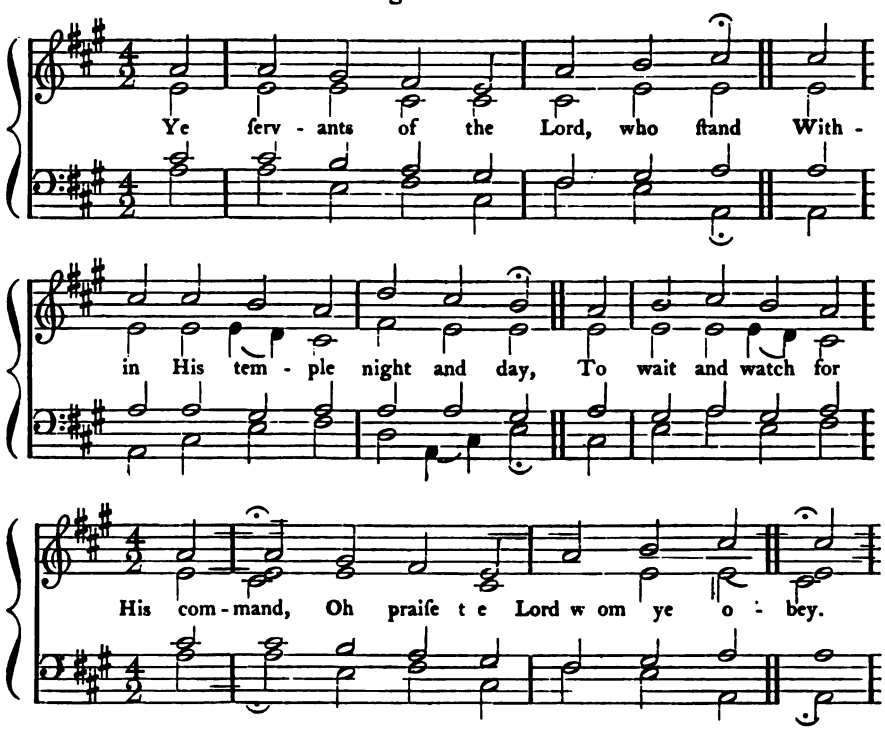
Grant that for which Thy people calleth!
Send down Thy promiſed Spirit, Lord, in might,
Before whom every barrier falleth,
And let it thus at evening-time be light;
Oh rend the heavens, and make Thy preſence felt,
The chains that bind us at Thy touch would melt.

6

Let Zion's paths lie waſte no longer,
Remove the hindrances that there have lain,
And let Thy Word go forth to conquer;
Deſtroy falſe doctrine, root out notions vain,
Set free from hirelings, let the Church and ſchool
Bloom as a garden 'neath thy proſpering rule.

(xc.—Pſalm 134, Goudimel.)

88.

Original Tune.

Ye ſerv - ants of the Lord, who ſtand With -
in His tem - ple night and day, To wait and watch for
His com - mand, Oh praiſe t e Lord w om ye o - bey.

2

Lift up your hands in praiſe and prayer,
And thank Him in His holy place;
Let heart and voice alike declare
His wondrous glory and His grace.

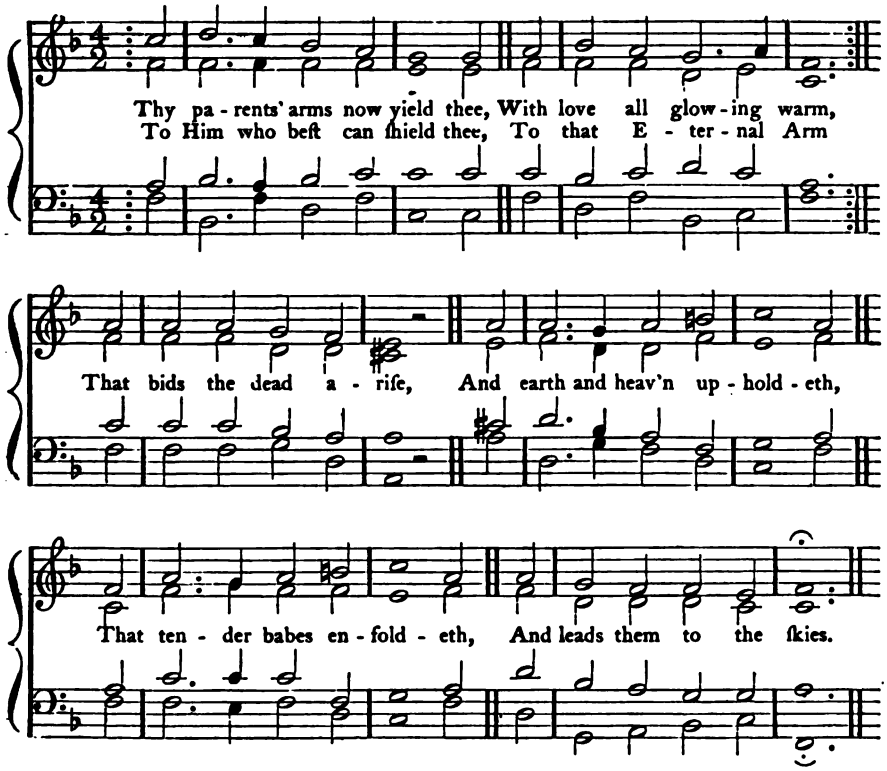
3

And God who earth and heaven hath made,
And holds in being by His power,
Be now from Zion your conſtant aid,
And richeſt bleſſings o'er you ſhower!

(Index of Tunes, CIII.)

89.

Tune.—" O enter, Lord, Thy temple."


Thy pa - rents' arms now yield thee, With love all glow - ing warm,
To Him who beſt can ſhield thee, To that E - ter - nal Arm
That bids the dead a - riſe, And earth and heav'n up - hold - eth,
That ten - der babes en - fold - eth, And leads them to the ſkies.

2

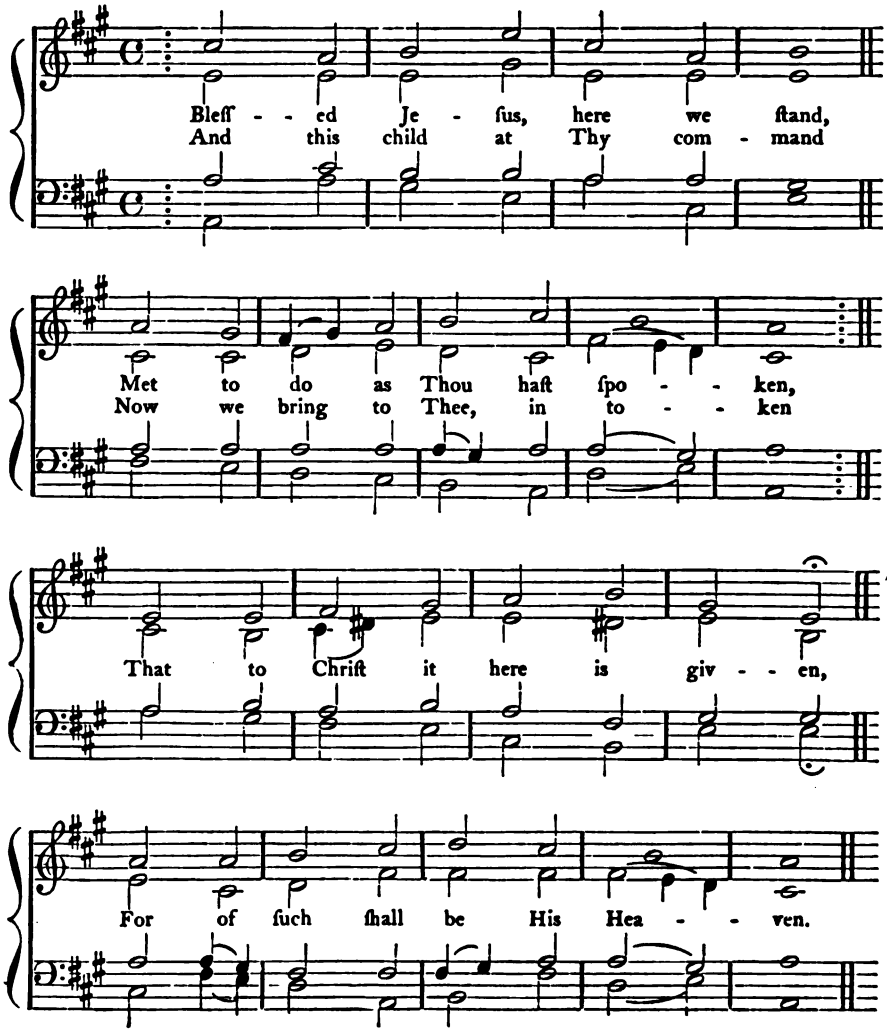
Waſh'd in the blood that guſhes
From out His wounded heart,
Wrapp'd in the peace that huſhes
All earthly woe and ſmart,
Begin thy pilgrimage,
And ſeek, as more thou learneſt,
With wiſdom glad yet earneſt,
Thy proper heritage.

3

Oh ſweet ſhall ſound the voices
That hail thee from above,
Where heaven's bright hoſt rejoices
Before the Eternal Love:
" Now paſt is all thy ſtrife,
And thou canſt wander never,
Then bleſs the hour for ever
That call'd thee into life!"

(Index of Tunes, LXI.)

90.

Tune.—"Bleſſed Jeſus, at Thy word."

Bleſſ - - ed Je - ſus, here we ſtand,
And this child at Thy com - mand
Met to do as Thou haſt ſpo - - ken,
Now we bring to Thee, in to - - ken
That to Chriſt it here is giv - - en,
For of ſuch ſhall be His Hea - - ven.

2

Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
And we fain would keep it duly,
" He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Will My kingdom ne'er inherit."

3

Therefore haſten we to Thee,
Take the pledge we bring, oh take it!
Let us here Thy glory ſee,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never—
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

4

Turn the darkneſs into light,
To Thy grace receive and ſave it;
Heal the ſerpent's venom'd bite,
In the font where now we lave it;
Let Thy Spirit pure and lowly
Baniſh thought or taint unholy.

5

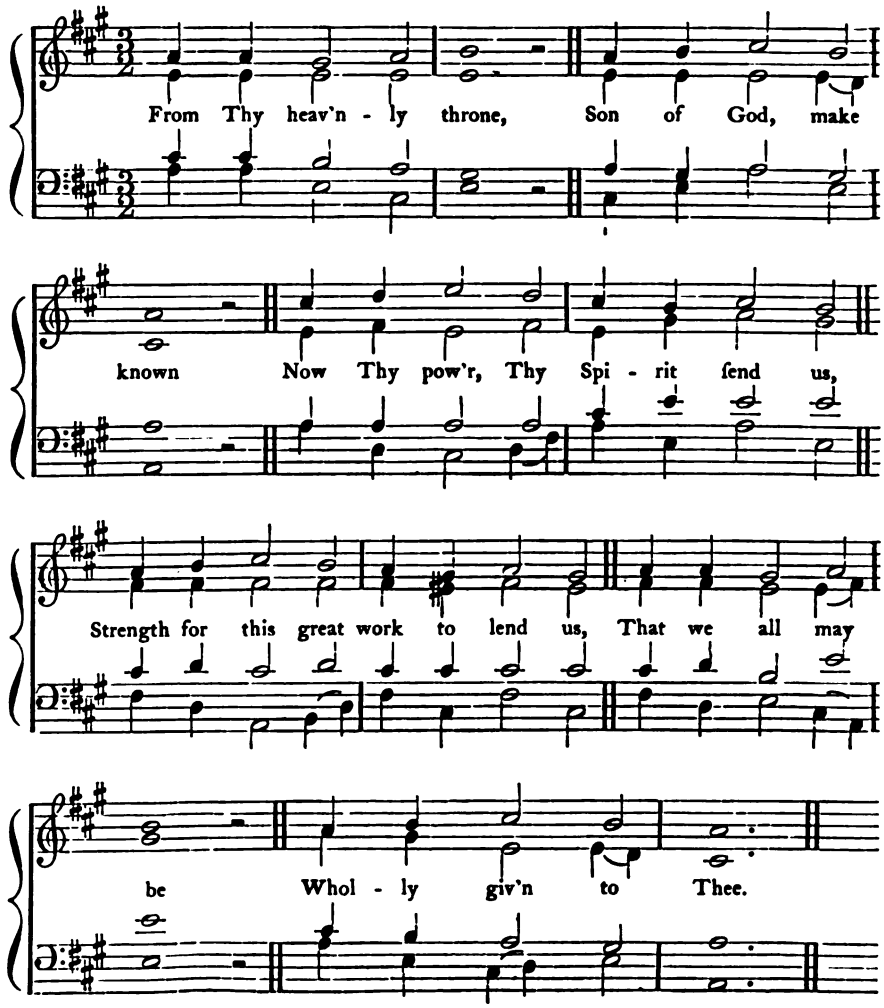
Make it, Head, Thy member now,
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it,
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou,
Way of life, to Heaven oh lead it,
Vine, this branch may nothing ſever,
Grafted firm in Thee for ever.

6

Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts ſo dearly treaſure,
Heavenward lead our burden'd ſighs,
Pour Thy bleſſing without meaſure,
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of Heaven.

(Index of Tunes, xcv.)

91.

Tune.—"Jeſu, day by day."

From Thy heav'n - ly throne, Son of God, make
known Now Thy pow'r, Thy Spi - rit ſend us,
Strength for this great work to lend us, That we all may
be Whol - ly giv'n to Thee.

2

Thou our hearts prepare,
Shed Thy gladneſs there,
That we boldly may confeſs Thee
As our only Lord, and bleſs Thee
Whoſe moſt precious blood
Flow'd to work our good.

3

Draw our hearts above,
Fill them with Thy love,
So to keep the vows we offer,
Scorning all that earth can proffer,
Truly day by day
Walking in Thy way.

4

And as we draw near
For Thy bleſſing here,
May Thy grace in heavenly ſhowers
Quicken all our inner powers,
And Thy light and peace
In our hearts increaſe.

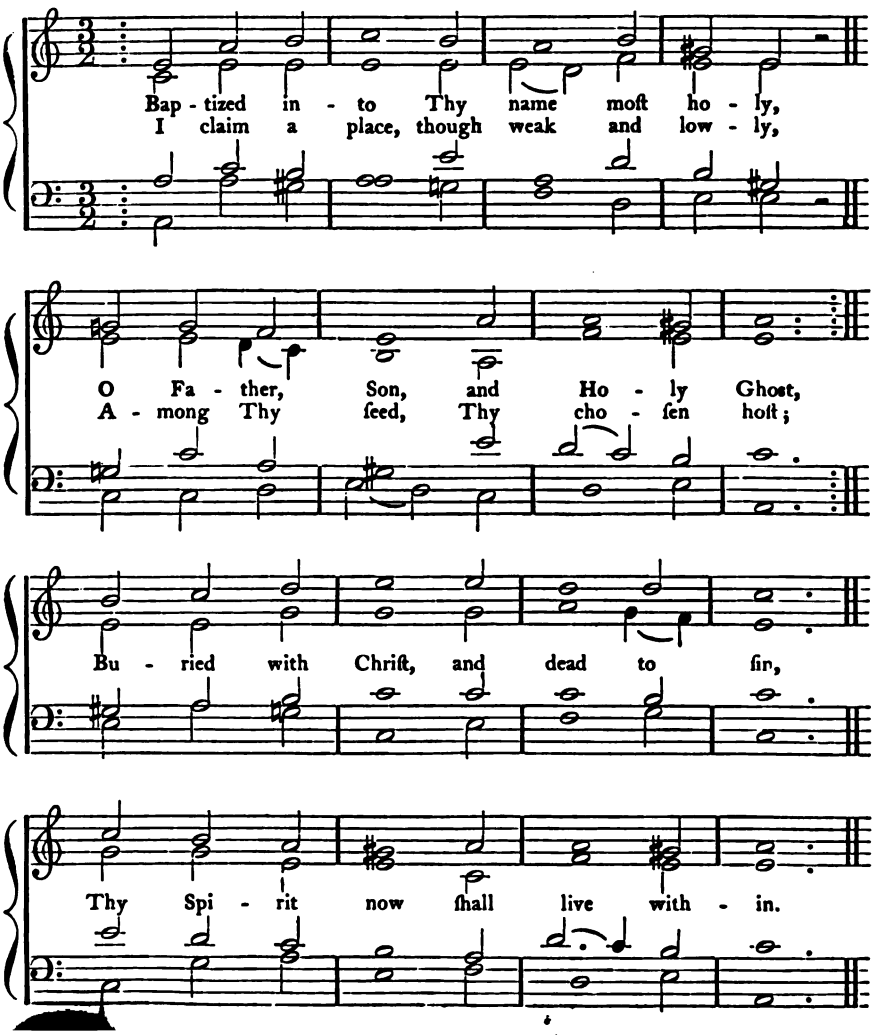
5

Let Thy Spirit, Lord,
Promiſed in Thy Word,
Keep us ſteadfaſtly in union
With Thy faithful ſaints' communion,
Till in yon bleſt place
We behold Thy face!

(Index of Tunes, cxv.)

92.

Tune.—"If thou but ſuffer God to guide thee."


Bap - tized in - to Thy name moſt ho - ly,
I claim a place, though weak and low - ly,
O Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghoſt,
A - mong Thy ſeed, Thy cho - ſen hoſt;
Bu - ried with Chriſt, and dead to ſin,
Thy Spi - rit now ſhall live with - in.

2

My loving Father here doth take me
To be henceforth His child and heir;
My faithful Saviour now doth make me
The fruit of all His ſorrows ſhare;
My Comforter will comfort me
When darkeſt clouds around I ſee.

3

And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
I felt Thy Spirit inly move me,
And dared to pledge myſelf Thy own,
Renouncing ſin to keep the faith,
And war with evil to the death.

4

My faithful God, Thou faileſt never,
Thy covenant ſurely will abide;
Oh caſt me not away for ever,
Should I tranſgreſs it on my ſide,
If I have ſore my ſoul defiled,
Yet ſtill forgive, reſtore Thy child.

5

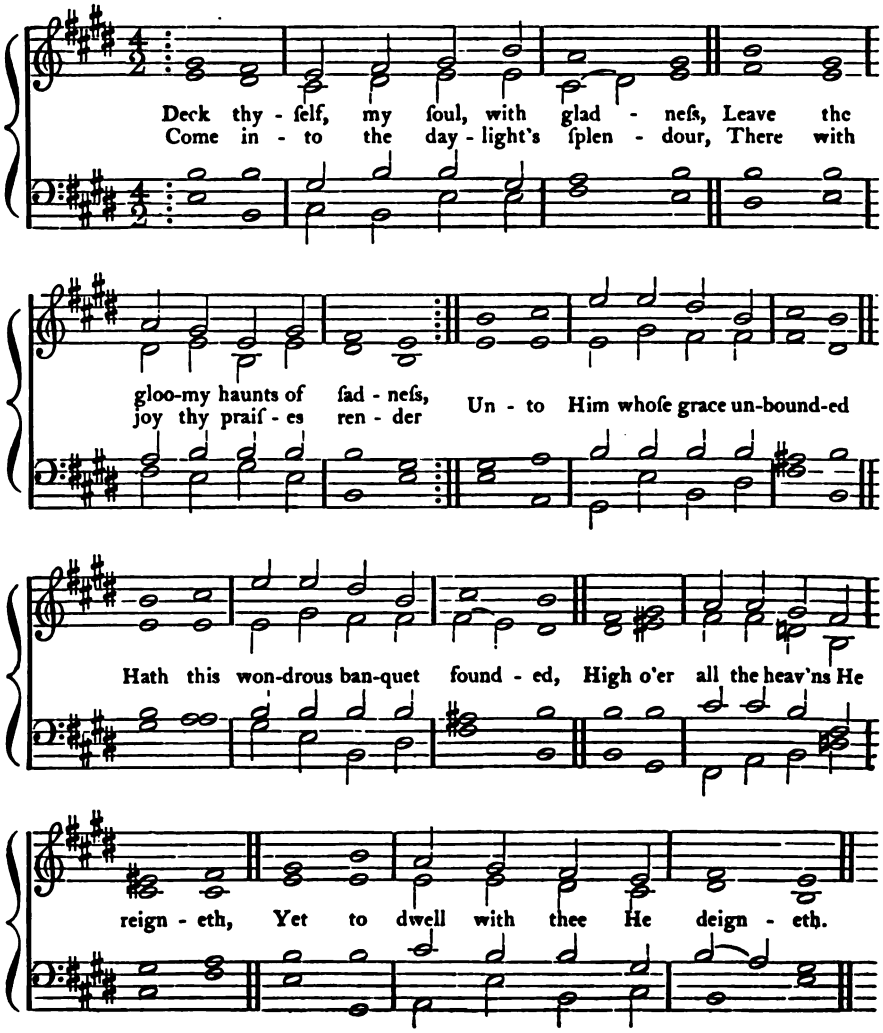
Yea, all I am and love moſt dearly
To Thee I offer now the whole;
Oh let me make my vows ſincerely,
Take full poſſeſſion of my ſoul,
Let nought within me, nought I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

6

And never let my purpoſe falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou ſhalt call me from my poſt;
So unto Thee I live and die,
And praiſe Thee evermore on high.

(XCIV.—„Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele.")

93.

Original Tune.

Deck thy - ſelf, my ſoul, with glad - neſs, Leave the
Come in - to the day - light's ſplen - dour, There with
gloo-my haunts of ſad - neſs,
joy thy praiſ - es ren - der
Un - to Him whoſe grace un-bound-ed
Hath this won-drous ban-quet found - ed, High o'er all the heav'ns He
reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth.

2 Haſten as a Bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Haſte to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou doſt adore Him,
"Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I never more will leave Thee."

3 Ah how hungers all my ſpirit
For the love I do not merit!
Oft have I, with ſighs faſt thronging,
Thought upon this food with longing,
In the battle well-nigh worſted,
For this cup of life have thirſted,
For the Friend, who here invites us,
And to God Himſelf unites us.

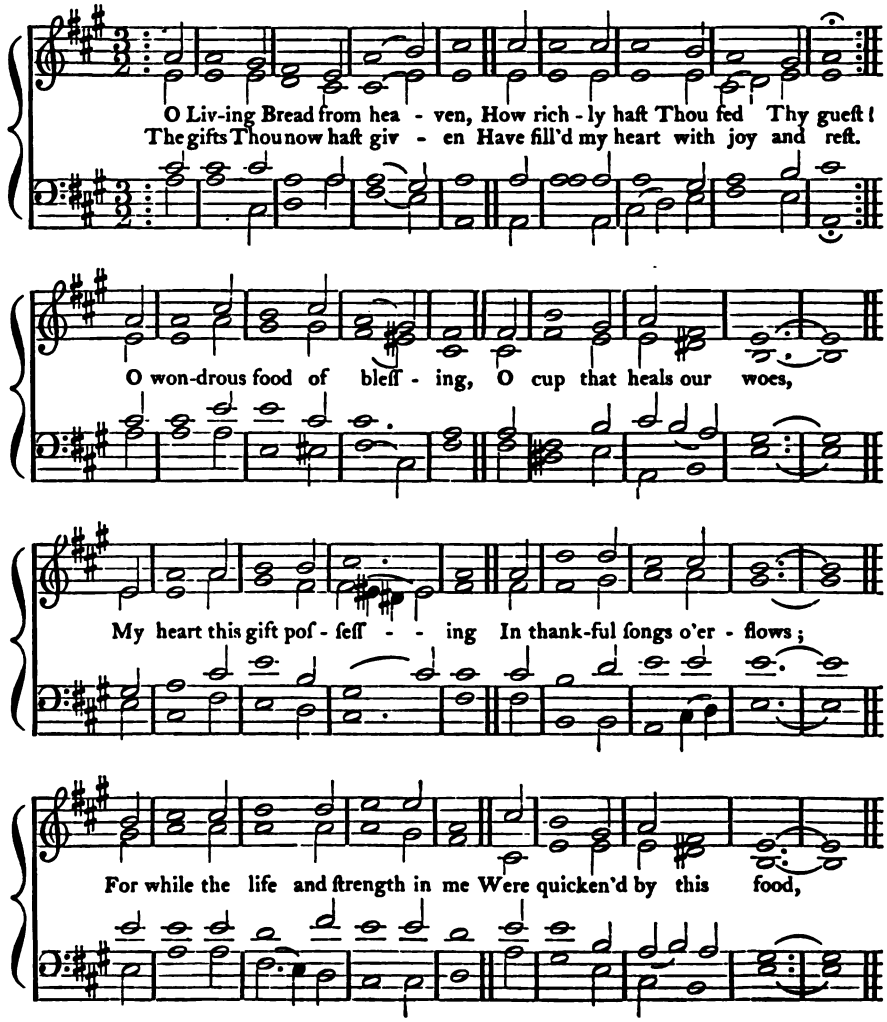
4 Now I ſink before Thee lowly,
Fill'd with joy moſt deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder,
How, by myſtery ſurrounded,
Depths no man hath ever ſounded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

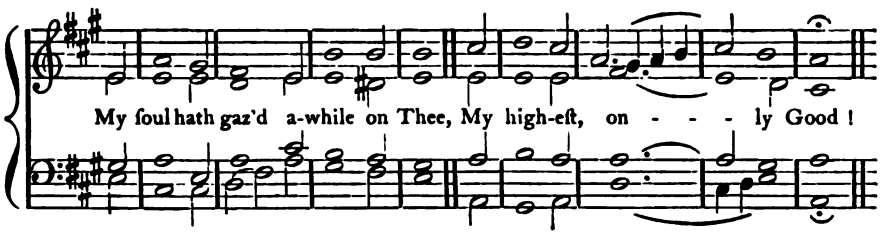
5 Sun, who all my life doſt brighten,
Light, who doſt my ſoul enlighten,
Joy, the ſweeteſt man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this bleſſed food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

6 Jeſus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee,
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited;
From this banquet let me meaſure,
Lord, how vaſt and deep its treaſure;
Through the gifts Thou here doſt give me
As Thy gueſt in heaven receive me.

(Index of Tunes, LXXIV.)

94.

Tune.—"My ſoul, now praiſe thy Maker."

O Liv-ing Bread from hea - ven, How rich - ly haſt Thou fed Thy gueſt!
The gifts Thou now haſt giv - en Have fill'd my heart with joy and reſt.
O won-drous food of bleſſ - ing, O cup that heals our woes,
My heart this gift poſ - ſeſſ - - ing In thank-ful ſongs o'er - flows;
For while the life and ſtrength in me Were quicken'd by this food,



2

My God, Thou here haſt led me
Within Thy temple's holieſt place,
And there Thyſelf haſt fed me
With all the treaſures of Thy grace ;
Ch boundleſs is Thy kindneſs,
And righteous is Thy power,
While I in ſinful blindneſs
Am erring hour by hour ;
And yet Thou comeſt, doſt not ſpurn
A ſinner, Lord, like me !
Ah how can I Thy love return,
What gift have I for Thee ?

3

A heart that hath repented,
And mourns for ſin with bitter ſighs,—
Thou, Lord, art well-contented
With this my only ſacrifice.
I know that in my weakneſs
Thou wilt deſpiſe me not,
But grant me in Thy meekneſs
The favour I have ſought ;
Yes, Thou wilt deign in grace to heed
The ſong that now I raiſe,
For meet and right is it indee !
That I ſhould ſing Thy praiſe.

4

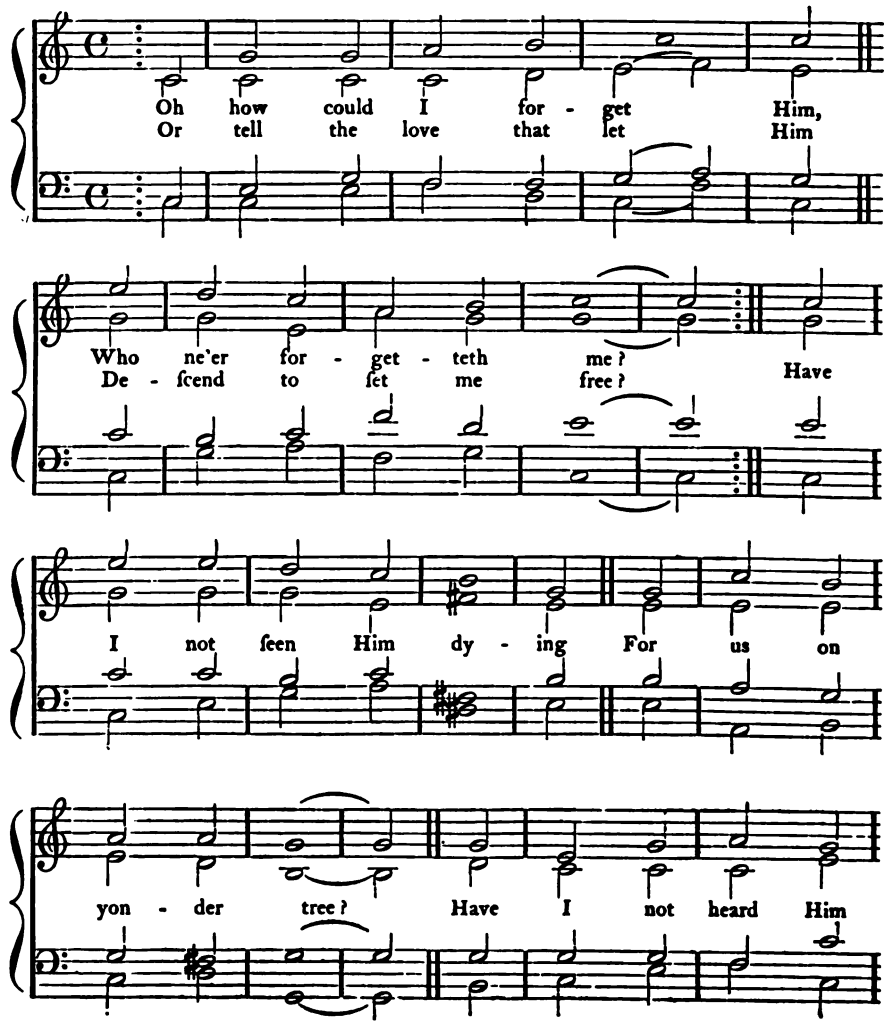
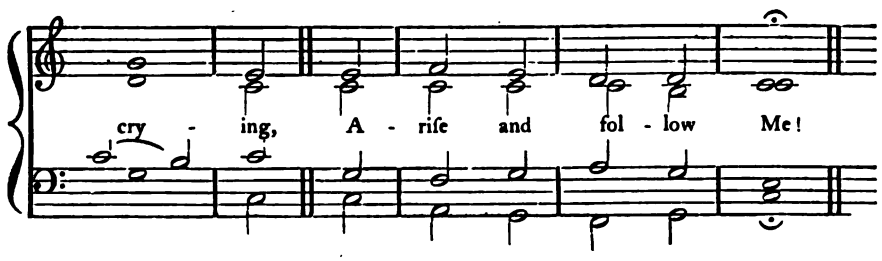
Grant what I have partaken
May through Thy grace ſo work in me,
That ſin be all forſaken,
And I may cleave alone to Thee,
And all my ſoul be heedful
How ſhe Thy love may know,
For this alone is needful,
Thy love ſhould in me glow ;
Then let no beauty pleaſe mine eyes,
No joy allure my heart,
But what in Thee, my Saviour, lies,
What Thou doſt here impart.

5

O well for me that, ſtrengthen'd
With heavenly food and comfort here,
Howe'er my courſe be lengthen'd,
I now may ſerve Thee free from fear.
Away then earthly pleaſure,
All earthly gifts are vain,
I ſeek a heavenly treaſure,
My home I long to gain,
Where I ſhall live and praiſe my God,
And none my peace deſtroy,
Where all the ſoul is overflow'd
With pure eternal joy.

(Index of Tunes, xcix.)

95.

Tune.—"Farewell I gladly bid Thee."

Oh how could I for - get Him,
Or tell the love that let Him
Who ne'er for - get - teth me?
De - ſcend to ſet me free? Have
I not ſeen Him dy - ing For us on
yon - der tree? Have I not heard Him

2

For ever will I love Him
  Who ſaw my hopeleſs plight,
Who felt my ſorrows move Him,
  And brought me life and light;
Whoſe arm ſhall be around me
  When my laſt hour is come,
And ſuffer none to wound me,
  Though dark the paſſage home.

3

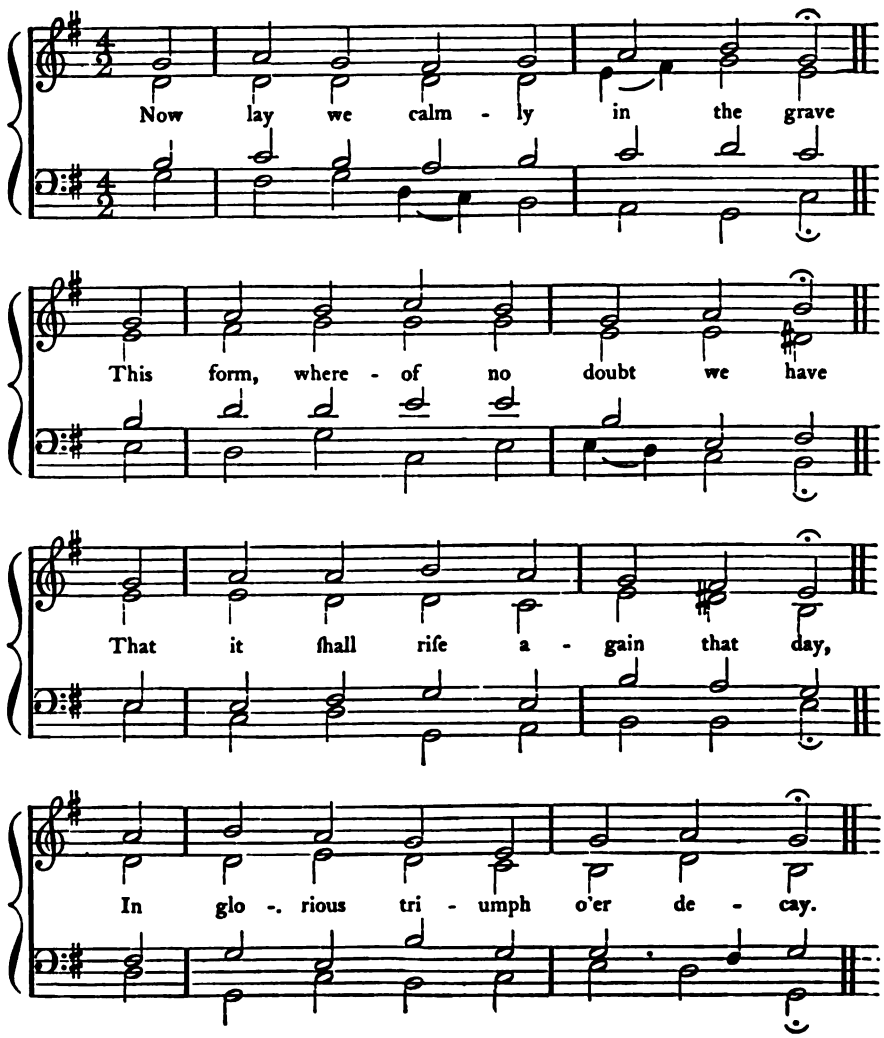
He gives me pledges holy,
  His body and His blood,
He lifts the ſcorn'd, the lowly,
  He makes my courage good,
For He will reign within me,
  And ſhed His graces there;
The heaven He died to win me
  Can I then fail to ſhare?

4

In joy and ſorrow ever
  Shine through me, Bleſſed Heart,
Who bleeding for us, never
  Didſt ſhrink from ſoreſt ſmart!
Whate'er I've lov'd, or ſtriven,
  Or borne, I bring to Thee,
Now let Thy heart and heaven
  Stand open, Lord, to me.

(LXXIII.—„Nun laſſ't uns den Leib begraben.")

96.

Original Tune.

Now lay we calm - ly in the grave
This form, where - of no doubt we have
That it ſhall riſe a - gain that day,
In glo -. rious tri - umph o'er de - cay.

2

And ſo to earth again we truſt
What came from duſt, and turns to duſt,
And from the duſt ſhall ſurely riſe
When the laſt trumpet fills the ſkies.

3

His ſoul is living now in God
Whoſe grace his pardon hath beſtow'd,
Who through His Son redeem'd him here
From bondage unto ſin and fear.

4

His trials and his griefs are paſt,
A bleſſed end is his at laſt;
He bore Chriſt's yoke, and did His will,
And though he died he liveth ſtill.

5

He lives where none can mourn and weep,
And calmly ſhall this body ſleep
Till God ſhall Death himſelf deſtroy
And raiſe it into glorious joy.

6

He ſuffer'd pain and grief below,
Chriſt heals him now from all his woe;
For him hath endleſs joy begun;
He ſhines in glory like the ſun.

7

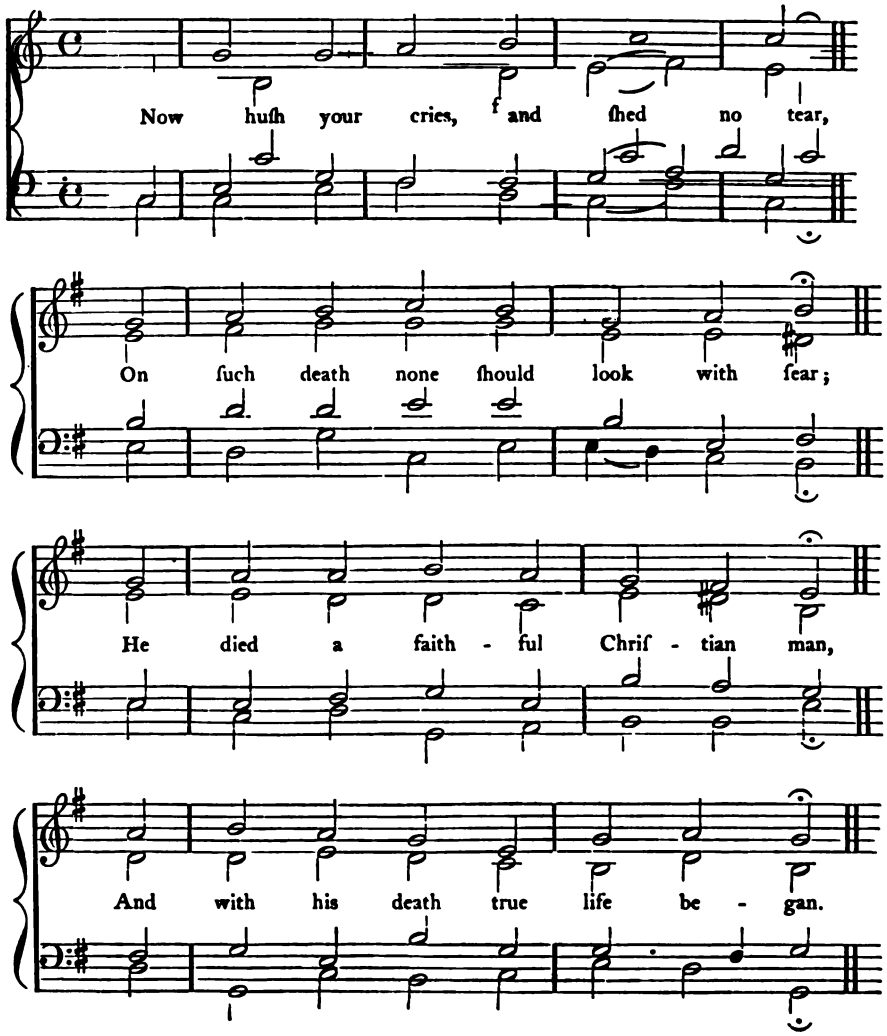
Then let us leave him to his reſt,
And homeward turn, for he is bleſt,
And we muſt well our ſouls prepare,
When death ſhall come, to meet him there.

8

So help us, Chriſt, our Hope in loſs!
Thou haſt redeem'd us by Thy croſs
From endleſs death and miſery;
We praiſe, we bleſs, we worſhip Thee!

(Index of Tunes, LXXIII.)

97.

Tune.—"Now lay we calmly in the grave."

Now huſh your cries, and ſhed no tear,
On ſuch death none ſhould look with fear;
He died a faith - ful Chriſ - tian man,
And with his death true life be - gan.

2 Coffin and grave we deck with care,
His body reverently we bear,
It is not dead but refts in God,
And ſoftly ſleeps beneath the ſod.

3 It ſeems as all were over now,—
The heavy limbs, the ſoulleſs brow,—
Yet through theſe rigid limbs once more
A nobler life, ere long, ſhall pour.

4 Theſe dead dry bones again ſhall feel
New warmth and vigour through them ſteal,
Reknit and living they ſhall ſoar
On high where Chriſt lives evermore.

5 This body, lying ſtiff and ſtark,
Shall riſe unharm'd from out the dark,
And ſwiftly mount up through the ſkies,
Even as the ſpirit heavenwards flies.

6 The buried grain of wheat muſt die,
Wither'd and worthleſs long muſt lie,
Yet ſprings to light all ſweet and fair,
And proper fruits ſhall richly bear:

7 Even ſo this body made of duſt,
To earth we once again entruſt,
And painleſs it ſhall ſlumber here,
Until the Laſt Great Day appear.

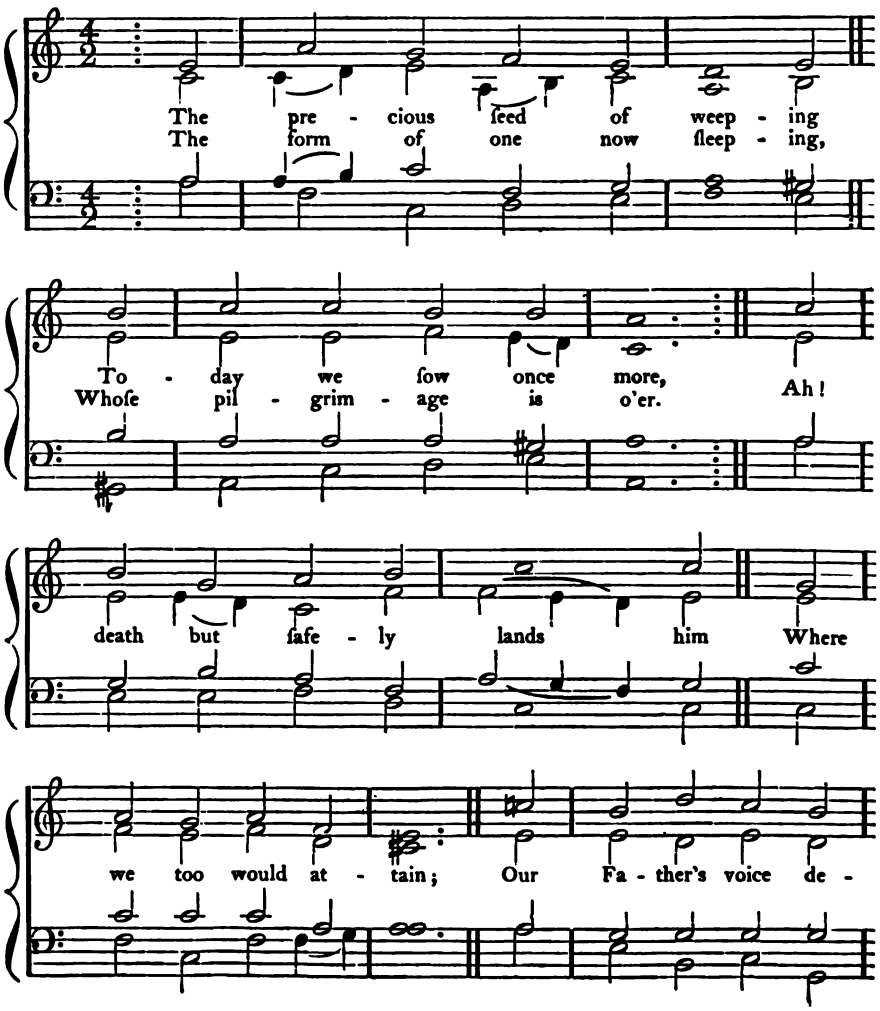
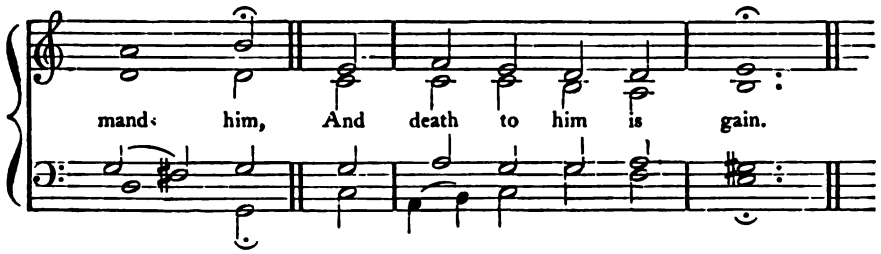
8 God breathed into this houſe of clay
The ſpirit that hath paſs'd away,
Chriſt gave the true courageous mind,
The noble heart, ye no more find.

9 Now earth has hid it from our eyes,
Till God ſhall bid it wake and riſe,
Who ne'er the creature will forget,
On whom His image He hath ſet.

10 Ah would that promiſed Day were here,
When Chriſt ſhall once again appear;
When He ſhall call, nor one be loſt,
To endleſs life earth's buried hoſt!

(Index of Tunes, XL.)

98.

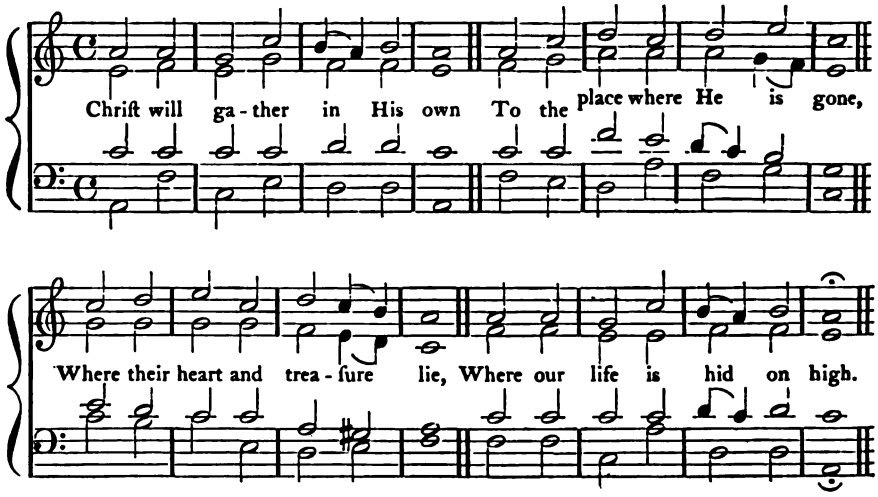
Tune.—"Ah wounded Head!"

The pre - cious ſeed of weep - ing
The form of one now ſleep - ing,
To - day we ſow once more,
Whoſe pil - grim - age is o'er.
Ah!
death but ſafe - ly lands him Where
we too would at - tain; Our Fa - ther's voice de -

2

He has what we are wanting,
He ſees what we believe,
The ſins on earth ſo haunting
Have there no power to grieve;
Safe in His Saviour's keeping,
Who ſent him calm releaſe,—
'Tis only we are weeping,
He dwells in perfect peace.

3

The crown of life he weareth,
He bears the ſhining palm,
The "Holy, holy," ſhareth,
And joins the angels' pſalm;
But we poor pilgrims wander
Still through this land of woe,
Till we ſhall meet him yonder,
And all his joy ſhall know.

(LXXII.—„Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.")

99.

2 Day by day the voice ſaith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Aſking not if we can ſpare
This dear ſoul it ſummons there.

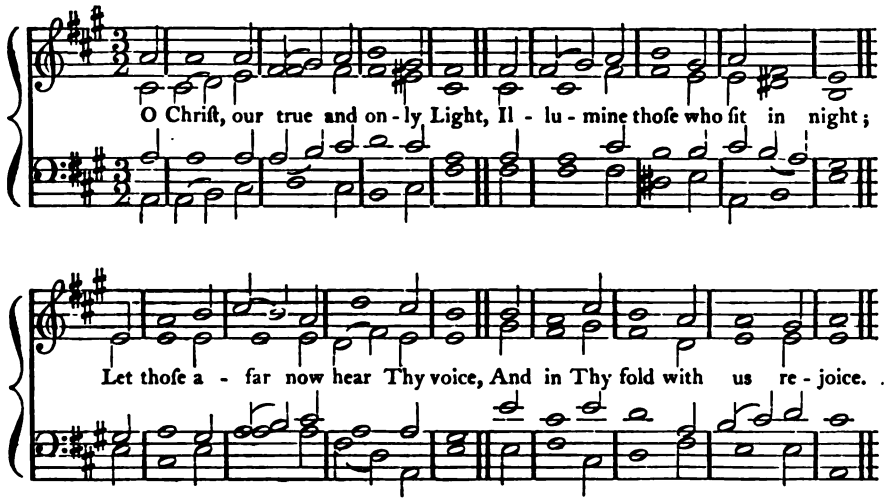
3 Had he aſk'd us, well we know
We ſhould cry, oh ſpare this blow!
Yes, with ſtreaming tears ſhould pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him ſtay!"

4 But the Lord doth nought amiſs,
And ſince He hath order'd this,
We have nought to do but ſtill
Reſt in ſilence on His will.

5 Many a heart no longer here,
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 't is Thou doſt call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

(Index of Tunes, LXXXII.)

100.

Tune.—"Lord Jeſus Chriſt, my Life, my Light."

O Chriſt, our true and on - ly Light, Il - lu - mine thoſe who ſit in night;
Let thoſe a - far now hear Thy voice, And in Thy fold with us re - joice.

2

Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The ſouls now loſt in error's maze,
And all whom in their ſecret minds
Some dark deluſion hurts and blinds.

3

And all who elſe have ſtray'd from Thee,
Oh gently ſeek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conſcience given,
And let them alſo ſhare Thy heaven.

4

Oh make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to ſpeak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though ſecretly they hold it now.

5

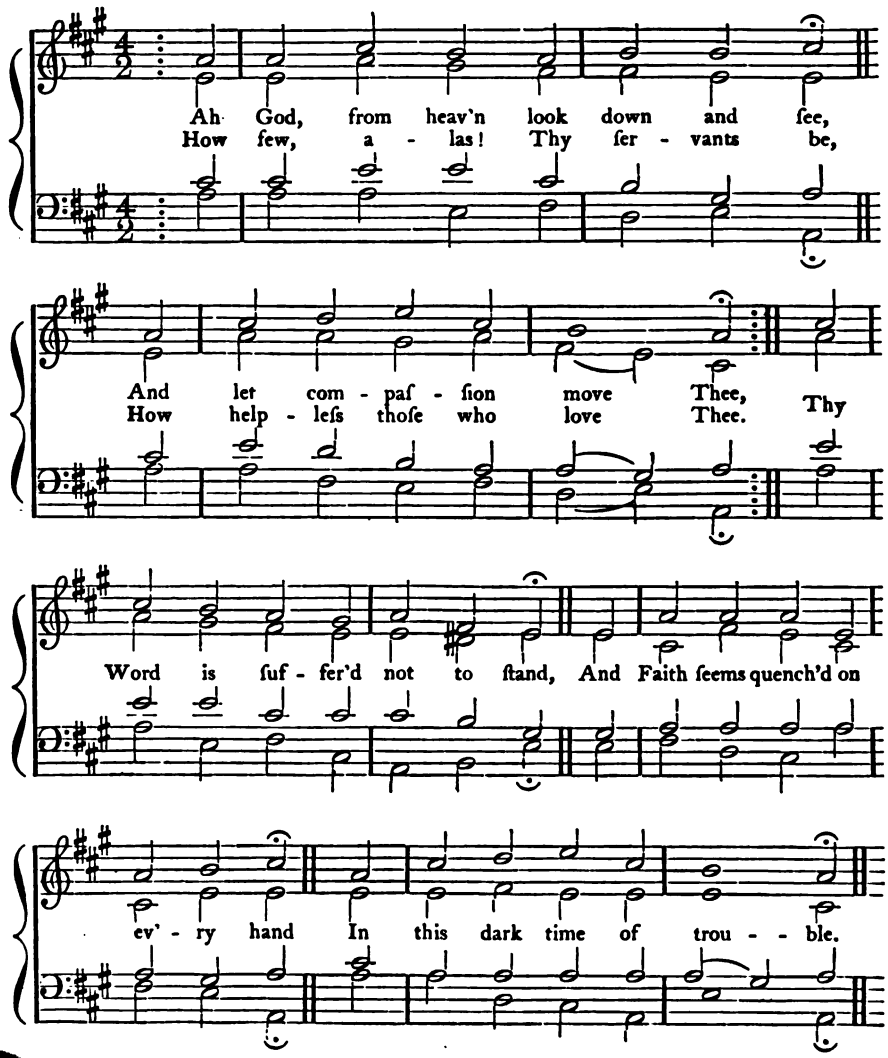
Shine on the darken'd and the cold,
Recall the wand'rers from Thy fold,
Unite thoſe now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

6

So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endleſs praiſe to Thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

(LXXI.—„Nun freut euch lieben Chriſteng'mein.")

101.


Ah God, from heav'n look down and ſee,
How few, a - las! Thy ſer - vants be,
And let com - paſ - ſion move Thee,
How help - leſs thoſe who love Thee. Thy
Word is ſuf - fer'd not to ſtand, And Faith ſeems quench'd on
ev' - ry hand In this dark time of trou - - ble.

2

Falſe teachings now men ſpread abroad,
Mere ſchemes of men's invention,
Not grounded on God's own true Word,
And ſo they breed diſſenſion;
Their outward ſeeming may be fair,
But one goes here, another there,
And rends the Church aſunder.

3

Therefore, ſaith God, I will ariſe,
Theſe men my poor are wronging,
I hear my people's bitter ſighs,
And I will grant their longing;
My ſaving Word ſhall take the field,
Shall be the poor man's ſtrength and ſhield,
And all my foes ſhall conquer.

4

As ſilver that through fire hath paſſed
Is pure from all its droſſes,
So ſhall God's Word ſhine forth at laſt
The brighter for theſe croſſes;
Through trial is its power made known,
Till all men far and near ſhall own
How pure and ſtrong its glory.

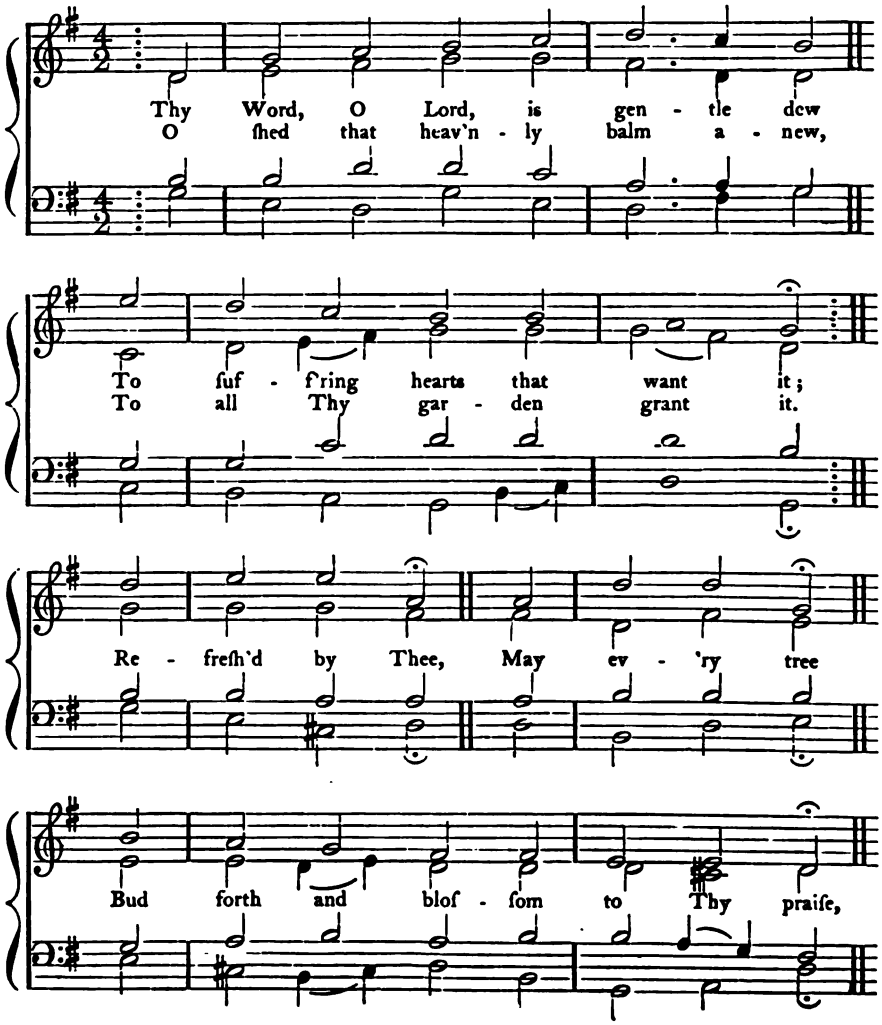
5

Therefore, O God, preſerve it pure
From all that would abuſe it,
And in the Faith our hearts ſecure,
That we may never loſe it;
For trouble and rebuke ſhall be
Among the people,—when we ſee
Ungodly men exalted.

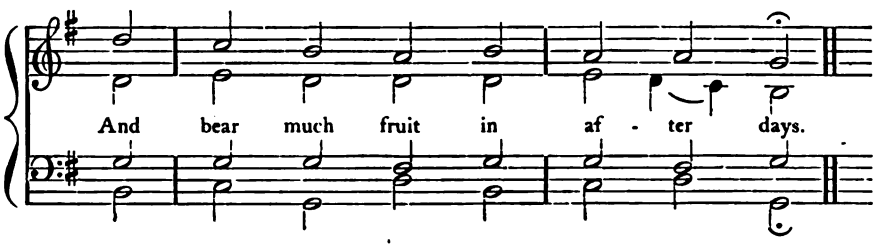
THE WORD OF GOD.

(Index of Tunes, CIX.)

102.

Tune.—"Whate'er my God ordains is right."

Thy Word, O Lord, is gen - tle dew
O ſhed that heav'n - ly balm a - new,
To ſuf - fring hearts that want it;
To all Thy gar - den grant it.
Re - freſh'd by Thee, May ev - 'ry tree
Bud forth and bloſ - ſom to Thy praiſe,

THE WORD OF GOD.



2

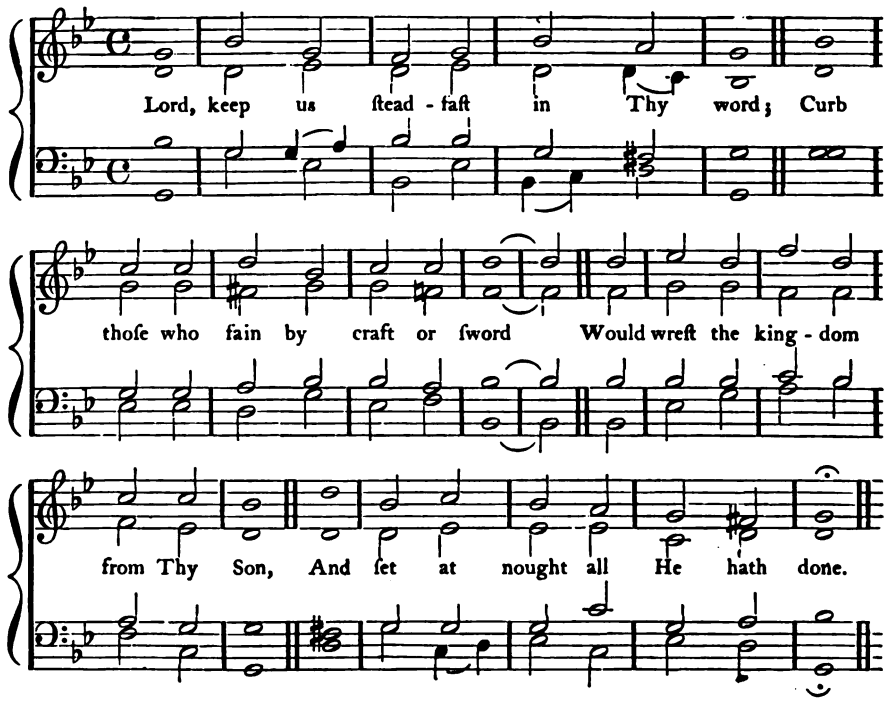
Thy Word is like a flaming ſword,
A ſharp and mighty arrow,
A wedge that cleaves the rock, that Word
Can pierce through heart and marrow;
O ſend it forth
O'er all the earth,
The darken'd heart to cleanſe and win,
And ſhatter all the might of ſin.

3

Thy Word, a wondrous Star, ſupplies
True guidance when we need it,
It points to Chriſt, it maketh wiſe
All ſimple hearts that heed it;
Let not its light
E'er ſink in night,
But ſtill in every ſpirit ſhine,
That none may miſs that light divine.

(xxvii.—„ Erhalt uns Herr bei Deinem Wort.")

103.

Original Tune.

Lord, keep us ſtead - faſt in Thy word; Curb
thoſe who fain by craft or ſword Would wreſt the king - dom
from Thy Son, And ſet at nought all He hath done.

2

Lord Jeſu Chriſt, Thy power make known,
For Thou art Lord of lords alone;
Defend Thy Chriſtendom, that we
May evermore ſing praiſe to Thee.

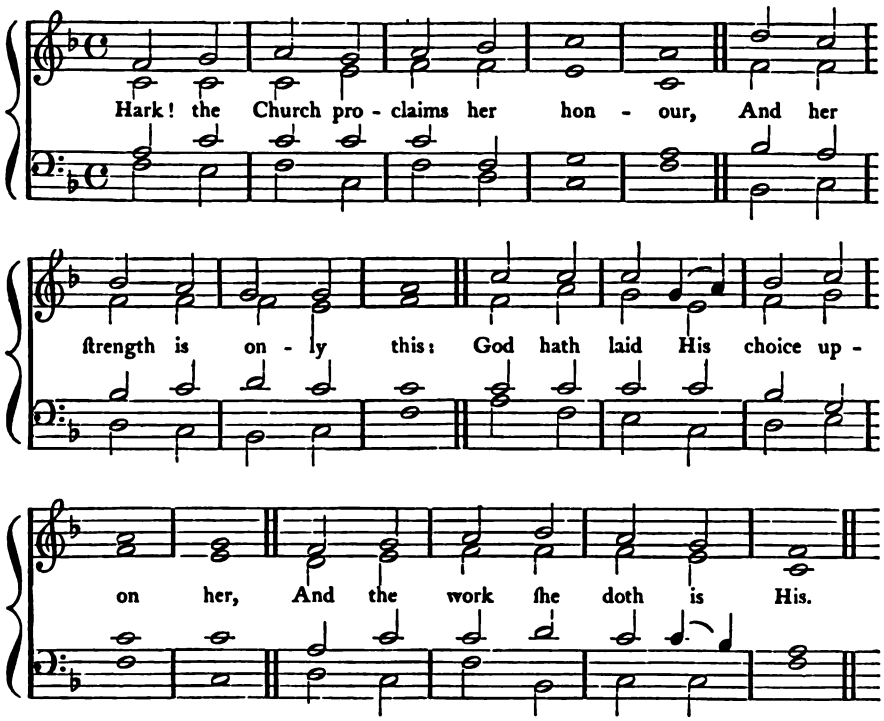
3

O Comforter, of priceleſs worth,
Send peace and unity on earth,
Support us in our final ſtrife,
And lead us out of death to life.

(Index of Tunes, XCIII.)

104.

Tune.—"Strive aright when God doth call thee."


Hark! the Church pro - claims her hon - our, And her
ſtrength is on - ly this: God hath laid His choice up -
on her, And the work ſhe doth is His.

2

He His Church hath firmly founded,
  He will guard what He began;
We, by ſin and foes ſurrounded,
  Build her bulwarks as we can.

3

Frail and fleeting are our powers,
  Short our days, our foreſight dim,
And we own the choice not ours,
  We were choſen firſt by Him.

4

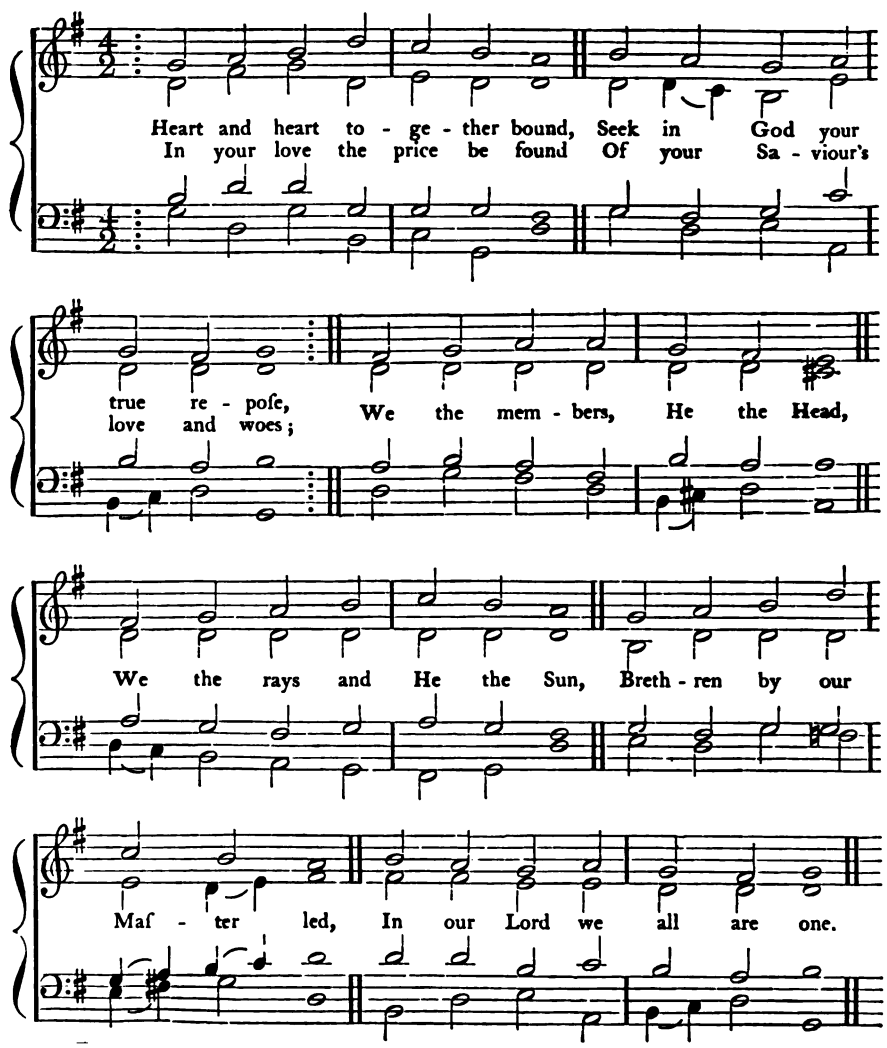
Onward then! for nought deſpairing,
  Calm we follow at His word,
Thus through joy and ſorrow bearing
  Faithful witneſs to our Lord.

5

Though we here muſt ſtrive with weakneſs,
  Though in tears we often bend,
What His might began in meekneſs
  Shall achieve a glorious end.

THE CHURCH ON EARTH.

(LXXX.—„O gesegnetes Regieren.")

105.

Heart and heart to - ge - ther bound, Seek in God your
In your love the price be found Of your Sa - viour's
true re - pose, We the mem - bers, He the Head,
love and woes;
We the rays and He the Sun, Breth - ren by our
Mas - ter led, In our Lord we all are one.

2 Children of His realm, draw near,
Make your covenant ſtronger ſtill,
From your hearts allegiance ſwear
Unto Him who conquer'd ill.
If your bonds are yet too weak,
If but fragile yet they prove,
Help from His good Spirit ſeek
Who can ſteel the chains of love.

3 Only ſuch love will ſuffice,
As the love that dwells in Him,
Love that from the croſs ne'er flies,
Love that ſpares not life or limb:
'T was for ſinners He was ſlain,
'T was for foes He ſhed His blood,
That His death for all might gain
Endleſs life,—the Higheſt Good.

4 Thus, O trueſt Friend, unite
All Thy conſecrated band,
That their hearts be ſet aright
To fulfil Thy laſt command.
Each muſt onward urge his friend,
Helping him in word and deed,
Love's bleſt pathway to aſcend,
Following where Thou doſt lead.

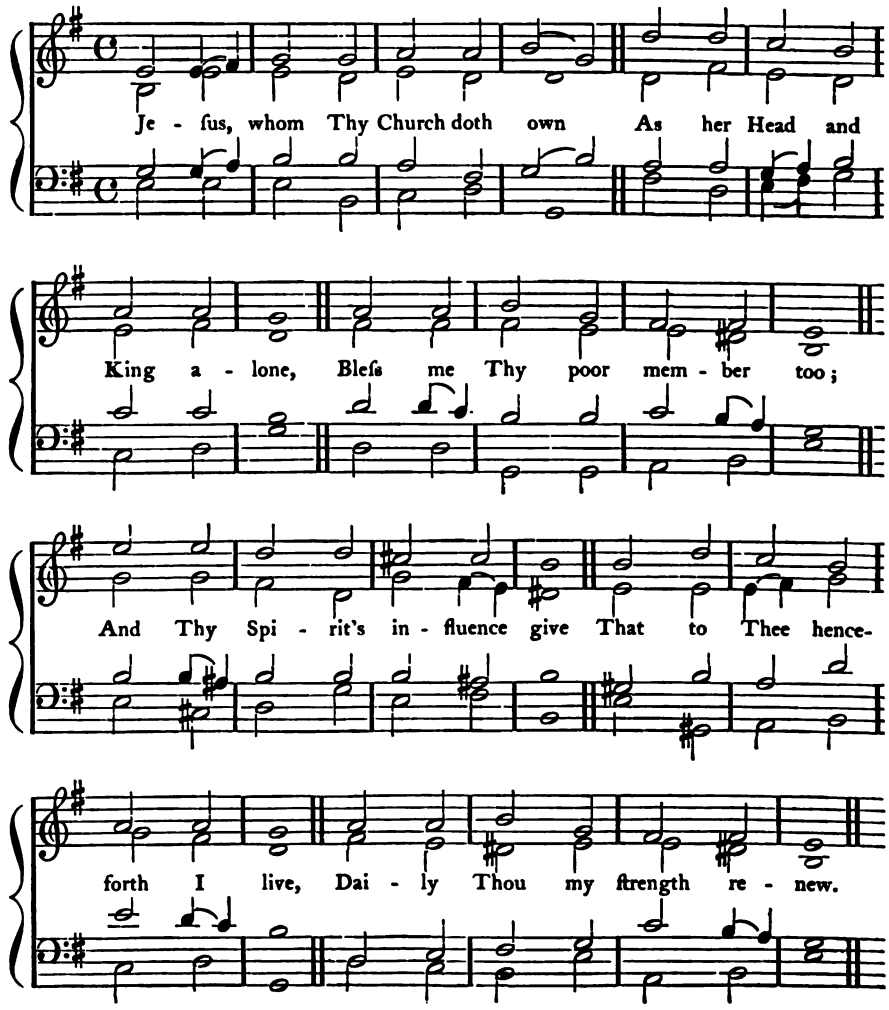
5 Thou who doſt command that all
Practiſe love who bear Thy name,
Wake the dead, new followers call,
Touch the ſlothful with Thy flame.
Let us live, O Lord, at one,
As Thou with the Father art,
That through all the world be none
Of Thy members left apart.

6 Then were given what Thou haſt ſought,
In the Son were all men freed,
And the world at laſt were taught
That Thy rule is bleſt indeed.
Father of all ſouls, we praiſe
Thee who ſhineſt in the Son;
Lord, to Thee our hymns we raiſe,
Who haſt all men to Thee drawn!

THE CHURCH ON EARTH.

(Index of Tunes, iv.)

106.

Tune.—"What ſhall I, a ſinner, do?"

Je - ſus, whom Thy Church doth own As her Head and
King a - lone, Bleſs me Thy poor mem - ber too;
And Thy Spi - rit's in - fluence give That to Thee hence-
forth I live, Dai - ly Thou my ſtrength re - new.

2

Let Thy living Spirit flow
Through Thy members all below,
With its warmth and power divine;
Scatter'd far apart they dwell,
Yet in every land, full well,
Lord, Thou knoweſt who is Thine.

3

Thoſe who ſerve Thee I would ſerve,
Never from their union ſwerve,
Here I cry before Thy face,—
Zion, God give thee good ſpeed,
Chriſt thy footſteps ever lead,
Make thee ſteadfaſt in His ways!"

4

Thoſe o'er whom Thy billows roll
Strengthen Thou to leave their ſoul
In Thy hands, for Thou art Love;
Make them through their bitter pain
Pure from pride and ſinful ſtain,
Fix their hopes and hearts above.

5

And from thoſe I love, I pray,
Turn not, Lord, Thy face away,
Hear me while for them I plead;
Be Thou their Eternal Friend,
Unto each due bleſſing ſend,
For Thou knoweſt all they need.

6

Ah Lord, at this gracious hour
Viſit all our ſouls with power;
Let Thy gladneſs in them ſhine;
Draw them with Thy love away
From vain pleaſures of a day,
Make them wholly ever Thine.

7

Dearly were we purchaſed, Lord,
When Thy blood for us was pour'd;
Think, O Chriſt, we are Thine own
Hold me, guide me, as a child,
Through the battle, through the wild,
Leave me never more alone,

8

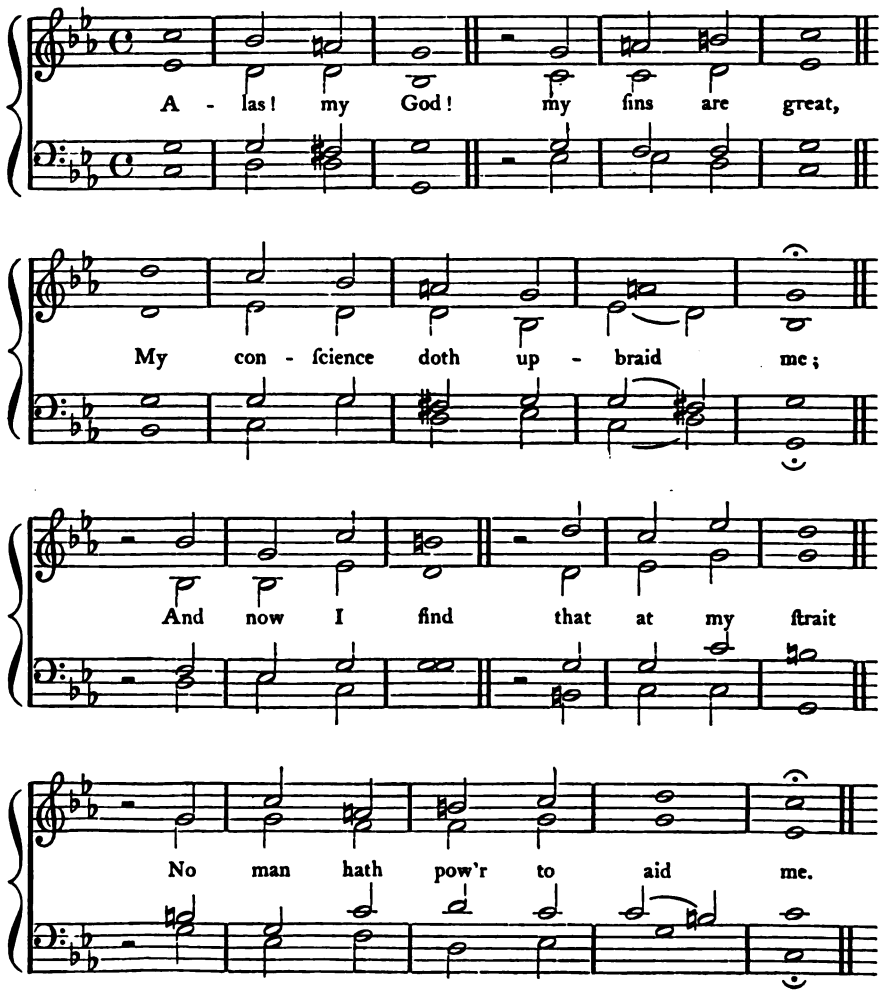
Till at laſt I meet on high
With the faithful hoſt who cry
Hallelujah night and day;
Pure from ſtain we there ſhall ſee
Thee in us, and us in Thee,
And be one in Thee for aye.

II. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. PENITENCE .. .. 107—113
2. PRAYER .. .. 114—122
3. PRAISE, *see* INTRODUCTION.
4. CHRISTIAN FAITH AND RESOLVE .. .. .. 123—132
5. SONGS OF THE CROSS AND CONSOLATION .. .. 133—148
6. LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR .. .. 149—158

(11.—„Ach Gott und Herr.")

107.

Original Tune.

2

And fled I hence, in my deſpair,
In ſome lone ſpot to hide me,
My griefs would ſtill be with me there,
Thy hand ſtill hold and guide me.

3

Nay, Thee I ſeek;—I merit nought,
Yet pity and reſtore me;
Be not Thy wrath, juſt God, my lot,
Thy Son hath ſuffer'd for me.

4

If pain and woe muſt follow ſin,
Then be my path ſtill rougher,
Here ſpare me not; if heaven I win,
On earth I gladly ſuffer.

5

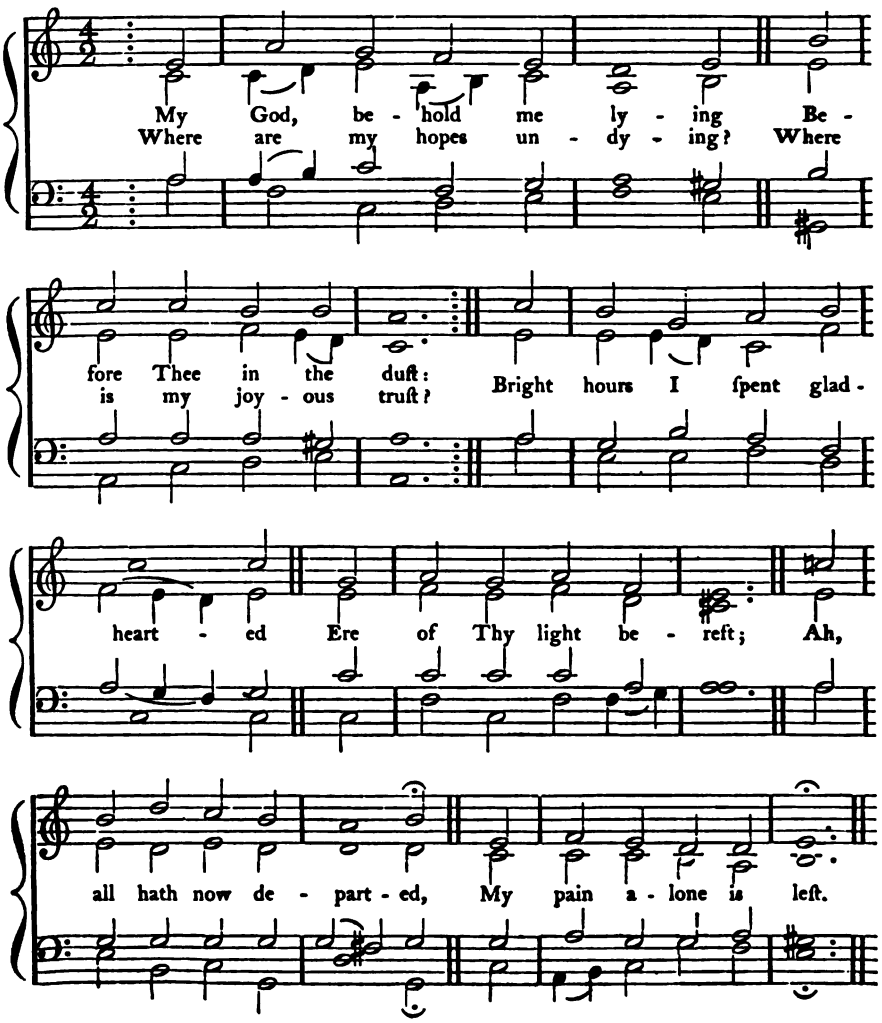
But curb my heart, forgive my guilt,
Make Thou my patience firmer,
For they muſt miſs the good Thou wilt,
Who at Thy teachings murmur.

6

Then deal with me as ſeems Thee beſt,
Thy grace will help me bear it,
If but at laſt I ſee Thy reſt,
And with my Saviour ſhare it.

(Index of Tunes, XL.)

108.

Tune.—"Ah wounded Head!"

My God, be - hold me ly - ing Be -
Where are my hopes un - dy - ing? Where
fore Thee in the duſt:
is my joy - ous truſt? Bright hours I ſpent glad -
heart - ed Ere of Thy light be - reft; Ah,
all hath now de - part - ed, My pain a - lone is left.

2

I ſee the threatening danger,
And ſhrink in ſore alarm,
As were I yet a ſtranger
To Thy protecting arm;
As though the woes that grieve me
To Thee were all unknown;
Nor Thou wouldſt then relieve me
When other aid is gone.

3

O Father, look upon me,
So tried within, without;
With pitying grace look on me,
Forgive my faithleſs doubt;
My heart for grief doth languiſh,
Thou ſeeſt it, my God!
O ſoothe my conſcience' anguiſh,
Lift off my ſorrows' load.

4

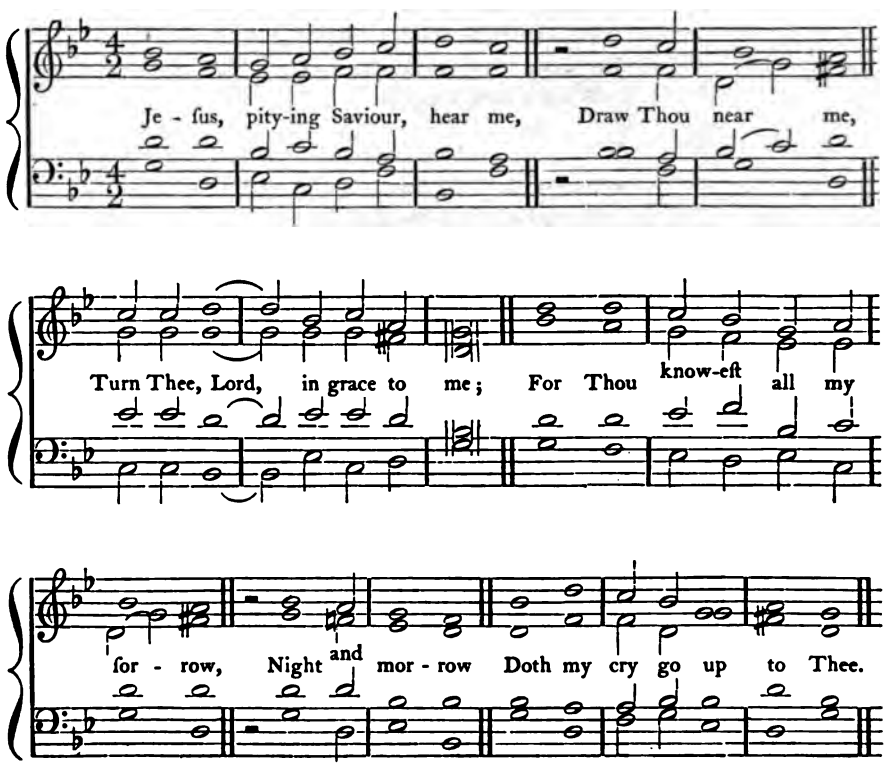
I know Thy thoughts are ever
Of peace and love towards me,
Thy purpoſe changes never,
Could I but build on Thee!
That Thou fulfilleſt ſurely
Thy promiſes, dear Lord,
Here I can ſtand ſecurely,
My life is in Thy Word

5

Then let thy faith be ſtronger,
My ſoul, ſhake off thy fears;
Thou ſoon ſhalt weep no longer
Though bitter now thy tears;
Thy Saviour's love hath found thee,
He comes, He comes at laſt;
His light is breaking round thee,
The clouds and ſtorms are paſt!

(Index of Tunes, LXXXVIII.)

109.

Tune.—"Come, my ſoul, awake, 'tis morning."

Je - ſus, pity-ing Saviour, hear me, Draw Thou near me,
Turn Thee, Lord, in grace to me; For Thou know-eſt all my
ſor - row, Night and mor - row Doth my cry go up to Thee.

2

Sin of courage hath bereft me,
And hath left me
Scarce a ſpark of faith or hope;
Bitter tears my heart oft ſheddeth
As it dreadeth
I am paſt Thy mercy's ſcope.

3
Peace I cannot find, oh take me,
Lord, and make me
From the yoke of evil free;
Calm this longing never-ſleeping,
Still my weeping,
Grant me hope once more in Thee.

4
Lord, wilt Thou be wroth for ever?
Oh deliver
Me from all I moſt deſerved;
'Tis Thyſelf, dear Lord, haſt ſought me,
Thou haſt taught me
Thee to ſeek from whom I ſwerved.

5
Thou, my God and King, haſt known me,
Yet haſt ſhown me
True and loving is Thy will;
Though my heart from Thee oft ranges,
Through its changes,
Lord, Thy love is faithful ſtill.

6
Bleſs my trials thus to ſever
Me for ever
From the love of ſelf and ſin;
Let me through them ſee Thee clearer,
Find Thee nearer,
Grow more like to Thee within.

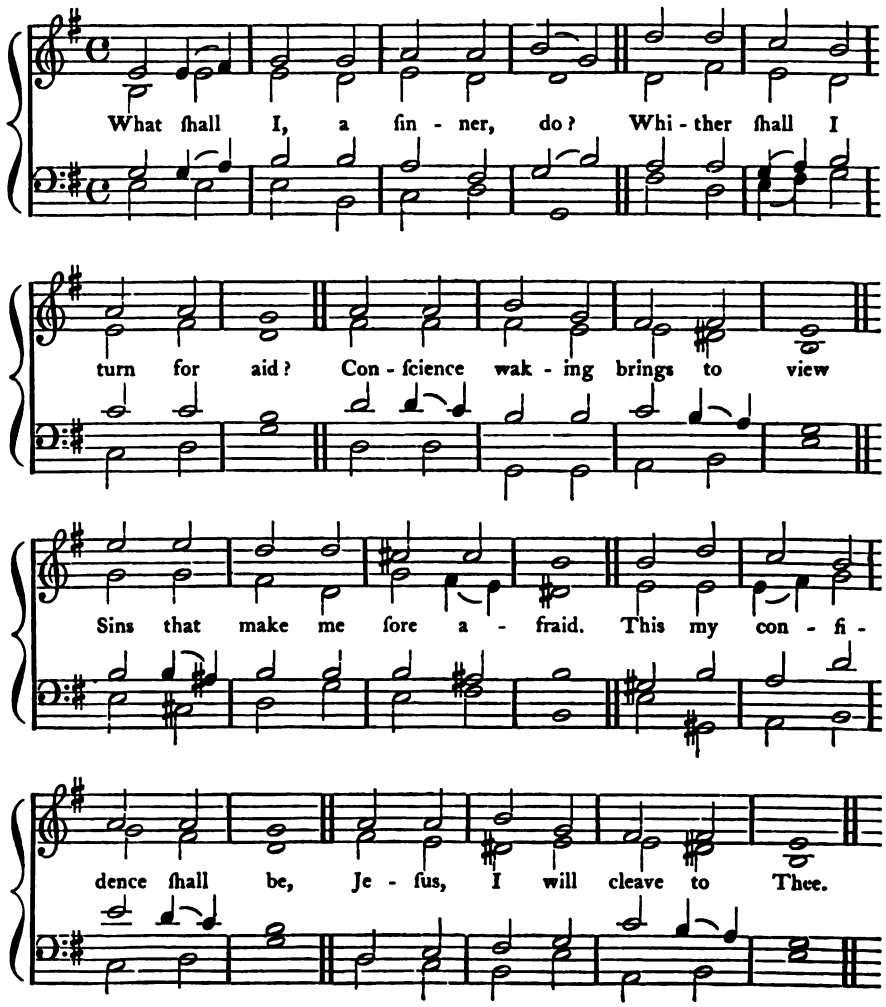
7
In the patience that Thou lendeſt
All Thou ſendeſt
I embrace, I will be ſtill;
Bend this ſtubborn heart, I pray Thee,
To obey Thee,
Calmly waiting on Thy will.

8
Here I bring my will, oh take it,
Thine, Lord, make it,
Calm this troubled heart of mine;
In Thy ſtrength I too may conquer,
Wait no longer,
Show in me Thy grace Divine.

PENITENCE.

(IV.—„Ach was ſoll ich Sünder machen.")

110.

Original Tune.

What ſhall I, a ſin - ner, do? Whi - ther ſhall I
turn for aid? Con - ſcience wak - ing brings to view
Sins that make me ſore a - fraid. This my con - fi -
dence ſhall be, Je - ſus, I will cleave to Thee.

2

True, I have tranſgreſſ'd Thy will,
Oft have grieved Thee by my ſin,
Yet I know Thou lov'ſt me ſtill,
For I hear Thy voice within;
Then, though ſin accuſes me,
Jeſus, I will cleave to Thee.

3

Here the Chriſtians oft muſt bear
Many a croſs and bitter ſmart;
If their lot in this I ſhare,
Shall I waver or depart?
Loyal ſtill my heart ſhall be,
Jeſus, ſtill I cleave to Thee.

4

Well I know this life of ours
Is but as a fleeting dream;
Round us darkneſs ever lowers,
Death is nearer than we deem;
Who knows what to-day may ſee?
Jeſus, I will cleave to Thee.

5

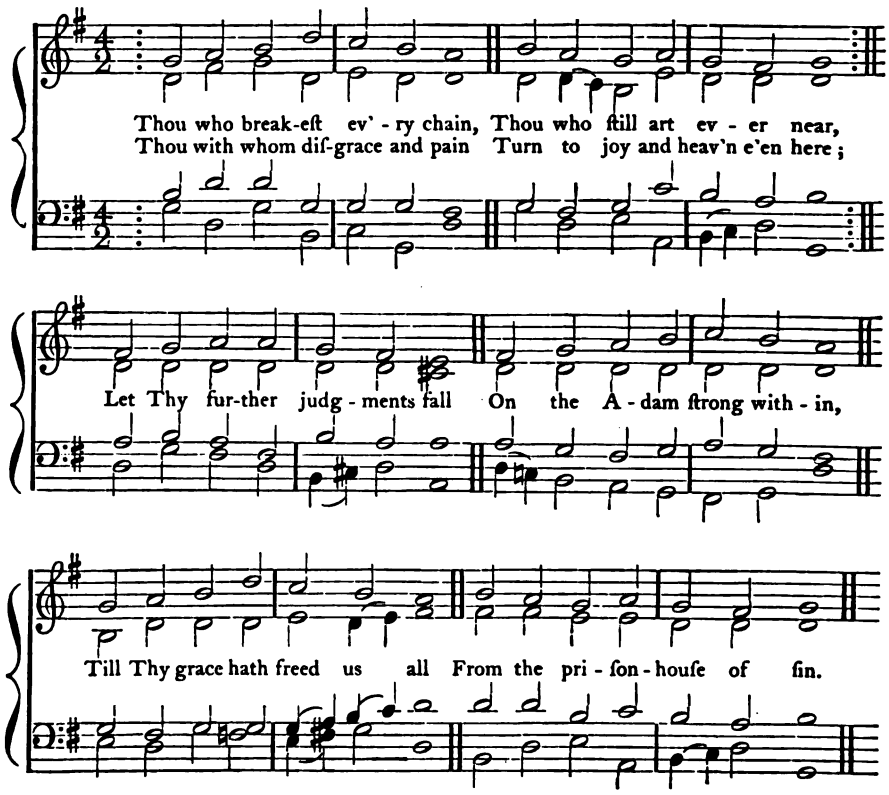
If I die, I do but ceaſe
Sooner from this toil and care,
And I reſt in perfect peace
In the grave, ſince Thou wert there;
There Thy light ſhall comfort me,
There too I will cleave to Thee.

6

Then, Lord Jeſu, Thou art mine,
Till Thou bring me to that place
Where I ſhall for ever ſhine
In Thy light, and ſee Thy face:
Bleſſed will that haven be!
Jeſus, I will cleave to Thee.

(Index of Tunes, LXXX.)

III.

Tune.—"Heart and heart together bound."

Thou who break-eſt ev' - ry chain, Thou who ſtill art ev - er near,
Thou with whom dif-grace and pain Turn to joy and heav'n e'en here;
Let Thy fur-ther judg - ments fall On the A - dam ſtrong with - in,
Till Thy grace hath freed us all From the pri - ſon - houſe of ſin.

2 'Tis Thy Father's will towards us
Thou ſhouldſt end Thy work at length;
Hence in Thee are centred thus
Perfect wiſdom, love, and ſtrength,
That Thou none ſhouldſt loſe of thoſe
Whom He gave Thee, though they roam
'Wilder'd here amid their foes,
Thou ſhouldſt bring them ſafely home.

Look upon our bonds, and ſee
How doth all creation groan
'Neath the yoke of vanity,
Make Thy full redemption known.
Still we wreſtle, cry, and pray,
Held in bitter bondage faſt,
Though the ſoul would break away
Into higher things at laſt.

4 Lord, we do not aſk for reſt
For the fleſh, we only pray
Thou wouldſt do as ſeems Thee beſt,
Ere yet comes our parting day;
But our ſpirit clings to Thee,
Will not, dare not, let Thee go,
Until Thou have ſet her free
From the bonds that cauſe her woe.

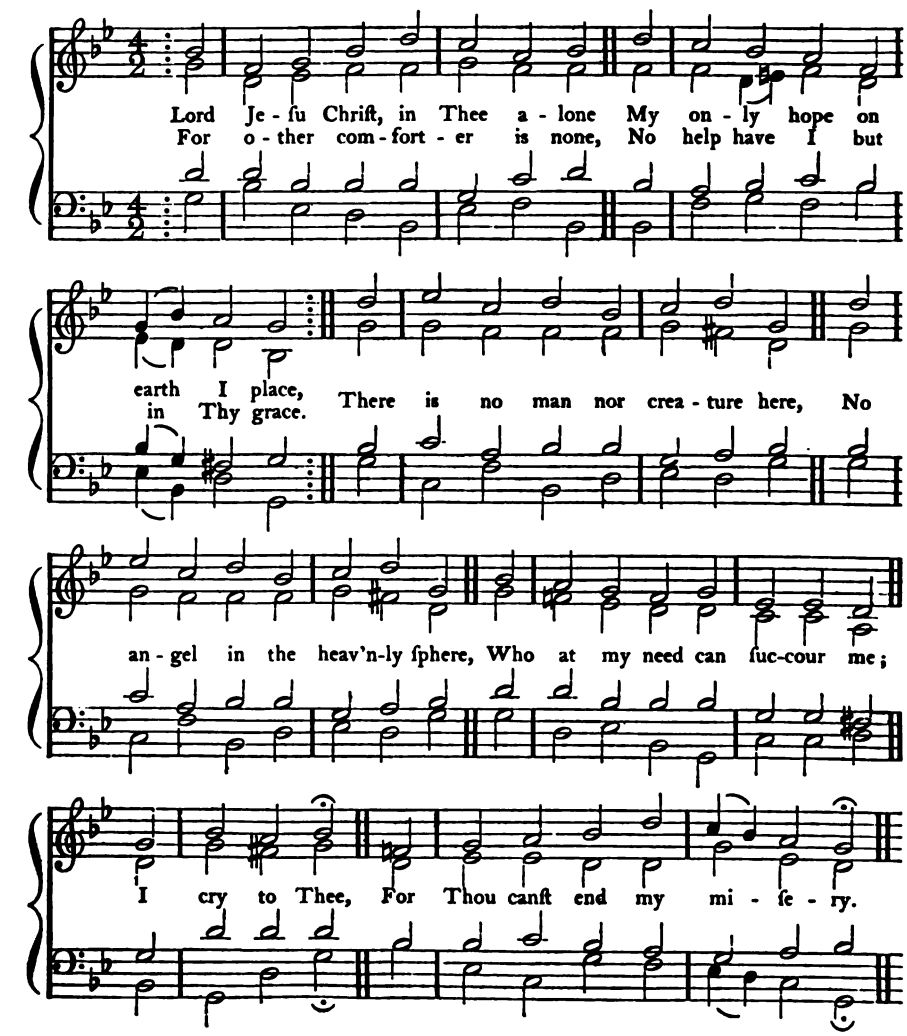
5 Ours the fault it is, we own,
We are ſlaves to ſelf and ſloth,
Yet oh leave us not alone
In the living death we loathe!
Cruſh'd beneath our burden's weight,
Crying at Thy feet we fall,
Point the path, though ſteep and ſtrait,
Thou didſt open once for all.

6 Ah how dearly were we bought
Not to ſerve the world or ſin;
By the work that Thou haſt wrought
Muſt Thou make us pure within,
Wholly pure and free,—in us
Be Thine image now reſtored:
Fill'd from out Thy fulneſs thus
Grace for grace on us is pour'd.

7 Draw us to Thy croſs, O Love,
Crucify with Thee whate'er
Cannot dwell with Thee above;
Lead us to thoſe regions fair!
Courage! long the time may ſeem,
Yet His day is coming faſt;
We ſhall be like them that dream
When our freedom dawns at laſt.

(VI.—„Allein zu Dir, Herr Jeſu Chriſt.")

112.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - ſu Chriſt, in Thee a - lone My on - ly hope on
For o - ther com - fort - er is none, No help have I but
earth I place,
in Thy grace.
There is no man nor crea - ture here, No
an - gel in the heav'n-ly ſphere, Who at my need can ſuc-cour me;
I cry to Thee, For Thou canſt end my mi - ſe - ry.

2

My ſin is very ſore and great,
I weep and mourn its load beneath;
O free me from this heavy weight,
My Saviour, through Thy precious death;
And with my Father for me plead
That Thou haſt ſuffer'd in my ſtead;
From me the burden then is roll'd,
And I lay hold
On Thy dear promiſes of old.

3

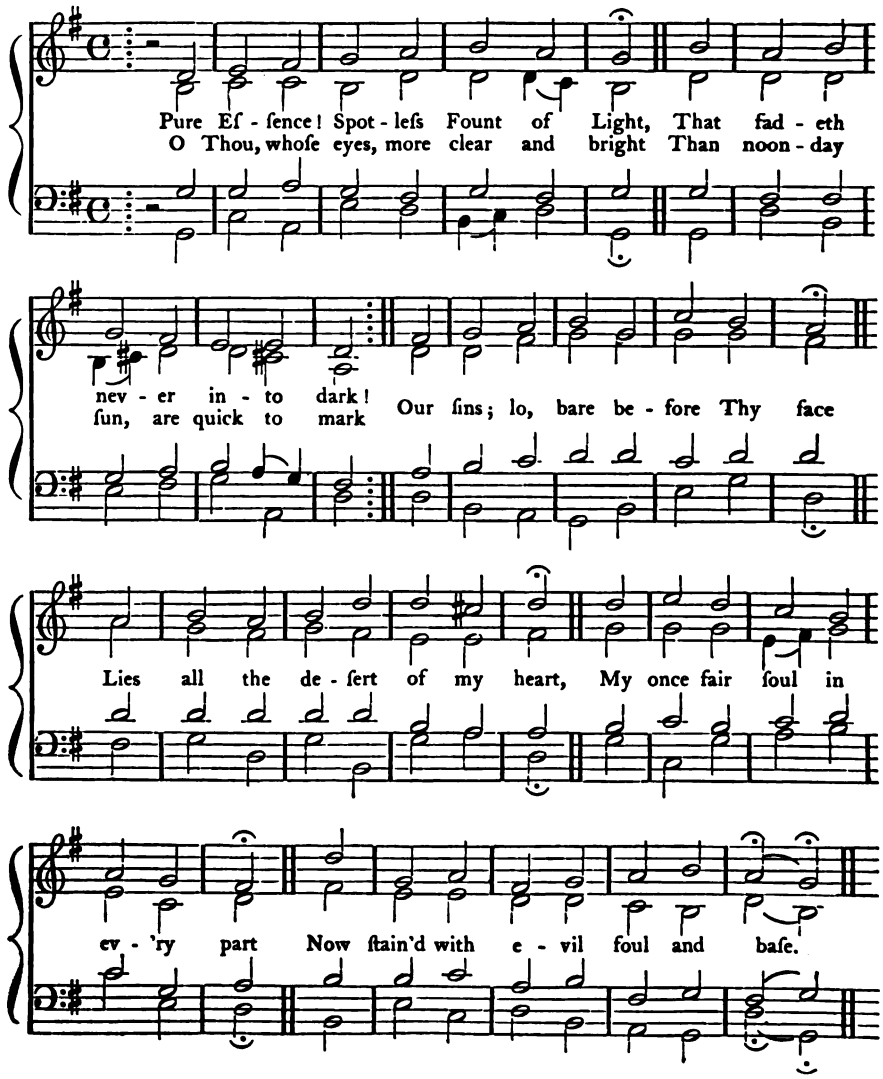
And of Thy mercy now beſtow
True Chriſtian faith on me, O Lord!
That all the ſweetneſs I may know
That in Thy holy croſs is ſtored;
Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,
And love my neighbour as myſelf;
And when at laſt is come my end,
Be Thou my Friend,
From all aſſaults my ſoul defend.

4

Glory to God in higheſt heaven,
The Father of eternal love;
To His dear Son, for ſinners given,
Whoſe watchful grace we daily prove;
To God the Holy Ghoſt on high;
Oh ever be His comfort nigh,
And teach us, free from ſin and fear,
To pleaſe Him here,
And ſerve Him in the ſinleſs ſphere!

(Index of Tunes, LXV.)

113.

Tune.—"My Jeſus, if the Seraphim."

Pure Eſ - ſence! Spot - leſs Fount of Light, That fad - eth
O Thou, whoſe eyes, more clear and bright Than noon - day
nev - er in - to dark! Our ſins; lo, bare be - fore Thy face
ſun, are quick to mark
Lies all the de - ſert of my heart, My once fair ſoul in
ev - 'ry part Now ſtain'd with e - vil foul and baſe.

2

Since but the pure in heart are bleſt
With promiſed viſion of their God,
Sore fear and anguiſh fill my breaſt,
Rememb'ring all the ways I trod;
Mourning I ſee my loſt eſtate,
And yet in faith I dare to cry,
Oh let my evil nature die,
Another heart in me create!

3

Enough, Lord, that my foe too well
Hath lured me once away from Thee;
Henceforth I know his craft how fell,
And all his deep-laid ſnares I flee.
Lord, through the Spirit whom Thy Son
Hath bidden us in prayer to aſk,
Arm us with might that every taſk,
Whate'er we do, in Thee be done.

4

Unworthy am I of Thy grace,
So deep are my tranſgreſſions, Lord,
And yet once more I ſeek Thy face;
My God, have mercy, nor reward
My ſins and follies, dark and vain;
Reject, reject me not in wrath,
But let Thy ſunſhine now beam forth,
And quicken me with hope again.

5

The Holy Spirit Thou haſt given,
The wondrous pledge of love divine,
Who fills our hearts with joys of heaven,
And bids us earthly toys reſign;
Oh let His ſeal be on my heart,
Oh take Him nevermore away,
Until this fleſhly houſe decay,
And Thou ſhalt bid me hence depart.

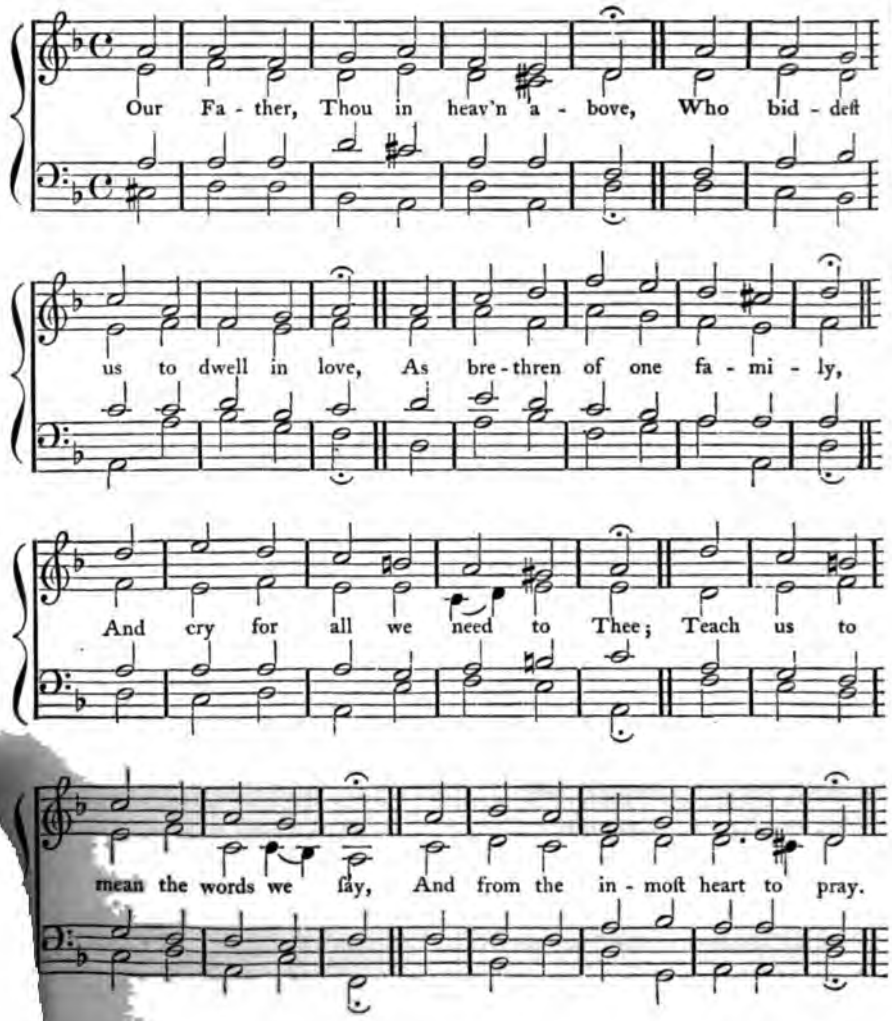
6

But ah! my coward ſpirit droops,
Sick with the fear that enters in
Whene'er a ſoul to bondage ſtoops,
And wears the ſhameful yoke of ſin;
Oh quicken with the ſtrength that flows
From out the Eternal Fount of Life,
My ſoul half-fainting in the ſtrife,
And make an end of all my woes.

7

I cling unto Thy grace alone,
Thy ſteadfaſt oath my only reſt;
To Thee, Heart-ſearcher, all is known
That lieth hidden in my breaſt;
Thy joy, O Spirit, on me pour,
Thy fervent will my ſloth inſpire,
So ſhall I have my heart's deſire,
And ſerve and praiſe Thee evermore.

(c.—„Vater unſer im Himmelreich.")

114.

Our Fa - ther, Thou in heav'n a - bove, Who bid - deſt
us to dwell in love, As bre - thren of one fa - mi - ly,
And cry for all we need to Thee; Teach us to
mean the words we ſay, And from the in - moſt heart to pray.

2

All hallow'd be Thy name, O Lord!
Oh let us firmly keep Thy Word,
And lead, according to Thy name,
A holy life, untouch'd by blame;
Let no falſe teachings do us hurt—
All poor deluded ſouls convert.

3

Thy kingdom come! Thine let it be
In time, and through eternity!
Oh let Thy Holy Spirit dwell
With us, to rule and guide us well;
From Satan's mighty power and rage
Preſerve Thy Church from age to age.

4

Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,
As where in heaven Thou art adored!
Patience in time of grief beſtow,
Obedience true through weal and woe;
Strength, tempting wiſhes to control
That thwart Thy will within the ſoul.

5

Give us to-day our daily bread,
Let us be duly clothed and fed,
And keep Thou from our homes afar
Famine and peſtilence and war,
That we may live in godly peace,
Unvex'd by cares and avarice.

6

Forgive our ſins, that they no more
May grieve and haunt us as before,
As we forgive their treſpaſſes
Who unto us have done amiſs;
Thus let us dwell in charity,
And ſerve each other willingly.

7

Into temptation lead us not,
And when the foe doth war and plot
Againſt our ſouls on every hand,
Then, arm'd with faith, oh may we ſtand
Againſt him as a valiant hoſt,
Through comfort of the Holy Ghoſt.

8

Deliver us from evil, Lord,
The days are dark and foes abroad;
Redeem us from the ſecond death,
And when we yield our dying breath,
Conſole us, grant us calm releaſe,
And take our ſouls to Thee in peace.

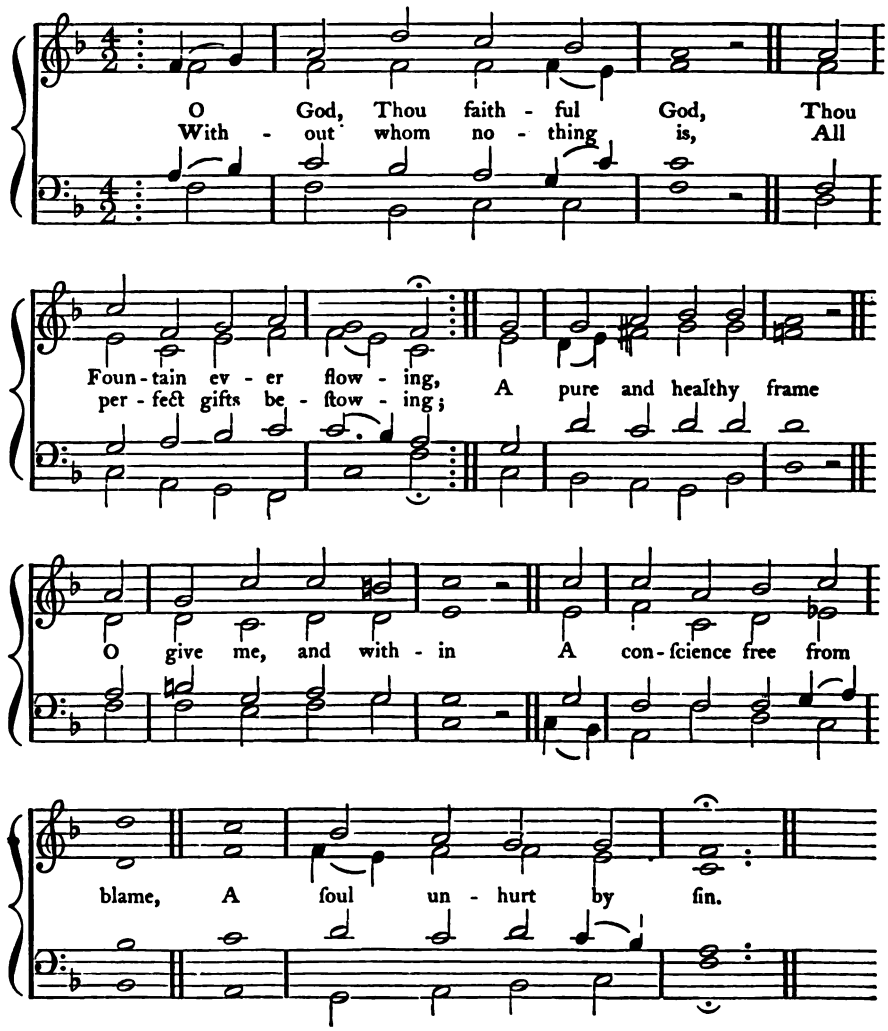
9

Amen! that is, ſo let it be!
Strengthen our faith and truſt in Thee,
That we may doubt not, but believe
That what we aſk we ſhall receive;
Thus in Thy name and at Thy word
We ſay Amen, now hear us, Lord!

(LXXXI.—„O Gott du frommer Gott.")

115.

Original Tune.


O God, Thou faith - ful God, Thou
With - out whom no - thing is, All
Foun - tain ev - er flow - ing,
per - fect gifts be - ſtow - ing;
A pure and healthy frame
O give me, and with - in
A con - ſcience free from
blame, A ſoul un - hurt by ſin.

2

And grant me, Lord, to do,
With ready heart and willing,
Whate'er Thou ſhalt command,
My calling here fulfilling,
And do it when I ought,
With all my ſtrength, and bleſs
The work I thus have wrought,
For Thou muſt give ſucceſs.

3

And let me promiſe nought
But I can keep it truly,
Abſtain from idle words,
And guard my lips ſtill duly;
And grant, when in my place
I muſt and ought to ſpeak,
My words due power and grace,
Nor let me wound the weak.

4

If dangers gather round,
Still keep me calm and fearleſs;
Help me to bear the croſs
When life is dark and cheerleſs;
To overcome my foe
With words and actions kind;
When counſel I would know,
Good counſel let me find.

5

And let me be with all
In peace and friendſhip living,
As far as Chriſtians may.
And if Thou aught art giving
Of wealth and honours fair,
Oh this refuſe me not,
That nought be mingled there
Of goods unjuſtly got.

6

And if a longer life
Be here on earth decreed me,
And Thou through many a ſtrife
To age at laſt wilt lead me,
Thy patience in me ſhed,
Avert all ſin and ſhame,
And crown my hoary head
With pure untarniſh'd fame.

7

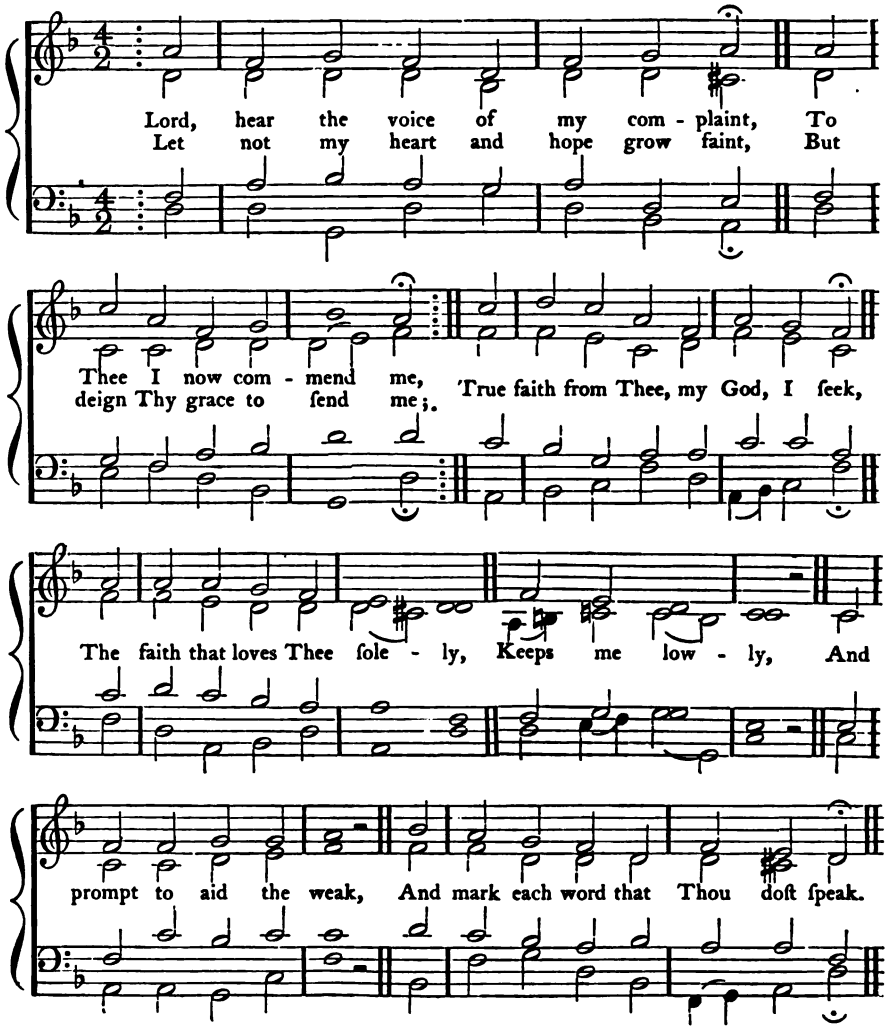
Let nothing that may chance,
Me from my Saviour ſever;
And dying with Him, take
My ſoul to Thee for ever;
And let my body have
A little ſpace to ſleep
Beſide my fathers' grave,
And friends that o'er it weep.

8

And when the Day is come,
And all the dead are waking,
Oh reach me down Thy hand,
Thyſelf my ſlumbers breaking;
Then let me hear Thy voice,
And change this earthly frame,
And bid me aye rejoice
With thoſe who love Thy name.

(XLVI.—„Ich ruf' zu Dir Herr Jeſu Chriſt.")

116.

Original Tune.

Lord, hear the voice of my com - plaint, To
Let not my heart and hope grow faint, But
Thee I now com - mend me,
deign Thy grace to ſend me;
True faith from Thee, my God, I ſeek,
The faith that loves Thee ſole - ly, Keeps me low - ly, And
prompt to aid the weak, And mark each word that Thou doſt ſpeak.

2

Yet more from Thee I dare to claim,
Whose goodneſs is unbounded;
Oh let me ne'er be put to ſhame,
My hope be ne'er confounded;
But e'en in death ſtill find Thee true,
And in that hour, elſe lonely,
Truſt Thee only,
Not aught that I can do,
For ſuch falſe truſt I ſore ſhould rue.

3

Oh grant that from my very heart
My foes be all forgiven,
Forgive my ſins and heal their ſmart,
And grant new life from heaven;
Thy word, that bleſſed food, beſtow,
Which beſt the ſoul canſt nouriſh;
Make it flouriſh
Through all the ſtorms of woe
That elſe my faith might overthrow.

4

Then be the world my foe or friend,
Keep me to her a ſtranger,
Thy ſteadfaſt ſoldier to the end,
Through pleaſure and through danger;
From Thee alone comes ſuch high grace,
No works of ours obtain it,
Or can gain it;
Our pride hath here no place,
'Tis Thy free promiſe we embrace.

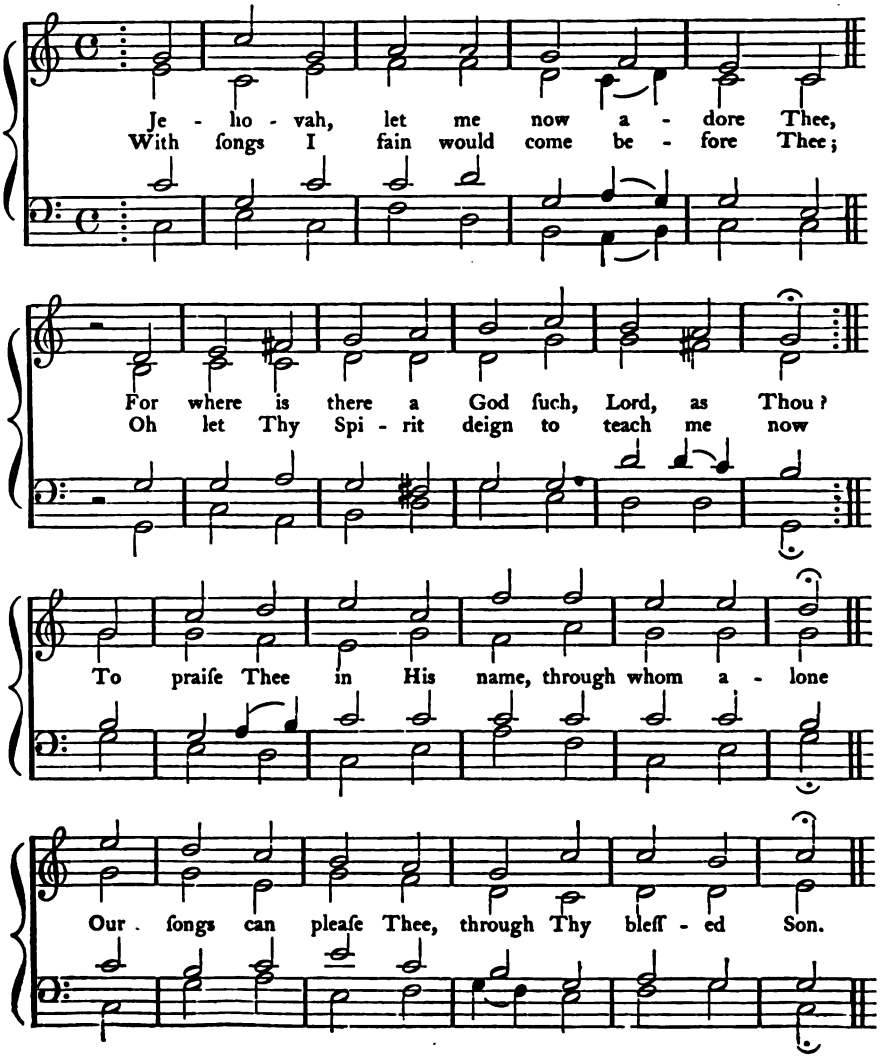
5

Help me, for I am weak; I fight,
Yet ſcarce can battle longer;
I cling but to Thy grace and might,
'Tis Thou muſt make me ſtronger;
When ſore temptations are my lot,
And tempeſts round me lower,
Break their power.
So, through deliverance wrought,
I know that Thou forſak'ſt me not!

(xxiii.—„Dir dir Jehovah will ich ſingen.")

117.

Original Tune.


Je - ho - vah, let me now a - dore Thee,
With ſongs I fain would come be - fore Thee;
For where is there a God ſuch, Lord, as Thou?
Oh let Thy Spi - rit deign to teach me now
To praiſe Thee in His name, through whom a - lone
Our ſongs can pleaſe Thee, through Thy bleſſ - ed Son.

2 Yes, draw me to the Son, O Father,
That ſo the Son may draw me up to Thee.
Let every power within me gather,
To own Thy ſway, O Spirit,—rule in me,
That ſo the peace of God may in me dwell,
And I may ſing for joy and praiſe Thee well.

3 Grant me Thy Spirit; then my praiſes
Will ſound aright, no jarring tone or word;
Sweet are the ſongs the heart then raiſes,
Then I can pray in truth and ſpirit, Lord;
Thy Spirit bears mine up on eagles' wing,
To join the pſalms the heavenly choirs now ſing.

4 For He can plead for me with ſighings
That are unutterable to lips like mine;
He bids me pray with earneſt cryings,
Bears witneſs with my ſoul that I am Thine,
Co-heir with Chriſt, and thus may dare to ſay,
O Abba, Father, hear me when I pray.

5 When thus Thy Spirit in me burneth,
And makes this cry to break from out my heart,
Thy heart, O Father, toward me yearneth,
And longs all precious bleſſings to impart,
Thy ready love rejoiceth to fulfil
The prayer breathed out according to Thy will.

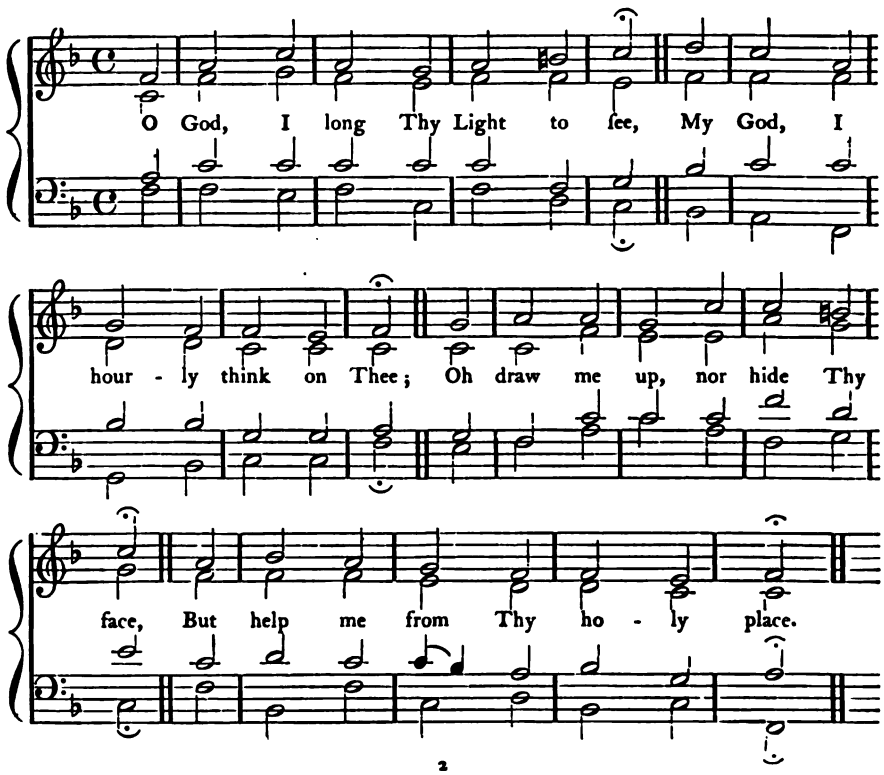
6 And what Thy Spirit thus hath taught me
To ſeek from Thee, muſt needs be ſuch a prayer
As Thou wilt grant, through Him who bought me,
And raiſed me up to be Thy child and heir;
In Jeſu's name fearleſs I ſeek Thy face,
And take from Thee, my Father, grace for grace.

7 O joy! our hope and truſt are founded
On His ſure Word, and witneſs in the heart;
I know Thy mercies are unbounded,
And all good gifts Thou freely wilt impart,
Nay, more is laviſh'd by Thy bounteous hand,
Than we can aſk or ſeek or underſtand.

8 O joy! In His name we draw near Thee,
Who ever pleadeth for the ſons of men;
I aſk in faith and Thou wilt hear me,
In Him Thy promiſes are all Amen.
O joy for me! and praiſe be ever Thine,
Whoſe wondrous love has made ſuch bleſſings mine!

(Index of Tunes, XXXVII.)

118.

Tune.—" Lord Jeſus Chriſt, be preſent now."

2

As toward her ſun the ſunflower turns,
Towards Thee, my Sun, my ſpirit yearns;
Oh would that free from ſin I might
Thus follow evermore Thy Light!

3

But ſin hath ſo within me wrought,
Such deadly ſickneſs on me brought,
My languid ſoul ſits drooping here
And cannot reach the heavenly ſphere.

4

Ah how ſhall I my freedom win?
How break this heavy yoke of ſin?
My fainting ſpirit thirſts for Thee,
Come, Lord, to help and ſet me free.

5

My heart is ſet to do Thy will,
But all my deeds are faulty ſtill;
My beſt attempts are nothing worth,
But ſoil'd with cleaving taint of earth.

6

Remember that I am Thy child,
Forgive whate'er my ſoul defiled,
Blot out my ſins, that I may riſe
Freely to Thee beyond the ſkies.

7

Help me to love the world no more,
Be Maſter of my houſe and ſtore,
The ſhield of faith around me throw,
And break the arrows of my foe.

8

Fain would my heart henceforward be
Fix'd, O my God, alone on Thee,
That heart and ſoul, by Thee poſſeſt,
May find in Thee their perfect reſt.

9

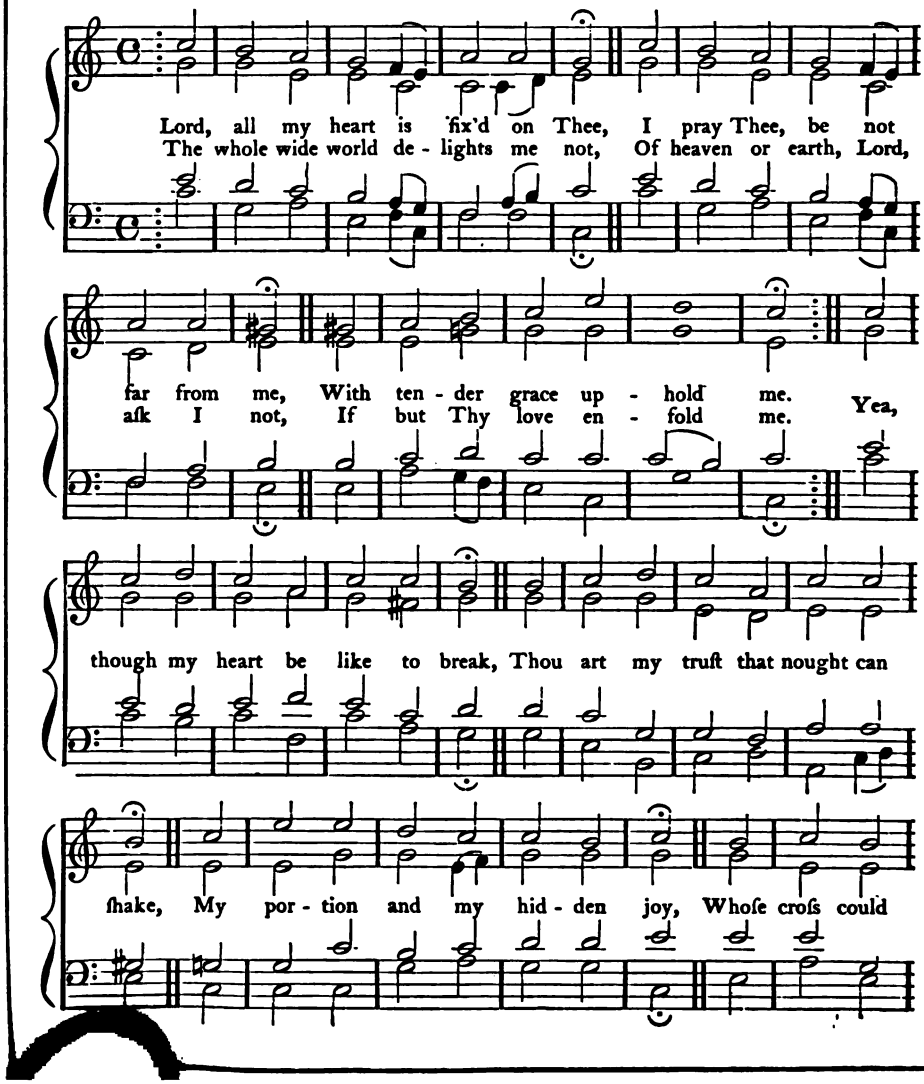
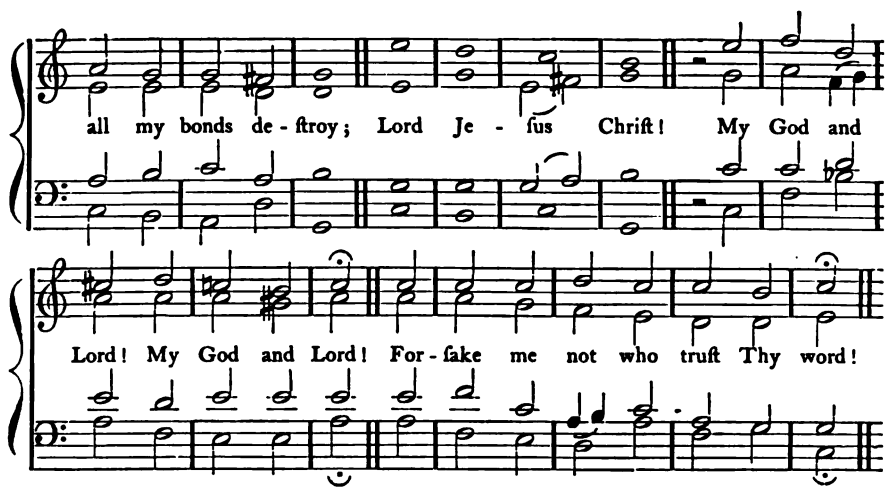
Begone, ye p'eaſures falſe and vain,
Untaſted, undeſired remain!
In heaven alone thoſe joys abound,
Where all my true delight is found.

10

Oh take away whate'er has ſtood
Between me and the Higheſt Good;
I aſk no better boon than this,
To find in God my only bliſs.

(xxxix.—„Herzlich lieb hab' ich Dich.")

119.

Original Tune.

Lord, all my heart is fix'd on Thee, I pray Thee, be not
The whole wide world de - lights me not, Of heaven or earth, Lord,
far from me, With ten - der grace up - hold me.
ask I not, If but Thy love en - fold me.
Yea,
though my heart be like to break, Thou art my truſt that nought can
ſhake, My por - tion and my hid - den joy, Whoſe croſs could

2

Rich are Thy gifts! 'Twas God that gave
Body and ſoul, and all I have
In this poor life of labour;
Oh grant that I may through Thy grace
Uſe all my powers to ſhow Thy praiſe,
And ſerve and help my neighbour;
From all falſe doctrine keep me, Lord;
All lies and malice from me ward;
In every croſs uphold Thou me,
That I may bear it patiently;
Lord Jeſus Chriſt!
My God and Lord! My God and Lord!
In death Thy comfort ſtill afford.

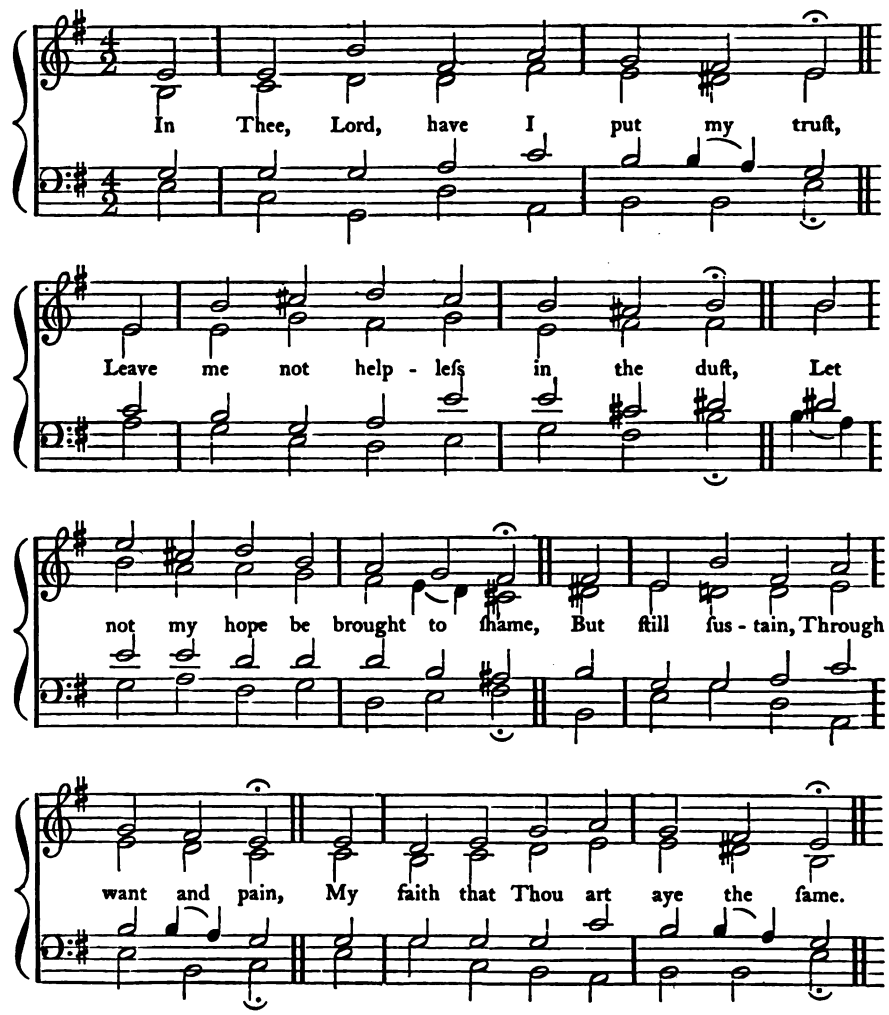
3

Ah Lord, let Thy dear angels come
At my laſt end, to bear me home,
That I may die unfearing;
And in its narrow chamber keep
My body ſafe in painleſs ſleep
Until my Lord's appearing;
And then from death awaken me,
That theſe mine eyes with joy may ſee,
O Son of God, Thy glorious face,
My Saviour, and my Fount of Grace!
Lord Jeſus Chriſt!
Receive my prayer, receive my prayer,
Thy love will I for aye declare.

(XLIX.—„ In Dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr.")

120.

Original Tune.


In Thee, Lord, have I put my truſt,
Leave me not help - leſs in the duſt, Let
not my hope be brought to ſhame, But ſtill ſus - tain, Through
want and pain, My faith that Thou art aye the ſame.

2

Incline a gracious ear to me,
And hear the prayers I raiſe to Thee,
Show forth Thy power and haſte to ſave!
For woes and fear
Surround me here,
Oh ſwiftly ſend the help I crave!

3

My God and Shield, now let Thy power
Be unto me a mighty tower,
Whence I may freely, bravely, fight
Againſt the foes
That round me cloſe,
For fierce are they and great their might.

4

Thy Word hath ſaid, Thou art my Rock,
The Stronghold that can fear no ſhock,
My help, my ſafety, and my life,
Howe'er diſtreſs
And dangers preſs;
What then ſhall daunt me in the ſtrife?

5

The world for me hath falſely ſet
Full many a ſecret ſnare and net,
Dark lies, deluſions ſweet and vain;
Lord, hear my prayers,
And break theſe ſnares,
And make my path before me plain.

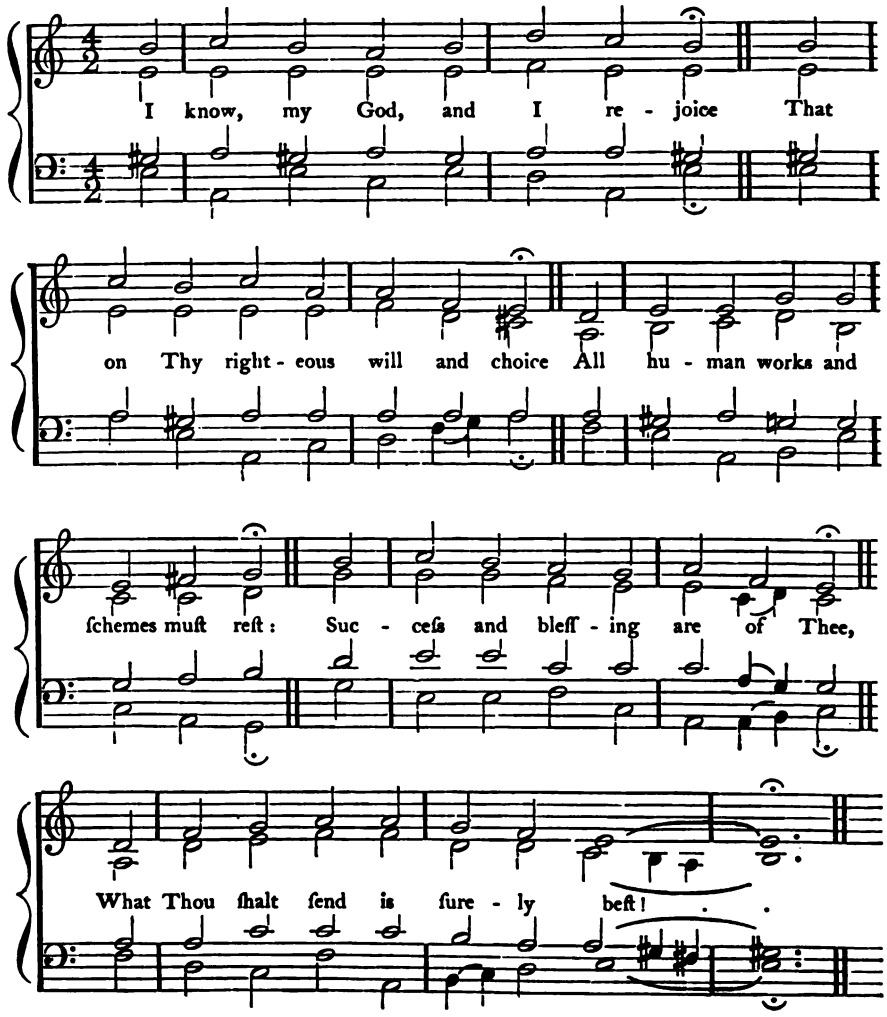
6

With Thee, Lord, would I caſt my lot;
My God, my God, forſake me not,
O faithful God, for I commend
My ſoul to Thee;
Deliver me
Both now, and when this life muſt end.

PRAYER.

(Index of Tunes, XVII.)

121.

Tune.—"When on the croſs the Saviour hung."

I know, my God, and I re - joice That
on Thy right - eous will and choice All hu - man works and
ſchemes muſt reſt: Suc - ceſs and bleſſ - ing are of Thee,
What Thou ſhalt ſend is ſure - ly beſt!

2

It ſtands not in the power of man
To bring to paſs the wiſeſt plan
So ſurely that it cannot fail;
Thy counſel, Higheſt, muſt enſure
That our poor wiſdom ſhall avail.

3

A man oft thinks within his breaſt,
That lot for him were ſurely beſt,
This, that his Father may ordain,
Were hurtful;—yet, behold, it proves
This is his bleſſing, that his bane.

4

Then, O my Father, hear my cry,
Grant me true judgment from on high,
On my own will I would not build;
Be Thou my Friend and Counſellor,
So what is beſt ſhall be fulfilled.

5

And if this work be Thine, oh bleſs
Our poor weak efforts with ſucceſs;
If not, deny it, change our mind,—
Whate'er Thou workeſt not will ſoon
Diſperſe like ſand before the wind.

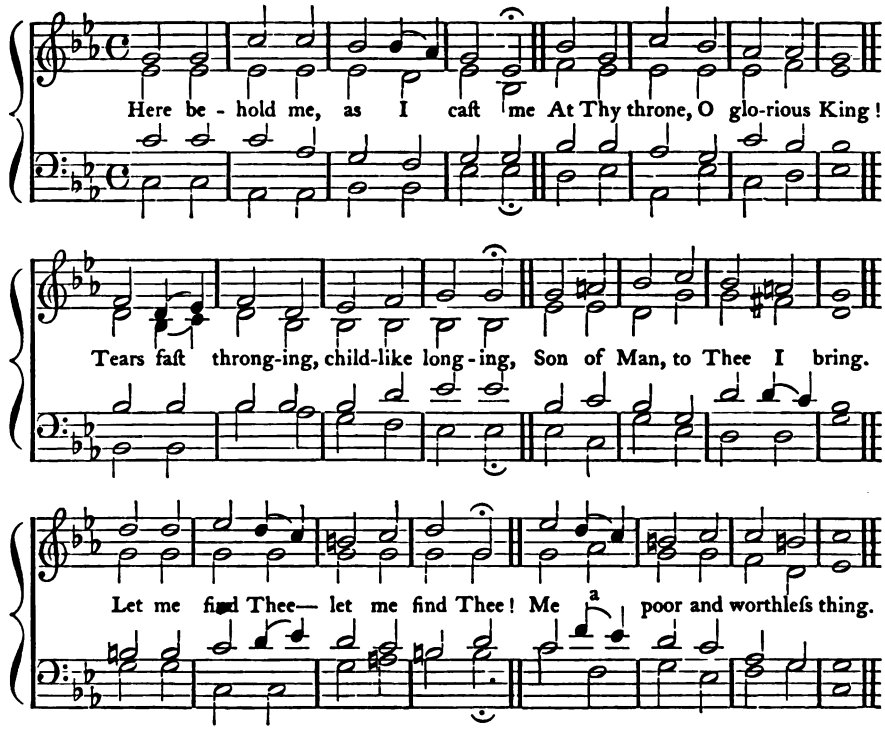
6

Grant us what is our trueſt good,
And not what pleaſes fleſh and blood;
Our inmoſt ſpirits do Thou prove,
Our higheſt aim, our beſt delight,
Shall be Thy glory and Thy love.

PRAYER.

(xcvi.—„Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehren-König.")

122.

Original Tune.

Here be - hold me, as I caſt me At Thy throne, O glo-rious King!
Tears faſt throng-ing, child-like long-ing, Son of Man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee— let me find Thee! Me poor and worthleſs thing.

2 Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
Thou haſt ſought me, Thou haſt bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
Take my heart and grant me Thine.

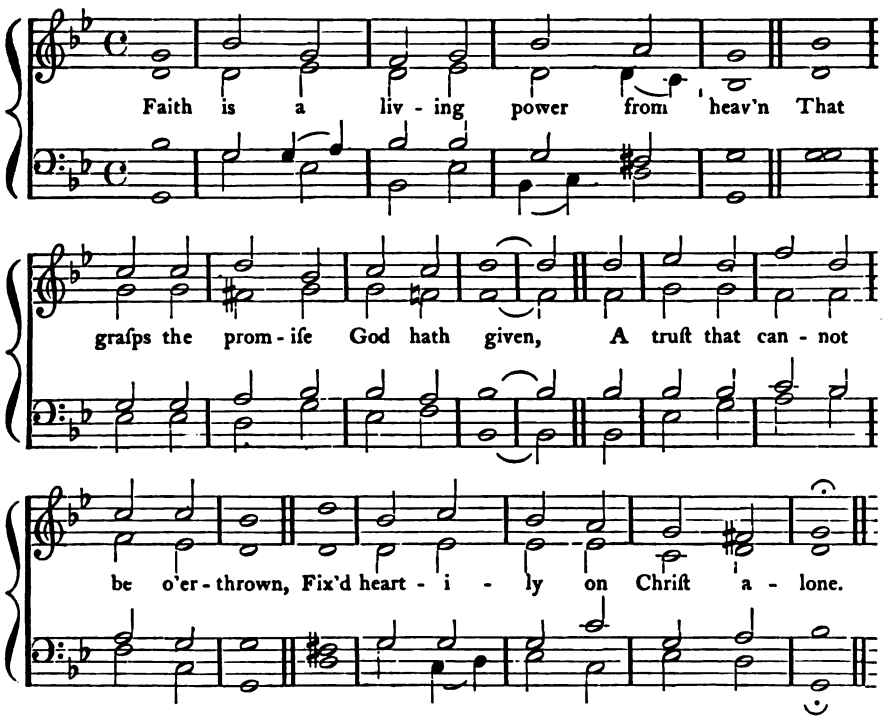
3 Nought I aſk for, nought I ſtrive for,
But Thy grace ſo rich and free,
That Thou giveſt whom Thou loveſt,
And who truly cleave to Thee;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.

4 Earthly treaſure, mirth and pleaſure,
Glorious name, or richeſt hoard,
Are but weary, void and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God;
Let me find Thee—let me find Thee!
I am ready, mighty Lord.

(Index of Tunes, XXVII.)

123.

Tune.—"Lord, keep us ſteadfaſt in Thy Word."


Faith is a liv - ing power from heav'n That
graſps the prom - iſe God hath given, A truſt that can - not
be o'er - thrown, Fix'd heart - i - ly on Chriſt a - lone.

2 Faith finds in Chriſt whate'er we need
To ſave or ſtrengthen us indeed,
Receives the grace He ſends us down,
And makes us ſhare His croſs and crown.

3 Faith in the conſcience worketh peace,
And bids the mourner's weeping ceaſe;
By Faith the children's place we claim,
And give all honour to One Name.

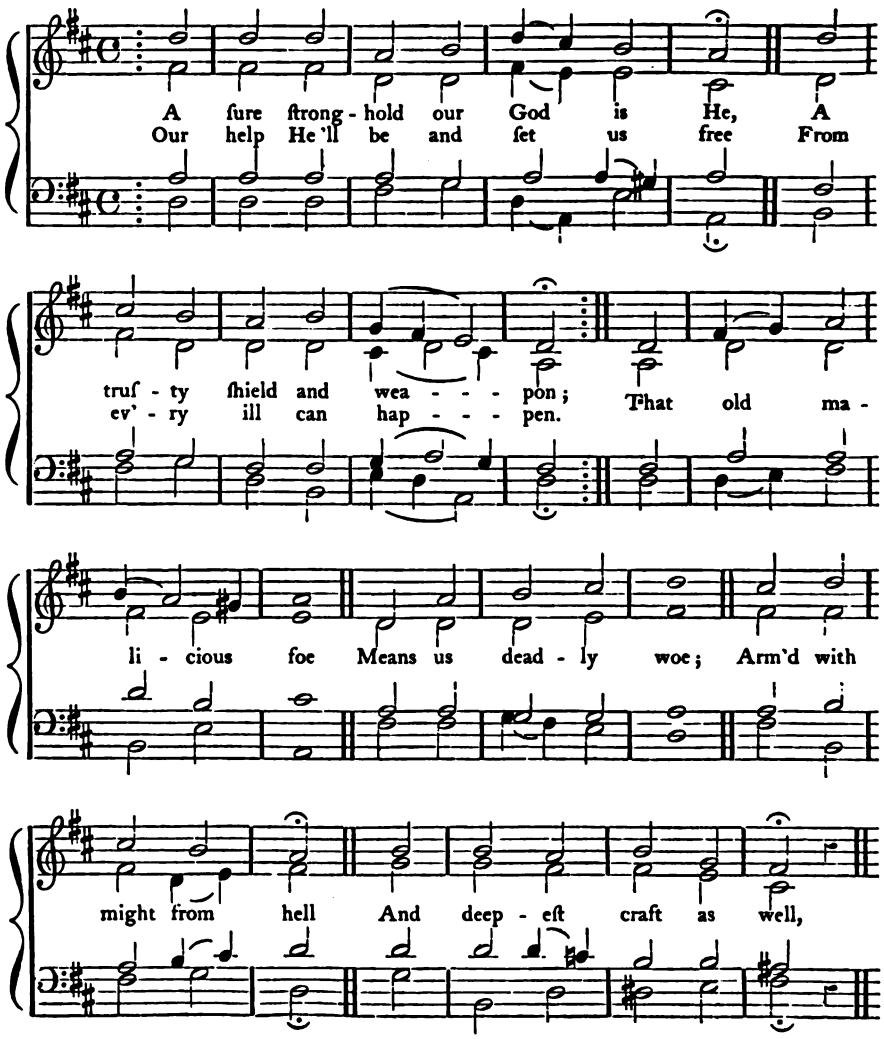
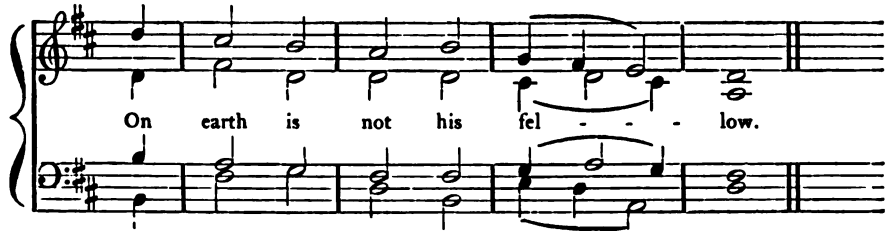
4 Faith feels the Spirit's kindling breath
In love and hope that conquer death;
Faith worketh hourly joy in God,
And truſts and bleſſes e'en the rod.

5 We thank Thee then, O God of heaven,
That Thou to us this faith haſt given
In Jeſus Chriſt Thy Son, who is
Our only Fount and Source of bliſs.

6 Now from His fulneſs grant each ſoul
The rightful faith's true end and goal,
The bleſſedneſs no foes deſtroy,
Eternal love and light and joy.

(XXVI.—„Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott.")

124.

Original Tune.

A ſure ſtrong - hold our God is He, A
Our help He 'll be and ſet us free From
truſ - ty ſhield and wea - - - pon;
ev' - ry ill can hap - - - pen.
That old ma -
li - cious foe Means us dead - ly woe; Arm'd with
might from hell And deep - eſt craft as well,

2

Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we loſt for ever;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God ſent to deliver.
Aſk ye who this may be?
Jeſus Chriſt is He,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
Sole God to be adored—
'T is He muſt win the battle.

3

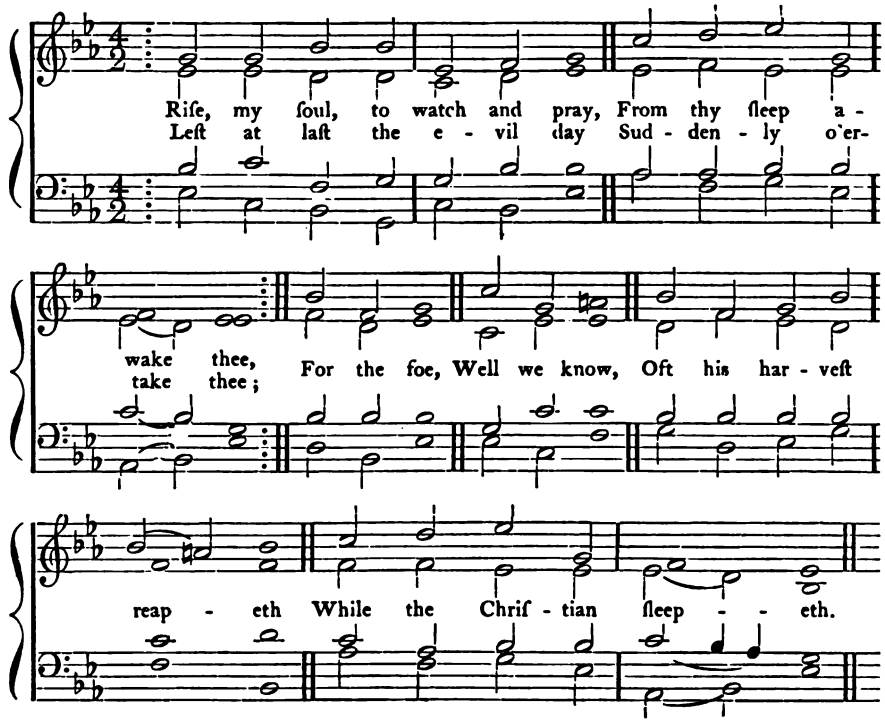
And were the world with devils fill'd,
All eager to devour us,
Our ſouls to fear ſhould little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Harms us as of yore;
Look grim as he may,
Doom'd is his ancient ſway,
A word can overthrow him.

4

Still ſhall they leave that Word His might,
And yet no thanks ſhall merit;
Still is He with us in the fight,
By His good gifts and Spirit.
E'en ſhould they take our life,
Wealth, name, child, or wife—
Though all theſe be gone,
Yet nothing have they won,
God's kingdom ours abideth!

(Index of Tunes, XCVII.)

125.

Tune.—"Not in anger, Mighty God."

Riſe, my ſoul, to watch and pray, From thy ſleep a-
Left at laſt the e - vil day Sud - den - ly o'er-
wake thee,
take thee;
For the foe, Well we know, Oft his har - veſt
reap - eth While the Chriſ - tian ſleep - - eth.

2

Wake and watch, or elſe thy night
Chriſt can ne'er enlighten;
Far off ſtill will ſeem the light
That thy path ſhould brighten;
God demands
Willing hands,
Hearts His love confeſſing,—
Such He fills with bleſſing.

3

Watch againſt the world that frowns
Darkly to diſmay thee;
Watch, when ſhe thy wiſhes crowns,
Smiling to betray thee;
Watch and ſee
Thou art free
From falſe friends that charm thee,
While they ſeek to harm thee.

4

Watch againſt thyſelf, my ſoul,
See thou do not ſtifle
Grace that ſhould thy thoughts control,
Nor with mercy trifle;
Pride and ſin
Lurk within,
All thy hopes to ſcatter;
Liſt not, when they flatter.

5

But while watching, alſo ſee
That thou pray unceaſing,
For the Lord muſt make thee free,
Strength and faith increaſing,
So to do
Service true;
Let not ſloth enſlave thee,
Pray, and He will ſave thee.

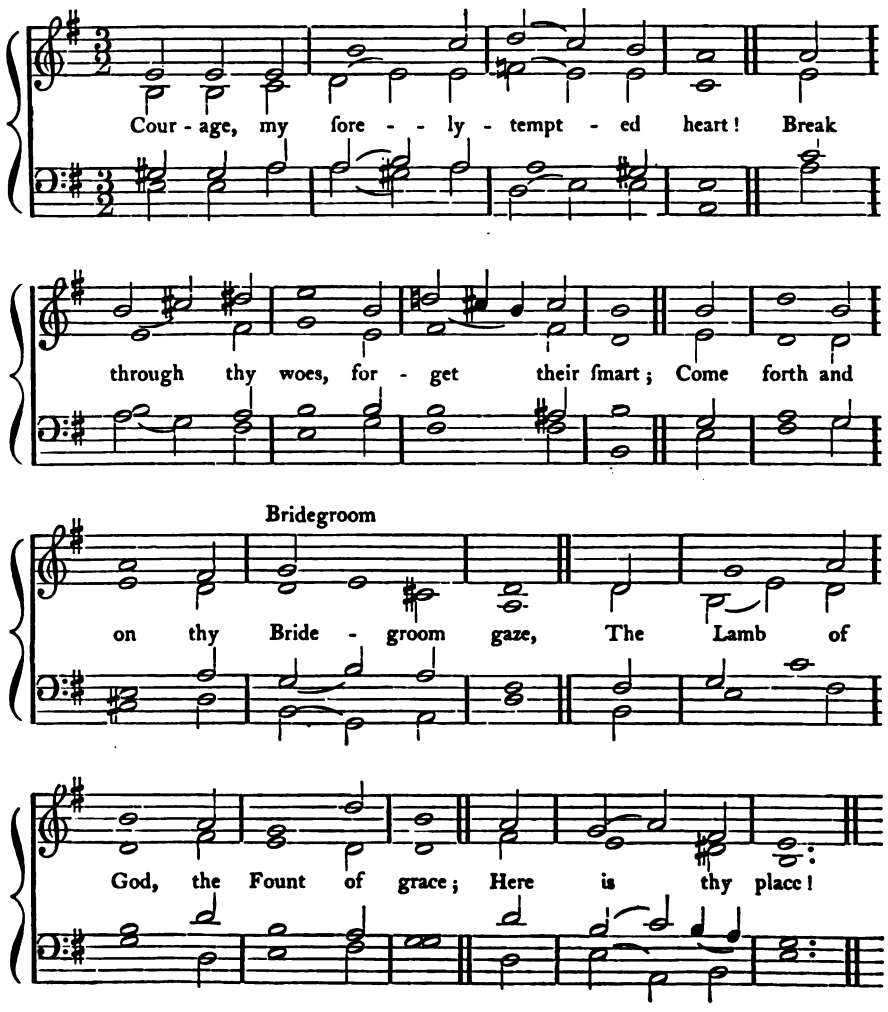
6

Courage then, for He will give
All that we are needing,
Through the Son, in whom we live,
Who for us is pleading.
Day by day
Watch and pray,
While the tempeſts lower,
Till He comes with power.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND RESOLVE.

(Index of Tunes, XXVIII.)

126.

Tune.—" Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the ſkies."

Cour - age, my ſore - - ly - tempt - ed heart! Break
through thy woes, for - get their ſmart; Come forth and
Bridegroom
on thy Bride - groom gaze, The Lamb of
God, the Fount of grace; Here is thy place!

2

His arms are open, thither flee!
There reſt and peace are waiting thee,
The deathleſs crown of righteouſneſs,
The entrance to eternal bliſs;
He gives thee this!

3

Then combat well, of nought afraid,
For thus His follower thou art made,
Each battle teaches thee to fight,
Each foe to be a braver knight,
Arm'd with His might.

4

If ſtorms of fierce temptation riſe,
Unmoved I'll face the frowning ſkies;
If but the heart is true indeed,
Chriſt will be with me in my need,—
His own could bleed.

5

I flee away to Thy dear croſs,
For hope is there for every loſs,
Healing for every wound and woe,
There all the ſtrength of love I know,
And feel its glow.

6

Before the Holy One I fall,
The Eternal Sacrifice for all;
His death has freed us from our load,
Peace on the anguiſh'd ſoul beſtow'd,
Brought us to God.

7

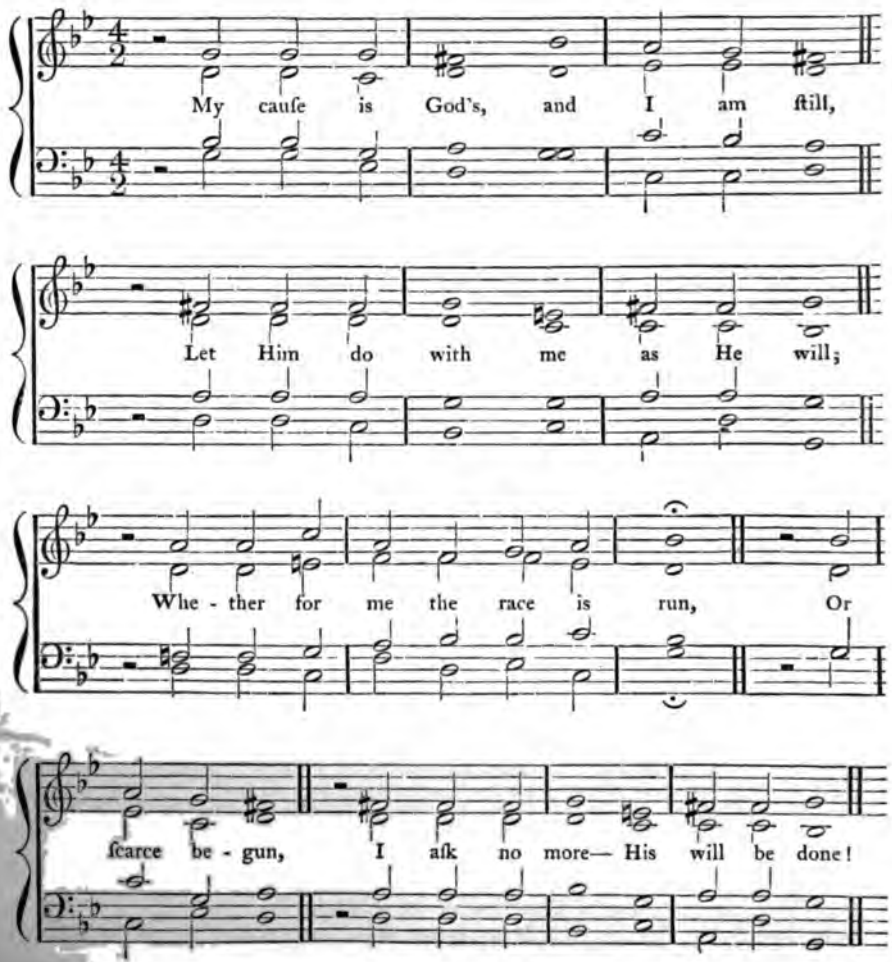
How then ſhould I go mourning on?
I look to Thee,—my fears are gone,
With Thee is reſt that cannot ceaſe,
For Thou haſt wrought us full releaſe,
And made our peace.

8

Thy word hath ſtill its glorious powers,
The nobleſt chivalry is ours;
O Thou, for whom to die is gain,
I bring Thee here my all, oh deign
T'accept and reign!

(XLV.—„ Ich hab' mein' Sach' Gott heimgeſtellt.")

127.

Original Tune.

My cauſe is God's, and I am ſtill,
Let Him do with me as He will;
Whe - ther for me the race is run, Or
ſcarce be - gun, I aſk no more— His will be done!

2

My ſins are more than I can bear,
Yet not for this will I deſpair,
I know to death and to the grave
The Father gave
His deareſt Son, that He might ſave.

3

To Him I live and die alone,
Death cannot part Him from His own;
Living or dying, I am His
Who only is
Our comfort, and our gate of bliſs.

4

This is my ſolace, day by day,
When ſnares and death beſet my way,
I know that at the morn of doom
From out the tomb
With joy to meet Him I ſhall come.

5

Then I ſhall ſee God face to face,
I doubt it not, through Jeſu's grace,
Amid the joys prepared for me!
Thanks be to Thee
Who giveſt us the victory!

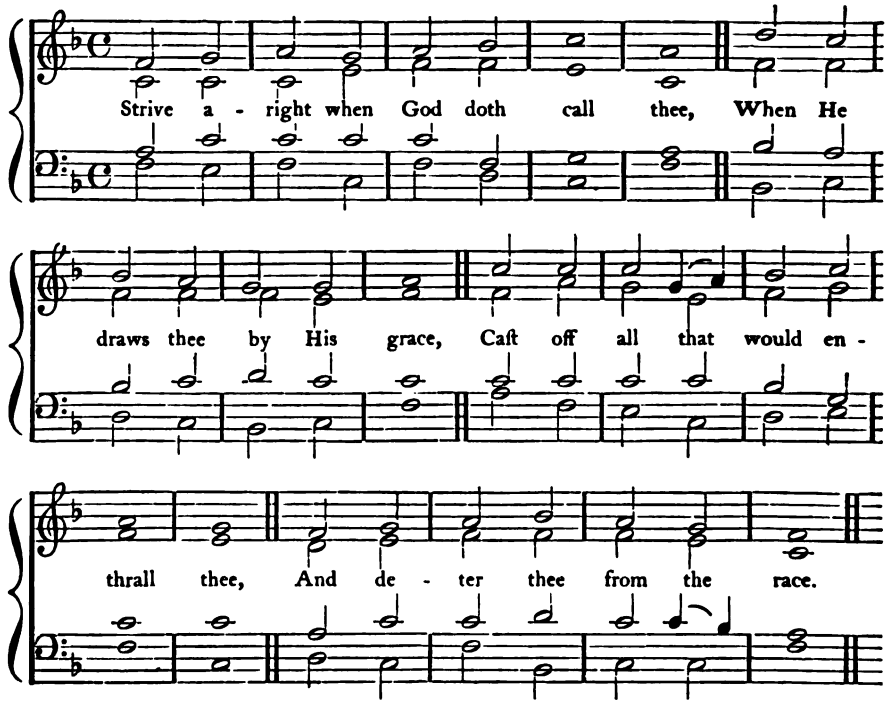
6

Amen, dear God! now ſend us faith,
And at the laſt a happy death;
And grant us all ere long to be
In heaven with Thee,
To praiſe Thee there eternally.

(XCIII.—„Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade.")

128.

Original Tune.


Strive a - right when God doth call thee, When He
draws thee by His grace, Caſt off all that would en -
thrall thee, And de - ter thee from the race.

2 **Wreſtle, till thy zeal is burning**
And thy love is glowing warm,
All that earth can give thee ſpurning:—
Half love will not bide the ſtorm.

3 **Combat, though thy life thou giveſt,**
Storm the kingdom, but prevail;
Let not him with whom thou ſtriveſt
Ever make thee faint or quail.

4 **Perfect truth will never waver,**
Wars with evil day and night,
Changes not for fear or favour,
Only cares to win the fight.

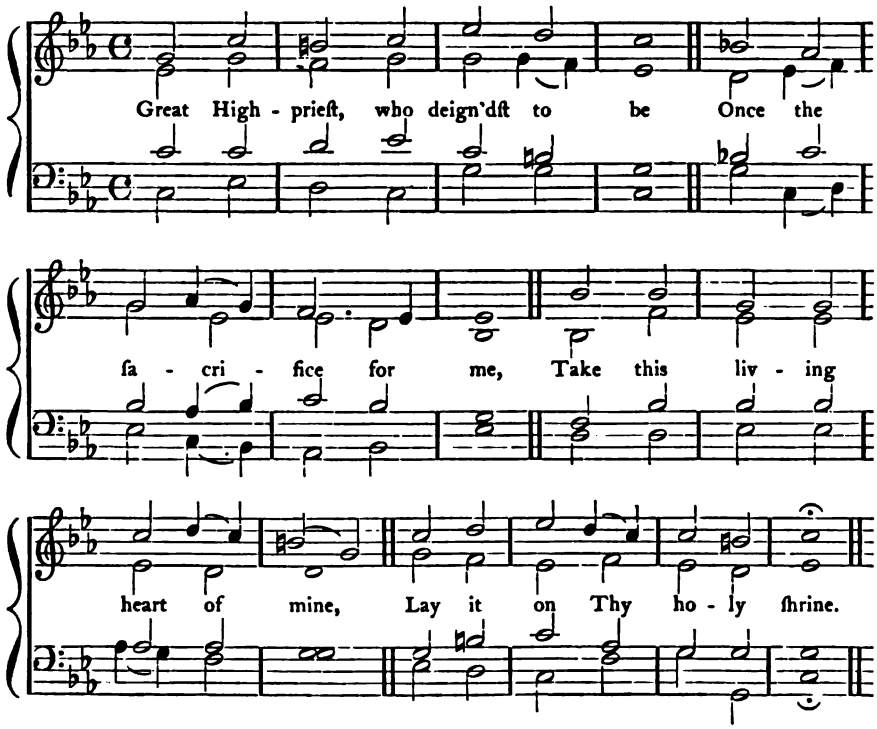
5 Perfect truth will love to follow
Watchfully our Maſter's ways;
Seeks not comfort poor and hollow,
Looks not for reward or praiſe.

6 Perfect truth from worldly pleaſure,
Worldly turmoil, ſtands apart;
For in heaven is hid our treaſure,
There muſt alſo be the heart.

7 Soldiers of the Croſs, take courage!
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain;
Daily conquering ſin and ſorrow,
Till our King o'er earth ſhall reign.

(XLIII.—„Höchſter Prieſter, der Du Dich.")

129.

Original Tune.

2

Love I know accepteth nought,
Save what Thou, O Love, haſt wrought;
Offer Thou my ſacrifice,
Elſe to God it cannot riſe.

3

Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly ſenſe and paſſion kill,
Tear ſelf-love from out my heart,
Though it coſt me bitter ſmart.

4

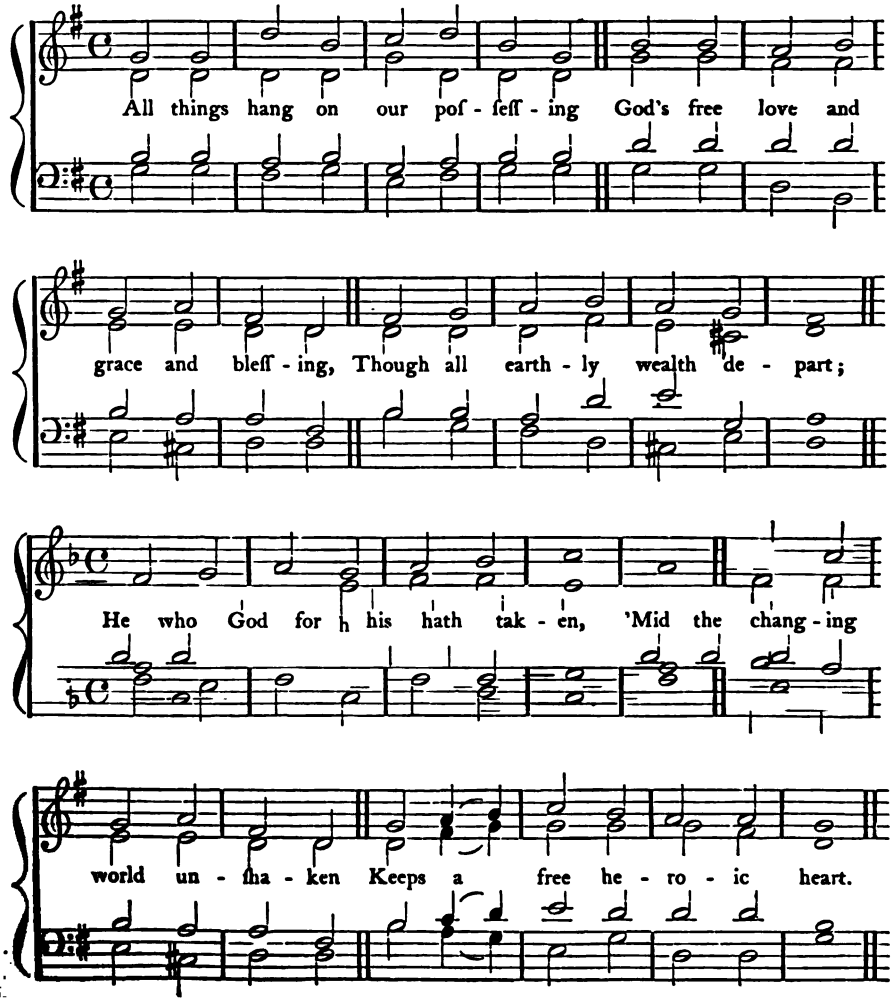
Kindle, Mighty Love, the pyre,
Quick conſume me in Thy fire,
Fain were I of ſelf bereft,
Nought but Thee within me left.

5

So may God, the Righteous, brook
On my ſacrifice to look,
In whoſe ſight no gift has worth
Save a Chriſt-like life on earth.

(VIII.—„Alles iſt an Gottes Segen.")

130.

Original Tune.

All things hang on our poſ - ſeſſ - ing God's free love and
grace and bleſſ - ing, Though all earth - ly wealth de - part;
He who God for his hath tak - en, 'Mid the chang - ing
world un - ſha - ken Keeps a free he - ro - ic heart.

2

He who hitherto hath fed me,
And to many a joy hath led me,
Is and ſhall be ever mine;
He who did ſo gently ſchool me,
He who ſtill doth guide and rule me,
Will not leave me now to pine.

3

Shall I weary me with fretting
O'er vain trifles, and regretting
Things that never can remain?
I will ſtrive but that to win me
That can ſhed true reſt within me,
Reſt the world muſt ſeek in vain.

4

When my heart with longing ſickens,
Hope again my courage quickens,
For my wiſh ſhall be fulfill'd,
If it pleaſe His love moſt tender;
Life and ſoul I all ſurrender
Unto Him on whom I build.

5

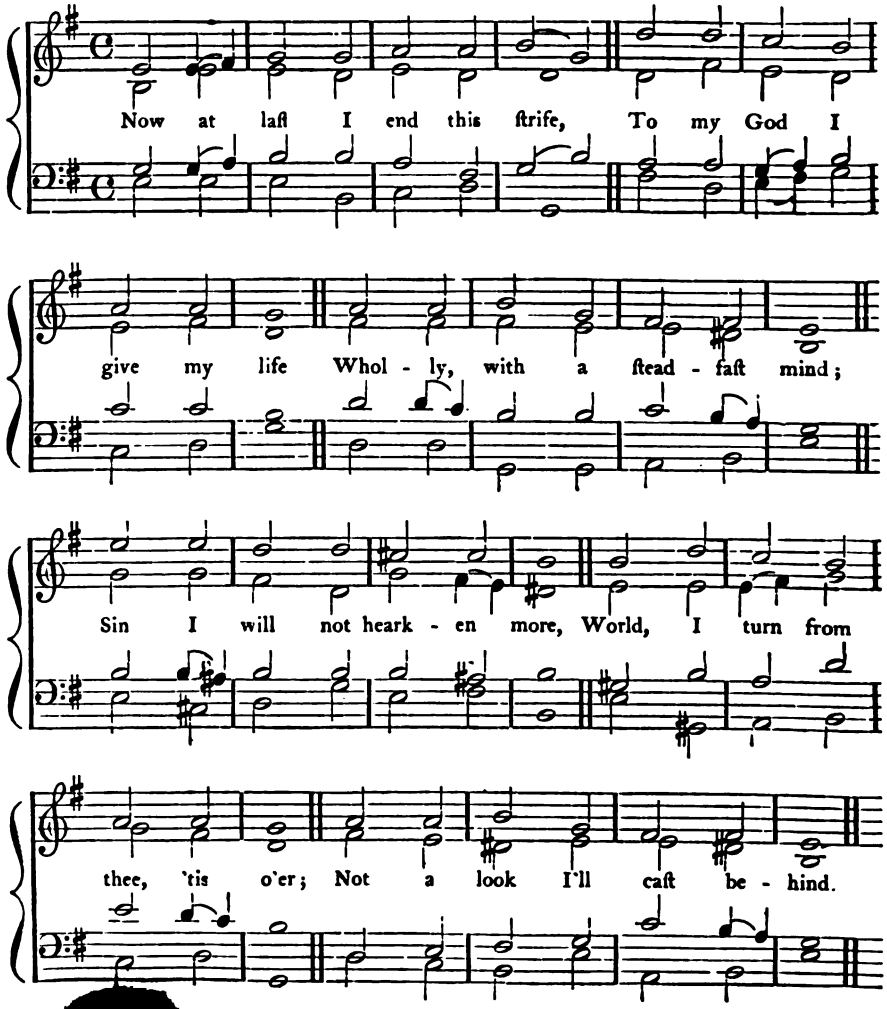
Well He knows how beſt to grant me
All the longing hopes that haunt me;
All things have their proper day;
I would dictate to Him never,
As God wills ſo be it ever,
When He wills I will obey.

6

If on earth He bids me linger,
He will guide me with His finger
Through the years that now look dim;
All that earth has fleets and changes
As a river onward ranges,
But I reſt in peace on Him.

(Index of Tunes, iv.)

131.

Tune.—"What ſhall I, a ſinner, do?"

Now at laſt I end this ſtrife, To my God I
give my life Whol - ly, with a ſtead - faſt mind;
Sin I will not heark - en more, World, I turn from
thee, 'tis o'er; Not a look I'll caſt be - hind.

2

Hath my heart been wavering long,
Have I dallied oft with wrong,
  Now at laſt I firmly ſay,—
All my will to this I give,
Only to my God to live,
  And to ſerve Him night and day.

3

Lord, I offer at Thy feet
All I have moſt dear and ſweet,
  Lo! I keep no ſecret hoard:
Try my heart, and lurks there aught
Falſe within its inmoſt thought,
  Take it hence this moment, Lord!

4

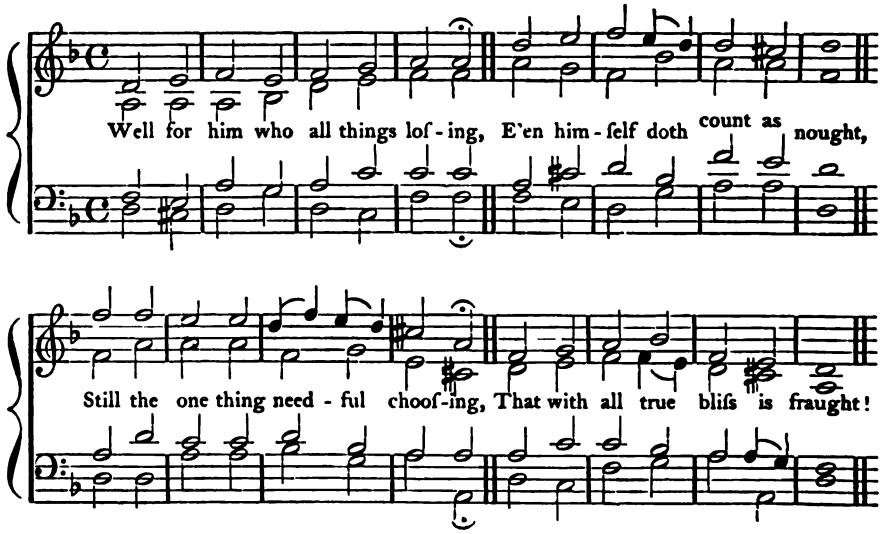
I will ſhun no toil or wo,
Where Thou leadeſt I will go,
  Be my pathway plain or rough;
If but every hour may be
Spent in work that pleaſes Thee,
  Ah, dear Lord, it is enough!

5

Thee I make my choice alone,
Make for ever, Lord, Thine own
  All my powers of ſoul and mind;
Here I give myſelf away,
Let the cov'nant ſtand for aye
  That my hand to-day hath ſign'd.

(LXXIX.—„O der Alles hätt' verloren.")

132.

Original Tune.

Well for him who all things loſ - ing, E'en him - ſelf doth count as nought,
Still the one thing need - ful chooſ-ing, That with all true bliſs is fraught!

2

Well for him who nothing knoweth
But his God, whoſe boundleſs love
Makes the heart wherein it gloweth
Calm and pure as ſaints above!

3

Well for him who all forſaking
Walketh not in ſhadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain!

4

Oh that we our hearts might ſever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him for ever
In whom all our fulneſs lies!

5

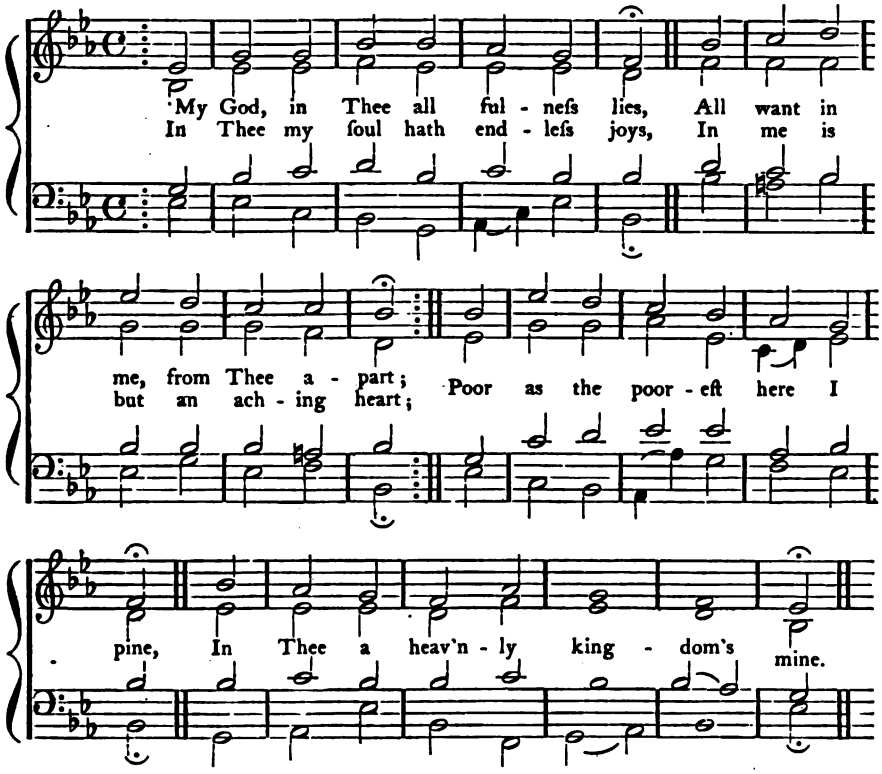
Oh that ne'er our eyes might wander
From our God, ſo might we ceaſe
Ever o'er our ſins to ponder,
And our conſcience be at peace!

6

Thou abyſs of love and goodneſs,
Draw us by Thy croſs to Thee,
That our ſenſes, ſoul, and ſpirit,
Ever one with Chriſt may be!

(Index of Tunes, LXIII.)

133.

Tune.—"Deal with me, God, in mercy now."

My God, in Thee all ful - neſs lies, All want in
In Thee my ſoul hath end - leſs joys, In me is
me, from Thee a - part; Poor as the poor - eſt here I
but an ach - ing heart;
pine, In Thee a heav'n - ly king - dom's mine.

2 Thou ſeeſt whatſoe'er I need,
Thou ſeeſt it, and pitieſt me;
Thy ſwift compaſſions hither ſpeed,
Ere yet my woes are told to Thee;
Thou heareſt, Father, ere we cry,
Shall I not ſtill before Thee lie?

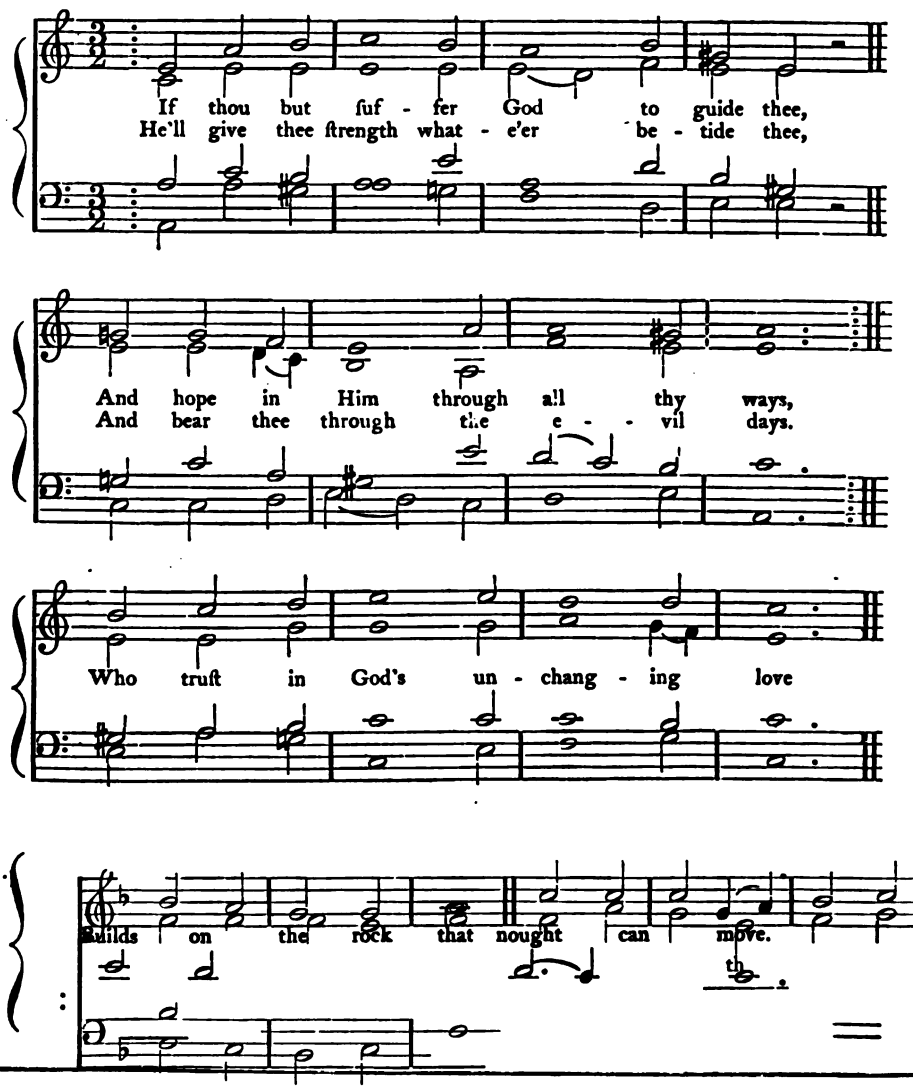
3 I leave to Thee whate'er is mine,
And in Thy will I calmly reſt;
I know that richeſt gifts are Thine,
Thou canſt and Thou wilt make me bleſt,
For Thou haſt promiſed, and our Lord
Will never break His promiſed word.

4 Thou lov'ſt me, Father, with the love
Wherewith Thou lovedſt Chriſt Thy Son,
And ſo a brightneſs from above
Still glads me though my tears may run,
For in Thy love I find and know
What all the world could ne'er beſtow.

5 Then I can let the world go by,
And yet be ſtill and reſt in Thee,
I ſit, I walk, I ſtand, I lie,
Thou ever watcheſt over me,
And when the yoke is preſſing ſore
I think, my God lives evermore!

(cxv.—„ Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.")

134.

Original Tune.

If thou but ſuf - fer God to guide thee,
He'll give thee ſtrength what - e'er be - tide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
And bear thee through the e - - vil days.
Who truſt in God's un - chang - ing love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2

What can theſe anxious cares avail thee,
  Theſe never-ceaſing moans and ſighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
  O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our croſs and trials do but preſs
The heavier for our bitterneſs.

3

Only be ſtill and wait His leiſure
  In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleaſure
  And all-deſerving love hath ſent,
Nor doubt our inmoſt wants are known
To Him who choſe us for His own.

4

He knows the time for joy, and truly
  Will ſend it when He ſees it meet,
When He has tried and purged thee throughly
  And finds thee free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware
And makes thee own His loving care.

5

Nor think amid the heat of trial
  That God hath caſt thee off unheard,
That he whoſe hopes meet no denial
  Muſt ſurely be of God preferred;
Time paſſes and much change doth bring,
And ſets a bound to everything.

6

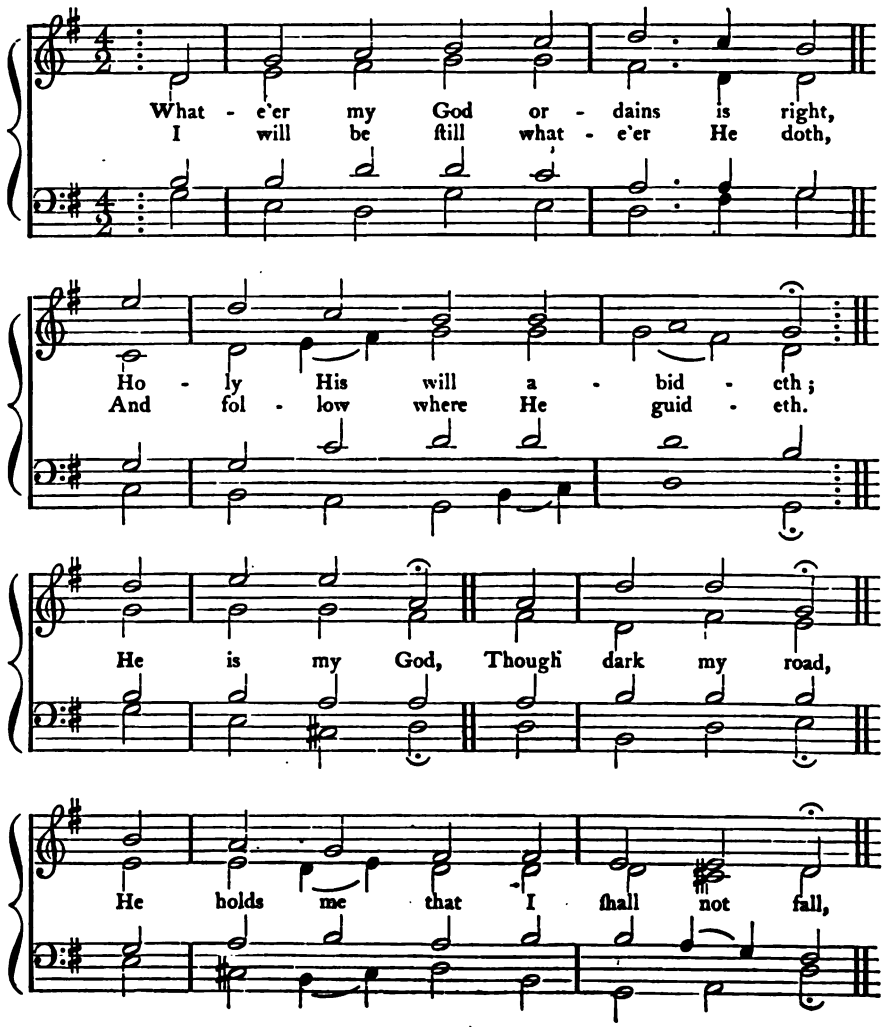
All are alike before the Higheſt.
  'Tis eaſy to our God, we know,
To raiſe thee up though low thou lieſt,
  To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders ſtill by Him are wrought
Who ſetteth up and brings to nought.

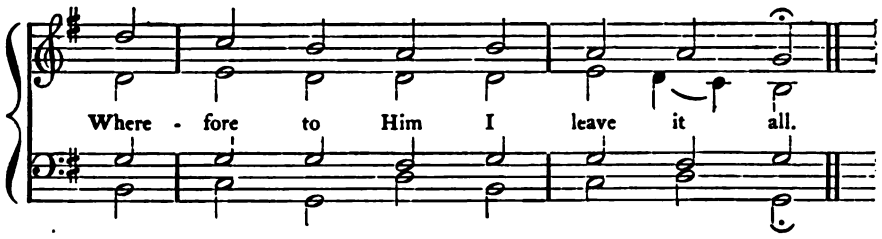
7

Sing, pray, and keep His ways unſwerving,
  So do thine own part faithfully,
And truſt His Word, though undeſerving,
  Thou yet ſhalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forſook at need
The ſoul that truſted Him indeed.

(CIX.—„Was Gott thut das iſt wohlgethan.")

135.

Original Tune.

What - e'er my God or - dains is right,
I will be ſtill what - e'er He doth,
Ho - ly His will a - bid - eth;
And fol - low where He guid - eth.
He is my God, Though dark my road,
He holds me that I ſhall not fall,



2 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know He will not leave me,
And take content
What He hath ſent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

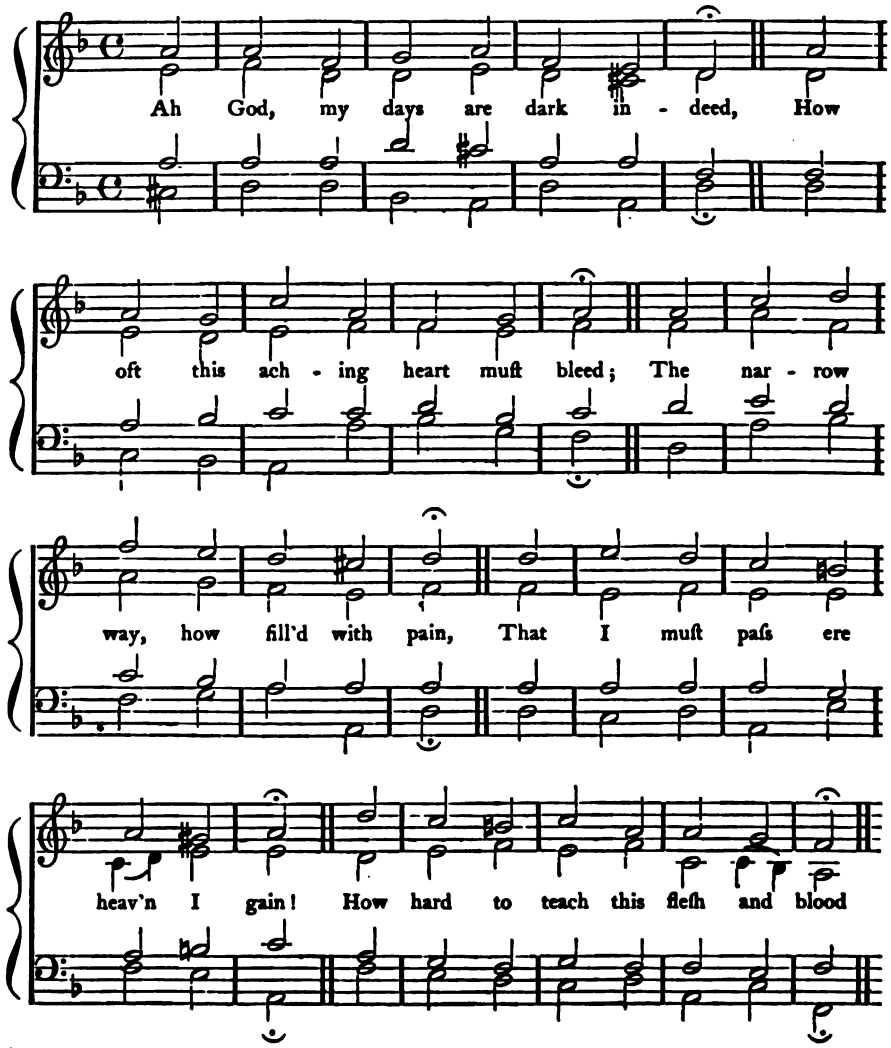
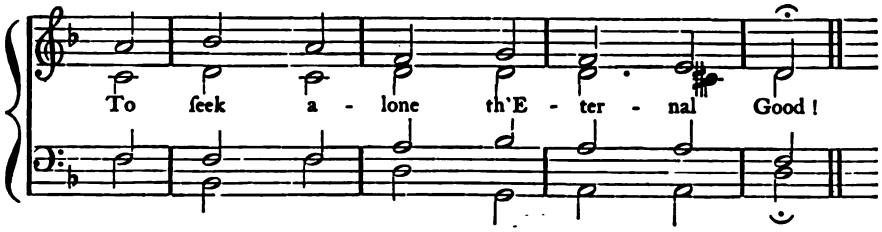
3 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
His loving thought attends me;
No poiſon'd draught the cup can be
That my Phyſician ſends me,
But medicine due;
For God is true,
And on that changeleſs truth I build,
And all my heart with hope is fill'd.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter ſeem to my faint heart,
I take it all unſhrinking;
Tears paſs away
With dawn of day,
Sweet comfort yet ſhall fill my heart,
And pain and ſorrow ſhall depart.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right,
Here ſhall my ſtand be taken;
Though ſorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forſaken,
My Father's care
Is around me there,
He holds me that I ſhall not fall,
And ſo to Him I leave it all.

(Index of Tunes, c.)

136.

Tune.—"Our Father, Thou in heaven above."

Ah God, my days are dark in - deed, How
oft this ach - ing heart muſt bleed; The nar - row
way, how fill'd with pain, That I muſt paſs ere
heav'n I gain! How hard to teach this fleſh and blood

2 Ah whither now for comfort turn?
For Thee, my Jeſus, do I yearn,
In Thee have I, howe'er diſtreſt,
Found ever counſel, aid, and reſt;
I cannot all forſaken be
While ſtill my heart can truſt in Thee.

3 Jeſus, my only God and Lord,
What ſweetneſs in Thy name is ſtored!
So dark and hopeleſs is no grief
But Thy ſweet Name can bring relief,
So keen no ſorrows' rankling dart
But Thy ſweet Name can heal my heart.

4 The world can ſhow no truth like Thine,
And therefore will I not repine;
I know Thou wilt forſake me not,
Thy truth is fix'd, though dark my lot;
Thou art my Shepherd, and Thy ſheep
From every real harm Thou wilt keep.

5 Jeſus, my boaſt, my light, my joy,
The treaſure nought can e'er deſtroy,
No words, no ſong that I can frame
Speak half the ſweetneſs of Thy name;
They only all its power ſhall prove
Whoſe hearts have learnt Thy faith and love.

6 How many a time I've ſadly ſaid,
Far better were it I were dead,
Far better ne'er the light to ſee
If I had not this joy in Thee;
For he who hath not Thee in faith,
His very life is merely death.

7 Jeſus, my Bridegroom and my crown,
If Thou but ſmile, the world may frown
In Thee lie depths of joy untold,
Far richer than her richeſt gold;
Whene'er I do but think of Thee,
Thy dews drop down and ſolace me;

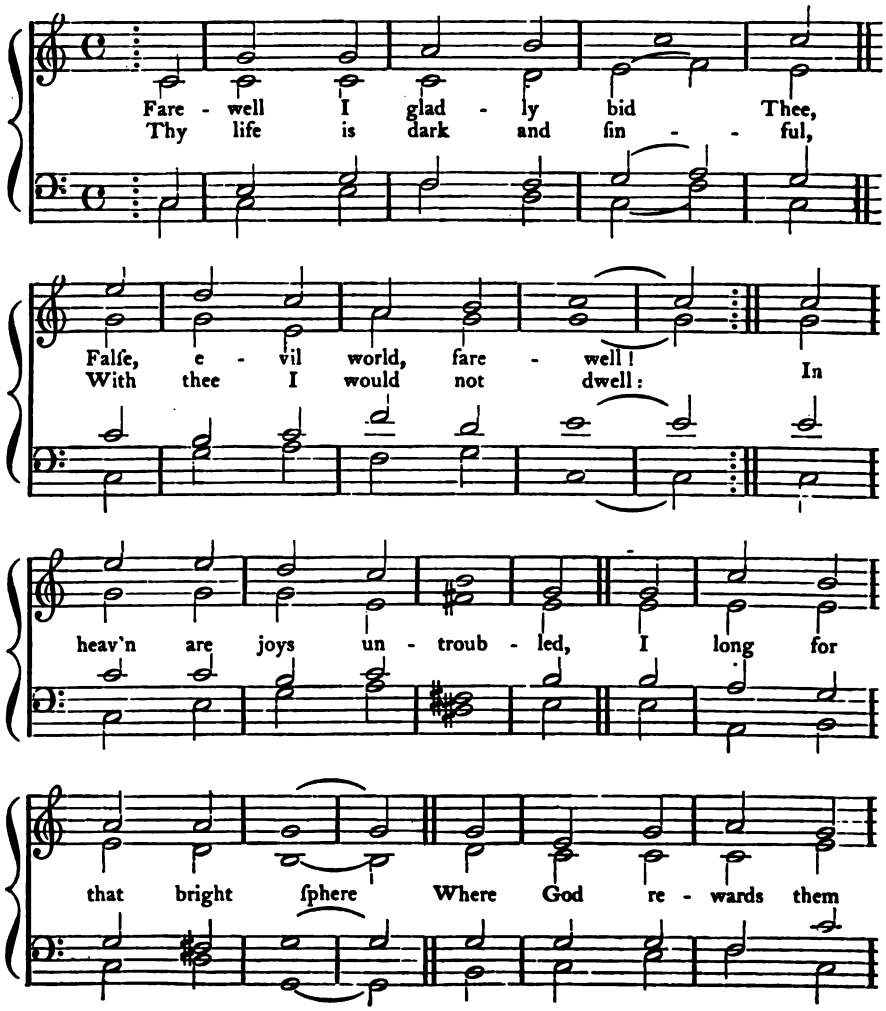
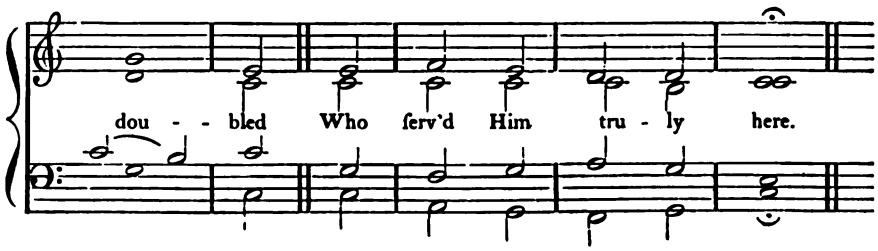
8 Whene'er I hope in Thee, my Friend
Thy comfort and Thy peace deſcend;
Whene'er in grief I pray and ſing,
I feel new courage in me ſpring;
Thy Spirit witneſſes that this
Is foretaſte of the eternal bliſs.

9 Then while I live this life of care
The croſs for Thee I'll gladly bear
Grant me a patient, willing mood,
I know that it ſhall work my good;
Help me to do my taſk aright,
That it may ſtand before Thy ſight:

10 Let me this fleſh and blood control,
From ſin and ſhame preſerve my ſoul,
And keep me ſteadfaſt in the faith,
Then I am Thine in life and death;
Jeſus, Conſoler, bend to me,
Ah would I were e'en now with Thee!

(XCIX.—„Valet will ich Dir geben.")

137.

Original Tune.

Fare - well I glad - ly bid Thee,
Thy life is dark and ſin - - ful,
Falſe, e - vil world, fare - well! In
With thee I would not dwell:
heav'n are joys un - troub - led, I long for
that bright ſphere Where God re - wards them

2 Do with me as it pleaſes
Thy heart, O Son of God;
When anguiſh on me ſeizes,
Help me to bear my load;
Nor then my ſorrows lengthen,
But take me hence on high;
My fearful heart, oh ſtrengthen,
And let me calmly die.

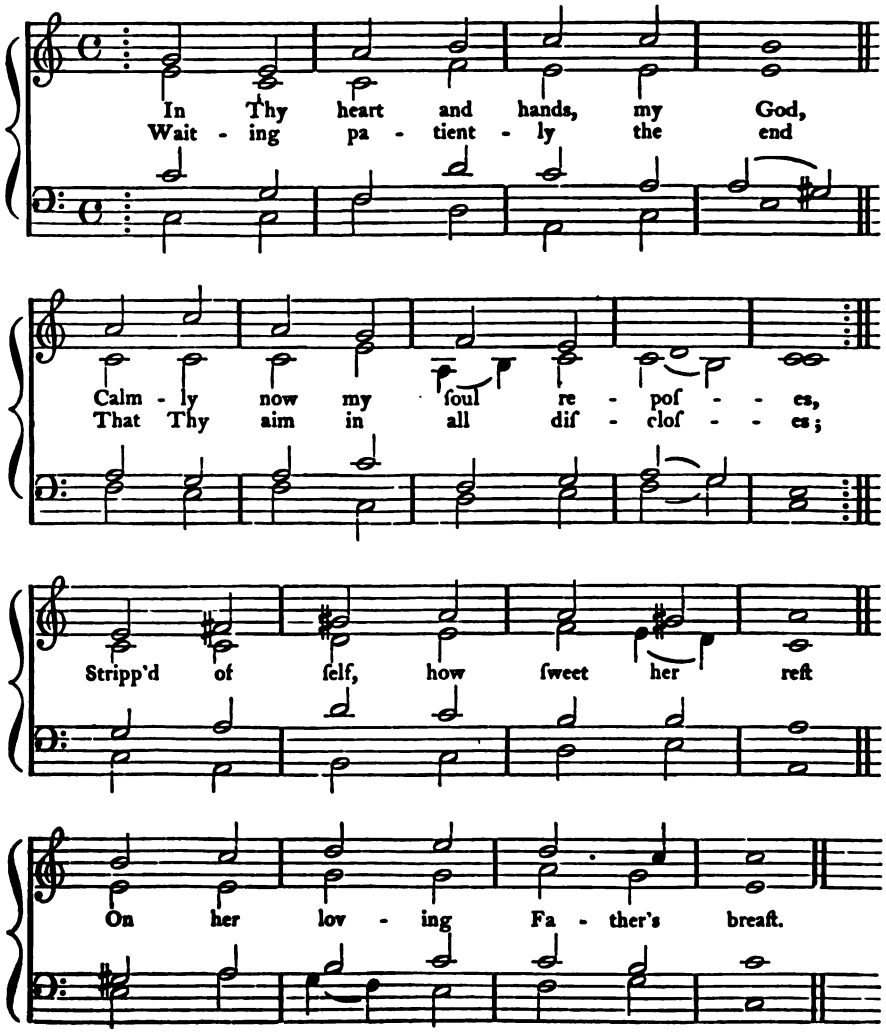
3 When all around is darkling,
Thy name and croſs, ſtill bright,
Deep in my heart are ſparkling,
Like ſtars in blackeſt night;
Appear Thou in Thy ſorrow,
For Thine was woe indeed,
And from Thy croſs I borrow
All comfort heart can need.

4 Thou diedſt for me,—oh hide me
When tempeſts round me roll;
Through all my foes, oh guide me,
Receive my trembling ſoul:
If I but graſp Thee firmer,
What matters pain when paſt?
Hath he a cauſe to murmur
Who reaches heaven at laſt?

5 Oh write my name, I pray Thee,
Now in the book of life;
So let me here obey Thee,
And there, where joys are rife,
For ever bloom before Thee,
Thy perfect freedom prove,
And tell, as I adore Thee,
How faithful was Thy love.

(Index of Tunes, LV.)

138.

Tune.—"Jeſus Chriſt, my ſure Defence."

In Thy heart and hands, my God,
Wait - ing pa - tient - ly the end
Calm - ly now my ſoul re - poſ - es,
That Thy aim in all diſ - cloſ - es;
Stripp'd of ſelf, how ſweet her reſt
On her lov - ing Fa - ther's breaſt.

2

And my ſoul repineth not,
Well content whate'er befall her;
Murmurs, wiſhes, of ſelf-will,
Doom'd to death, no more enthrall her;
Reſtleſs thoughts, that fret and crave,
Slumber in her Saviour's grave.

3

And my ſoul doth ceaſe from cares,
From the thoughts that ſore perplex us,
That deſtroy the inner peace,
For like ſharpeſt thorns they vex us;
He who made her careth well,
She but ſeeks in peace to dwell.

4

And my ſoul deſpaireth not,
Loves Him moſt when ſad and lonely;
Grief that wrings and breaks the heart
Comes to thoſe who hate Him only;
They who love Him ſtill poſſeſs
Comfort in their worſt diſtreſs.

5

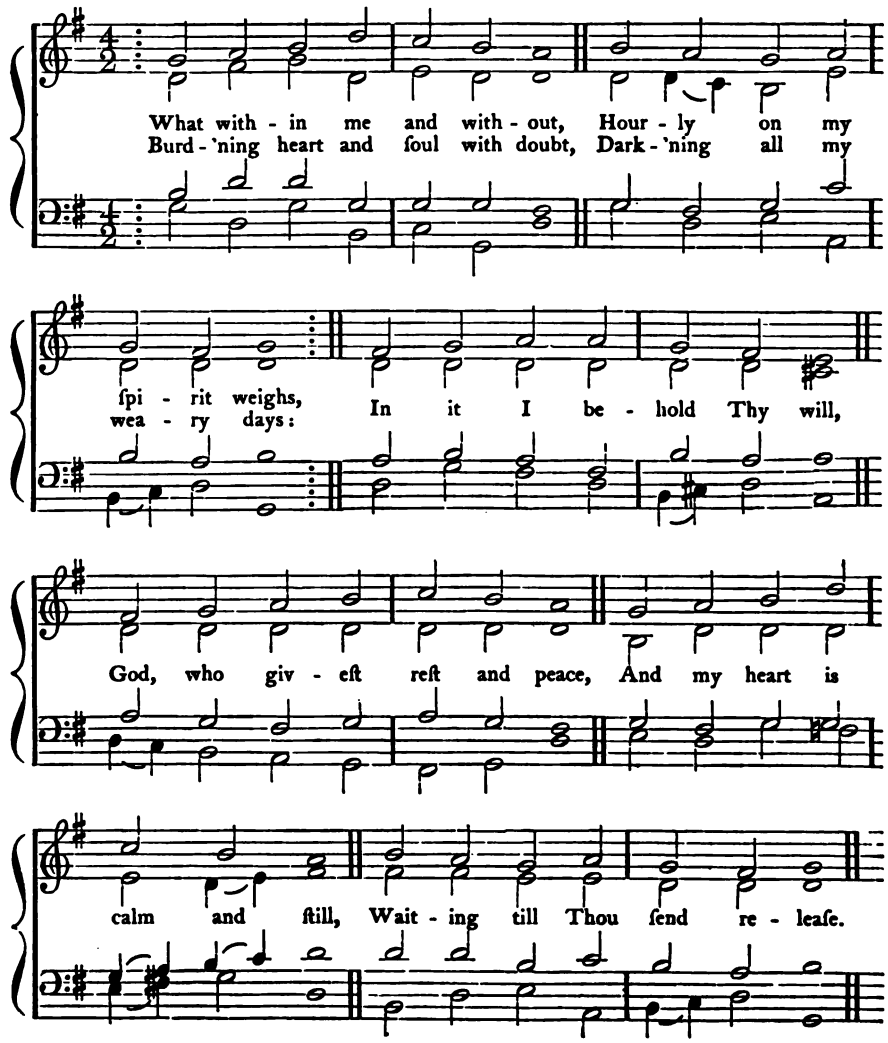
And my ſoul complaineth not,
For no pain or fears diſmay her,
Still ſhe clings to God in faith,
Truſts Him though He ſeem to ſlay her.
'T is when fleſh and blood repine,
Sun of joy, Thou canſt not ſhine.

6

Thus my ſoul is ſtill and waits,
Every murmuring word ſhe huſhes,
Conquering thus the pain or wrong
That the reſtleſs ſpirit cruſhes;
Like a ſilent ocean, bright
With her Maker's praiſe and light.

(Index of Tunes, LXXX.)

139.

Tune.—"Heart and heart together bound."

What with - in me and with - out, Hour - ly on my
Burd - 'ning heart and ſoul with doubt, Dark - 'ning all my
ſpi - rit weighs,
wea - ry days:
In it I be - hold Thy will,
God, who giv - eſt reſt and peace, And my heart is
calm and ſtill, Wait - ing till Thou ſend re - leaſe.

2

God! Thou art my rock of ſtrength,
And my home is in Thine arms,
Thou wilt ſend me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms.
Sin nor Death can pierce the ſhield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to Thee myſelf I yield,
And my ſorrows are Thine own.

3

Thou my ſhelter from the blaſt,
Thou my ſtrong defence art ever;
Though my ſorrows thicken faſt,
Yet I know Thou leav'ſt me never;
When my foe puts forth his might,
And would tread me in the duſt,
To this rock I take my flight,
And I conquer him through truſt.

4

When my trials tarry long,
Unto Thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and ſtrong,
Can my faith in Thee abate.
And this faith I long have nurſt,
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;
Thou my heart didſt open firſt,
Thou didſt ſet this hope in me.

5

Chriſtians! caſt on Him your load,
To your tower of refuge fly;
Know He is the Living God,
Ever to His creatures nigh.
Seek His ever-open door
In your hours of utmoſt need;
All your hearts before Him pour,
He will ſend you help with ſpeed.

6

But haſt thou ſome darling plan,
Cleaving to the things of earth?
Leaneſt thou for aid on man?
Thou wilt find him nothing worth.
Rather truſt the One alone
Whoſe is endleſs power and love,
And the help He gives His own
Thou in very deed ſhalt prove.

7

Yea, on Thee, my God, I reſt,
Letting life float calmly on,
For I know the laſt is beſt,
When the crown of joy is won.
In Thy might all things I bear,
In Thy love find bitters ſweet,
And with all my grief and care
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

8

O my ſoul, why art thou vex'd?
Let things go as e'en they will;
Though to thee they ſeem perplex'd,
Yet His order they fulfil.
Here He is Thy ſtrength and guard,
Power to harm thee here has none;
Yonder will He each reward
For the works he here has done.

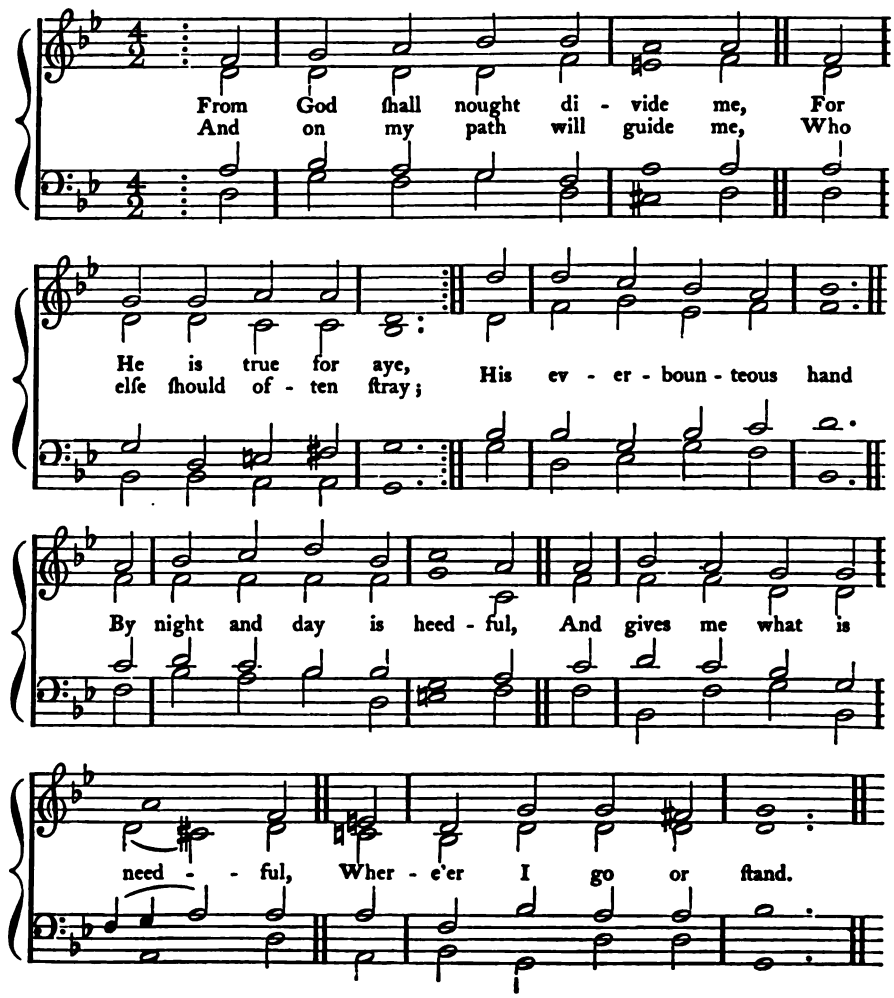
9

Let Thy mercy's wings be ſpread
O'er me, keep me cloſe to Thee,
In the peace Thy love doth ſhed,
Let me dwell eternally:
Be my All; in all I do
Let me only ſeek Thy will,
Where the heart to Thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and ſtill.

(CII.—„Von Gott will ich nicht laſſen.")

140.

Original Tune.


From God ſhall nought di - vide me, For
And on my path will guide me, Who
He is true for aye,
elſe ſhould of - ten ſtray;
His ev - er - boun - teous hand
By night and day is heed - ful, And gives me what is
need - - ful, Wher - e'er I go or ſtand.

2

If ſorrow comes, He ſent it,
In Him I put my truſt;
I never ſhall repent it,
For He is true and juſt,
And loves to bleſs us ſtill;
My life and ſoul, I owe them
To Him who doth beſtow them,
Let Him do as He will.

3

Whate'er ſhall be His pleaſure
Is ſurely beſt for me;
He gave His deareſt treaſure
That our weak hearts might ſee
How good His will t'ward us;
And in His Son He gave us
Whate'er could bleſs and ſave us;—
Praiſe Him who loveth thus!

4

Oh praiſe Him, for He never
Forgets our daily need;
Oh bleſt the hour whenever
To Him our thoughts can ſpeed;
Yea, all the time we ſpend
Without Him is but waſted,
Till we His joy have taſted,
The joy that hath no end.

5

For when the world is paſſing
With all its pomp and pride,
All we were here amaſſing
No longer may abide;
But in our earthy bed,
Where ſoftly we are ſleeping,
God hath us in His keeping,
To wake us from the dead.

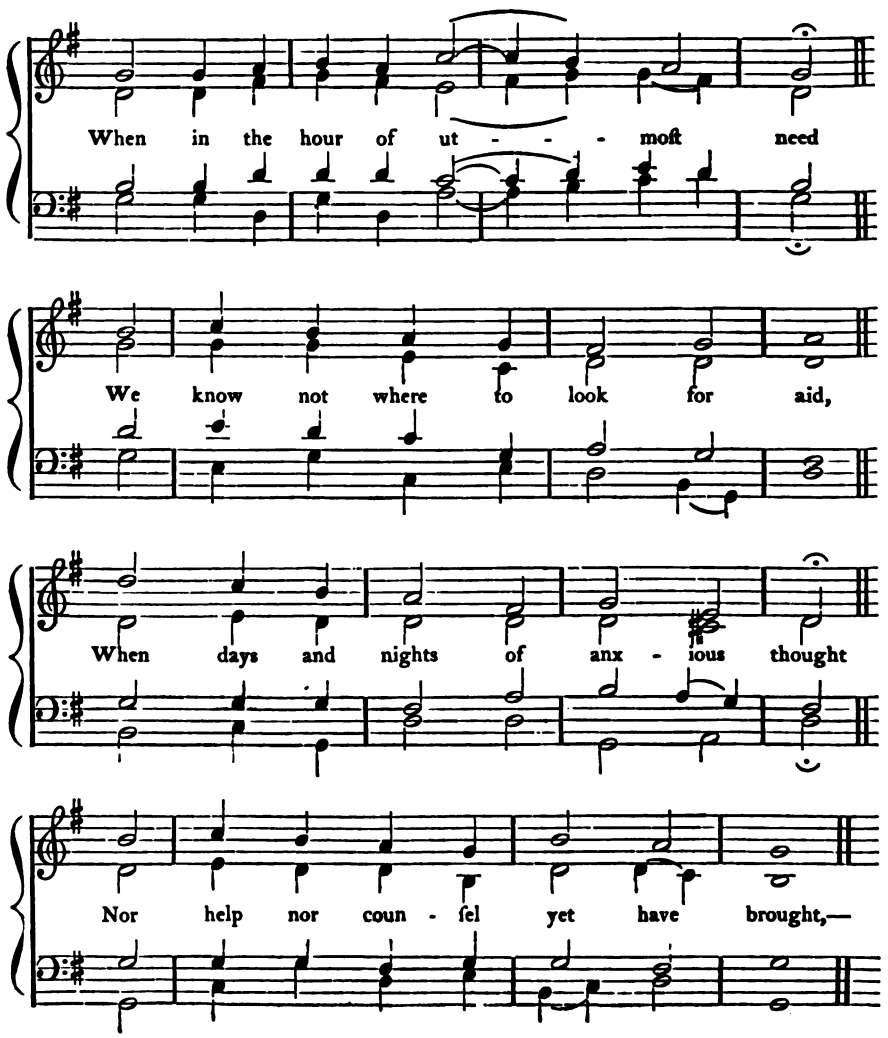
6

Then though on earth I ſuffer
Much trial, well I know
I merit ways ſtill rougher,
And 'tis to heaven I go;
For Chriſt I know and love,
To Him I now am haſting,
And gladneſs everlaſting
With Him this heart ſhall prove

7

For ſuch His will who made us,
The Father ſeeks our good;
The Son hath grace to aid us,
And ſave us by His blood;
His Spirit rules our ways,
By faith in us abiding,
To heaven our footſteps guiding;
To Him be thanks and praiſe.

(XCI. Pſalm 140, Goudimel.
„Wenn wir in höchſten Nöthen ſeyn.")

141.

When in the hour of ut - - - moſt need
We know not where to look for aid,
When days and nights of anx - ious thought
Nor help nor coun - ſel yet have brought,—

2

Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For reſcue from our miſery:

3

To Thee may raiſe our hearts and eyes,
Repenting ſore with bitter ſighs,
And ſeek Thy pardon for our ſin,
And reſpite from our griefs within:

4

For Thou haſt promiſed graciouſly
To hear all thoſe who cry to Thee,
Through Him whoſe Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

5

And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay,
For tried, forſaken, lo! we ſtand,
Perils and foes on every hand.

6

Ah! hide not for our ſins Thy face,
Abſolve us through Thy boundleſs grace,
Be with us in our anguiſh ſtill,
Free us at laſt from every ill,

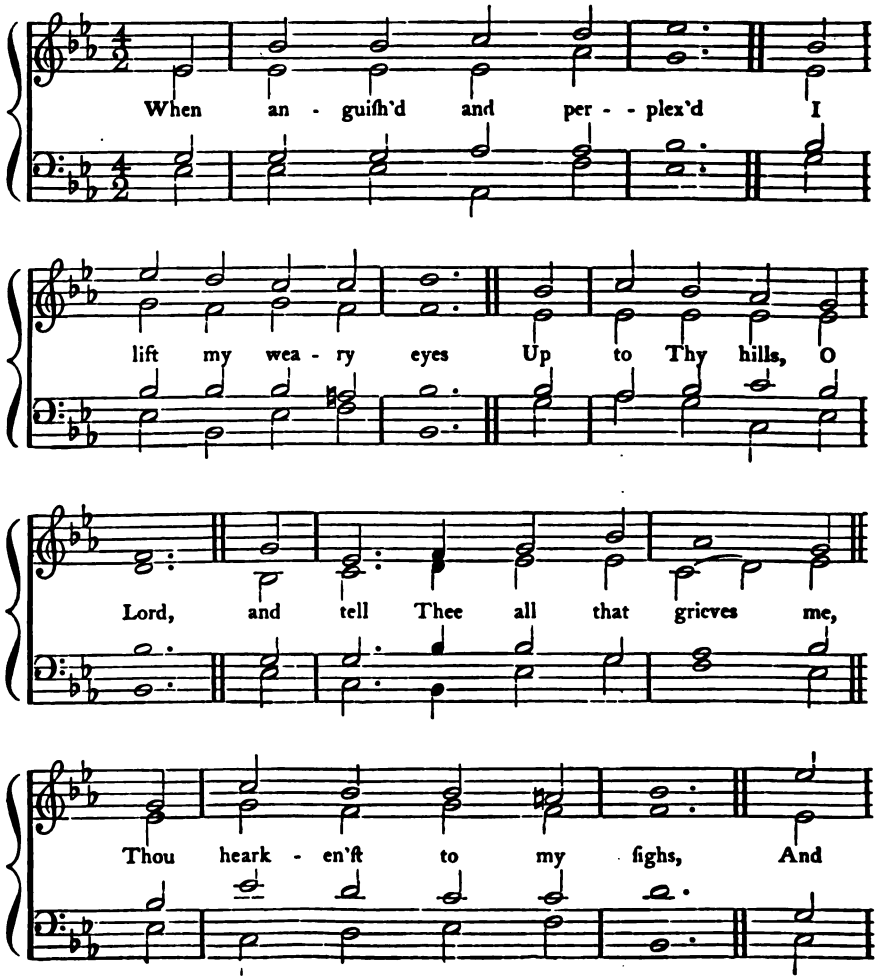
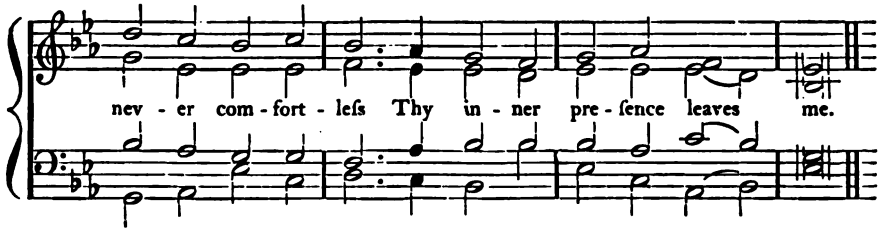
7

That ſo with all our hearts we may
Once more our glad thankſgivings pay,
And walk obedient to Thy word,
And now and ever praiſe the Lord.

(CXI.—„Wenn ich in Angſt und Noth.")

142.

Original Tune.


When an - guiſh'd and per - - plex'd I
lift my wea - ry eyes Up to Thy hills, O
Lord, and tell Thee all that grieves me,
Thou heark - en'ſt to my ſighs, And

2

My help and my defence come, faithful God, from Thee,
By whom were fix'd the heavens, and laid the earth's foundation;
Man cannot ſuccour me,
Before Thy throne alone is refuge and ſalvation.

3

Thou watcheſt that my foot ſhould neither ſlip nor ſtray,
Thou guideſt me Thyſelf, though dark the courſe I travel;
Thou pointeſt me the way,
The ſnares of ſin and earth for me Thou doſt unravel

4

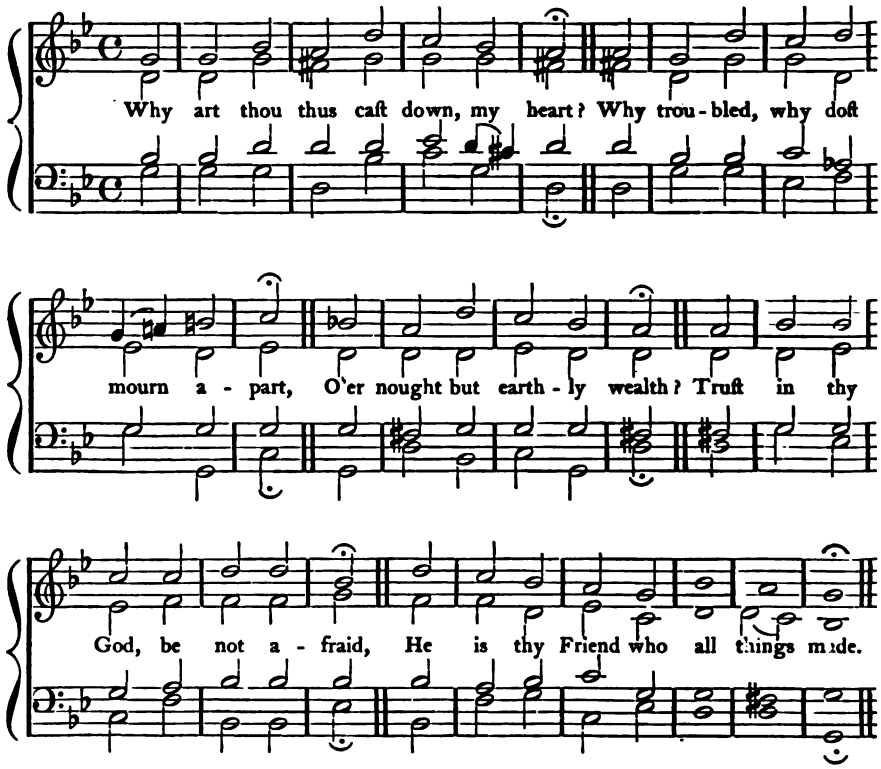
Guardian of Iſrael, Thou no reſt or ſleep doſt know,
Thy watchful eye beholds in earth's obſcureſt regions
Who bravely meets Thy foe,
And bears the Croſs on high, ſtill true to our allegiance.

5

And when Thou bidd'ſt me leave this world of ſtrife and pain,
A ſteadfaſt hope in Thee, a quick releaſe, oh grant me,
And let me riſe again,
To dwell where death and war no more ſhall vex and haunt me.

(CVII.—„Warum betrübſt du dich.")

143.

Original Tune.

Why art thou thus caſt down, my heart? Why trou-bled, why doſt
mourn a-part, O'er nought but earth-ly wealth? Truſt in thy
God, be not a-fraid, He is thy Friend who all things made.

2

Doſt think thy prayers He doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou doſt need,
And heaven and earth are His;
My Father and my God, who ſtill
Is with my ſoul in every ill.

3
Since Thou my God and Father art,
I know Thy faithful loving heart
Will ne'er forget Thy child;
See I am poor, I am but duſt,
On earth is none whom I can truſt.

4
The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my truſt abides;
Then laugh ye as ye will,
I hold this faſt that He hath taught,—
Who truſts in God ſhall want for nought.

5
Yes, Lord, Thou art as rich to-day
As Thou haſt been and ſhalt be aye,
I reſt on Thee alone;
Thy riches to my ſoul be given,
And 't is enough for earth and heaven.

6
What here may ſhine I all reſign,
If the eternal crown be mine,
That through Thy bitter death
Thou gainedſt, O Lord Chriſt, for me—
For this, for this, I cry to Thee!

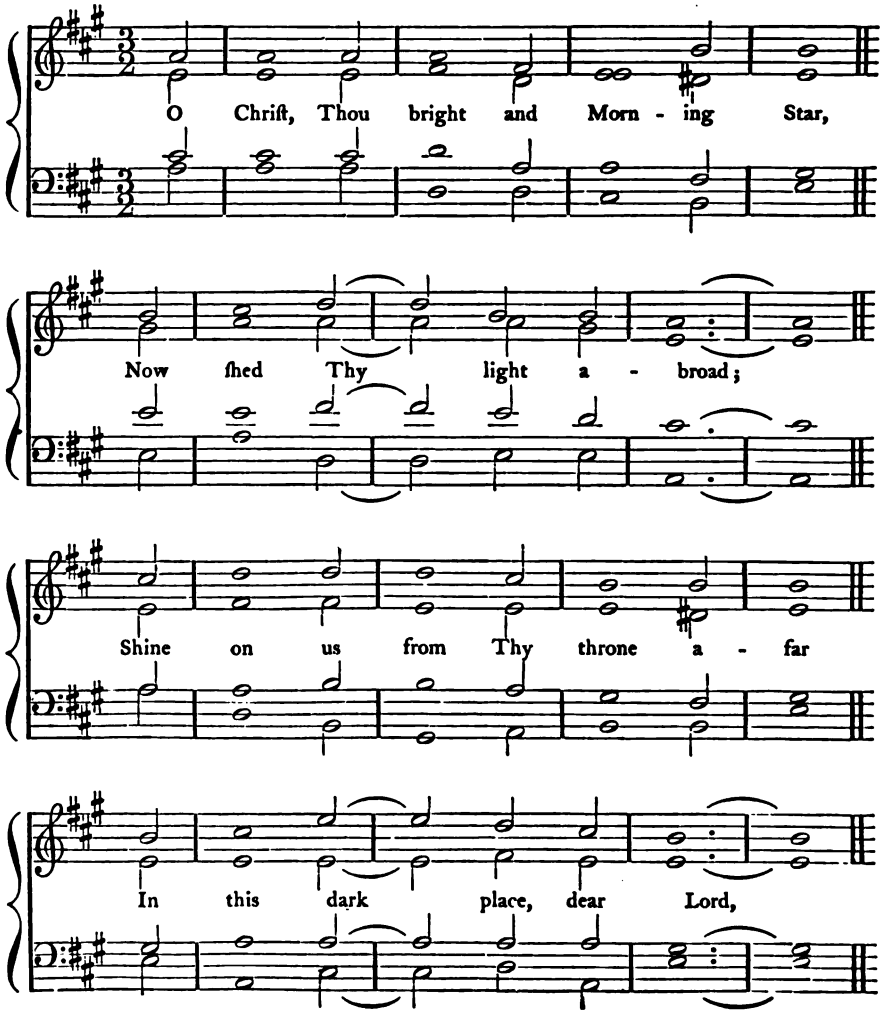
7
All wealth, all glories, here below,
The beſt that this world can beſtow,
Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

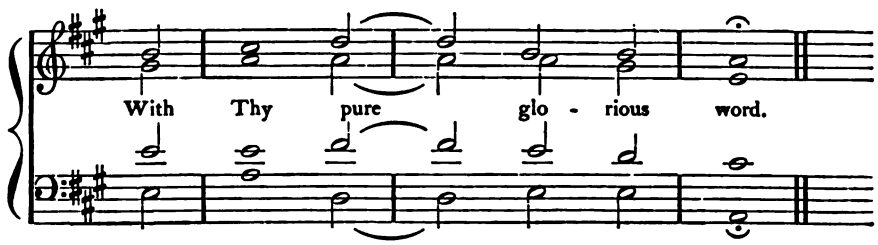
8
I thank Thee, Chriſt, Eternal Lord,
That Thou haſt taught me by Thy word
To know this truth and Thee;
O grant me alſo ſteadfaſtneſs
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miſs.

9
Praiſe, honour, thanks, to Thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought
By Thy great mercy, Chriſt.
This one thing only ſtill I pray,
Oh caſt me ne'er from Thee away.

(LXXVII.—„O Chriſte Morgenſterne.")

144.

Original Tune.

O Chriſt, Thou bright and Morn - ing Star,
Now ſhed Thy light a - broad;
Shine on us from Thy throne a - far
In this dark place, dear Lord,



2

O Jeſus, Comfort of the poor,
I lift my heart to Thee,
I know Thy mercies ſtill endure
And Thou wilt pity me;
I truſt alone to Thee.

3

I cannot reſt, I may not ſleep,
No joy or peace I know,
My ſoul is torn with anguiſh deep
And fears a deeper woe;
O Chriſt, Thy pity ſhow!

4

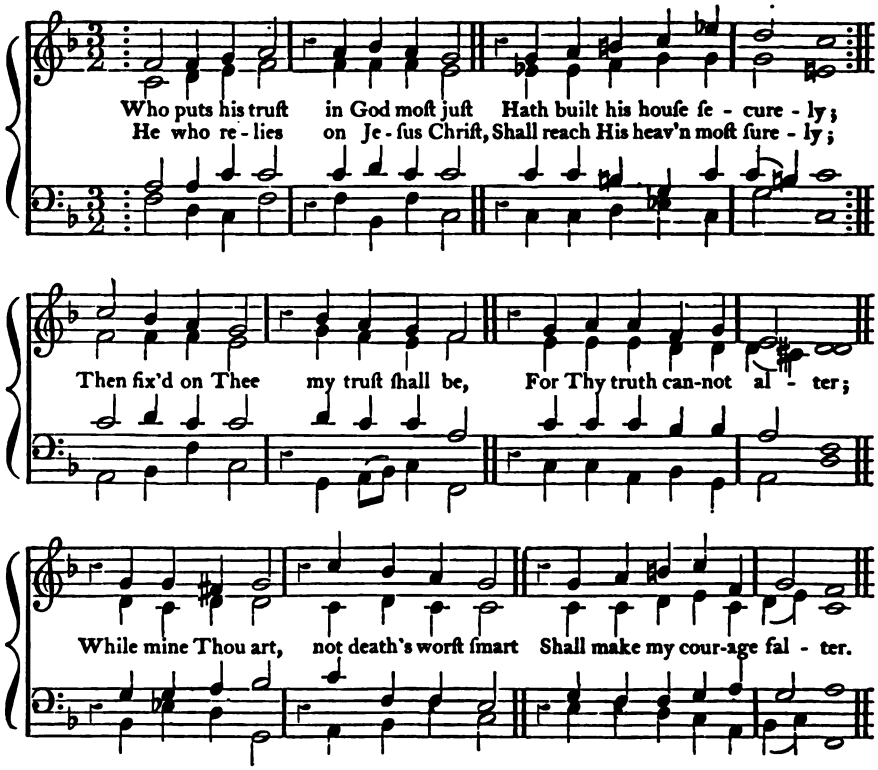
For Thou didſt ſuffer for my ſoul,
Her burdens to remove;
Oh make me through Thy ſorrows whole,
Refreſh me with Thy love;
Lord, help me from above.

5

Then, Jeſus, glory, honour, praiſe,
I 'll ever ſing to Thee;
Increaſe my faith that Thou wilt raiſe
Me once where I ſhall ſee
Eternal joys with Thee!

(CXIV.—„Wer Gott vertraut hat wohlgebaut.")

145.

Original Tune.

Who puts his truſt in God moſt juſt Hath built his houſe ſe - cure - ly;
He who re - lies on Je - ſus Chriſt, Shall reach His heav'n moſt ſure - ly;
Then fix'd on Thee my truſt ſhall be, For Thy truth can-not al - ter;
While mine Thou art, not death's worſt ſmart Shall make my cour-age fal - ter.

2

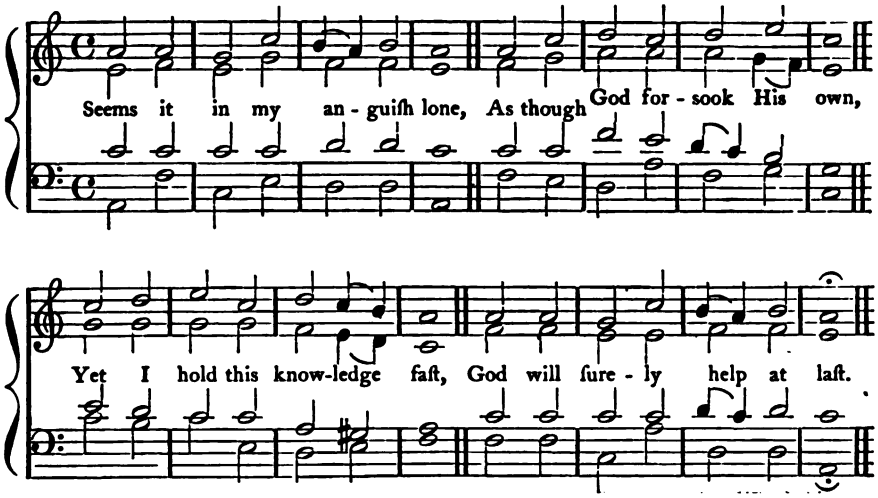
Though fierceſt foes my courſe oppoſe,
A dauntleſs front I'll ſhow them;
My champion Thou, Lord Chriſt, art now,
Who ſoon ſhalt overthrow them!
And if but Thee I have in me
With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.

3

I reſt me here without a fear,
By Thee ſhall all be given
That I can need, O Friend indeed,
For this life or for heaven.
O make me true, my heart renew,
My ſoul and fleſh deliver!
Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
Keep me in peace for ever.

(Index of Tunes, LXXII.)

146.

Tune.—"Chriſt will gather in His own."

2 Though awhile it be delay'd,
He denieth not His aid;
Though it come not oft with ſpeed,
It will ſurely come at need.

3 As a father not too ſoon
Grants his child the long'd-for boon,
So our God gives when He will;
Wait His leiſure and be ſtill.

4 I can reſt in thoughts of Him,
When all courage elſe grows dim,
For I know my ſoul ſhall prove
His is more than father's love.

5 Would the powers of ill affright,
I can ſmile at all their might;
Or the croſs be preſſing ſore,
God, my God, lives evermore!

6 Man may hate me cauſeleſsly,
Man may plot to ruin me,
Foes my heart may pierce and rend;
God in heaven is ſtill my Friend.

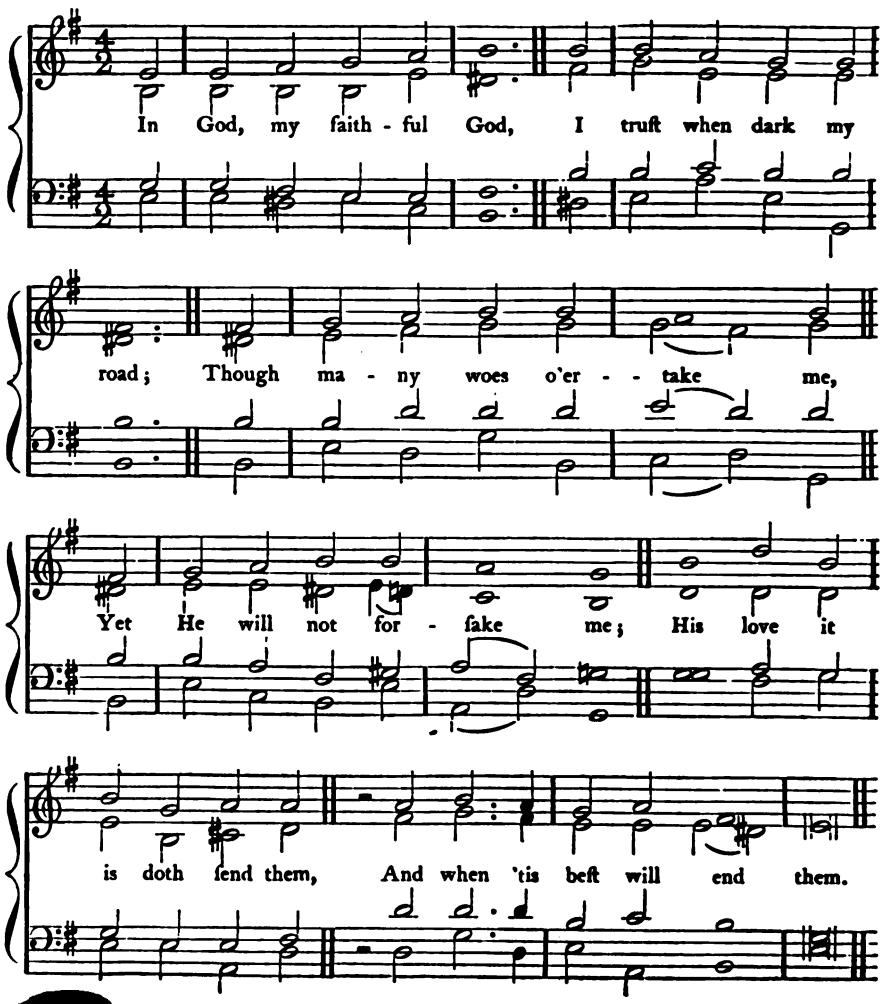
7 Earth may all her gifts deny,
Safe my treaſure ſtill on high,
And if heaven at laſt be mine,
All things elſe I can reſign.

8 I renounce thee willingly,
World, I hate what pleaſes thee,
Baneful every gift of thine,
Only be my God ſtill mine.

9 Ah Lord, if but Thee I have,
Nought of other good I crave,
Bright is even death's dark road,
If but Thou art there, my God.

(XI.—„Auf meinen lieben Gott.")

147.

Original Tune.

In God, my faith - ful God, I truſt when dark my
road; Though ma - ny woes o'er - - take me,
Yet He will not for - ſake me; His love it
is doth ſend them, And when 'tis beſt will end them.

2

My ſins aſſail me ſore,
But I deſpair no more;
I build on Chriſt who loves me,
From this Rock nothing moves me,
Since I can all ſurrender
To Him, my ſoul's Defender.

3

If death my portion be,
Then death is gain to me,
And Chriſt my life for ever,
From whom death cannot ſever;
Come when it may, He'll ſhield me,
To Him I wholly yield me.

4

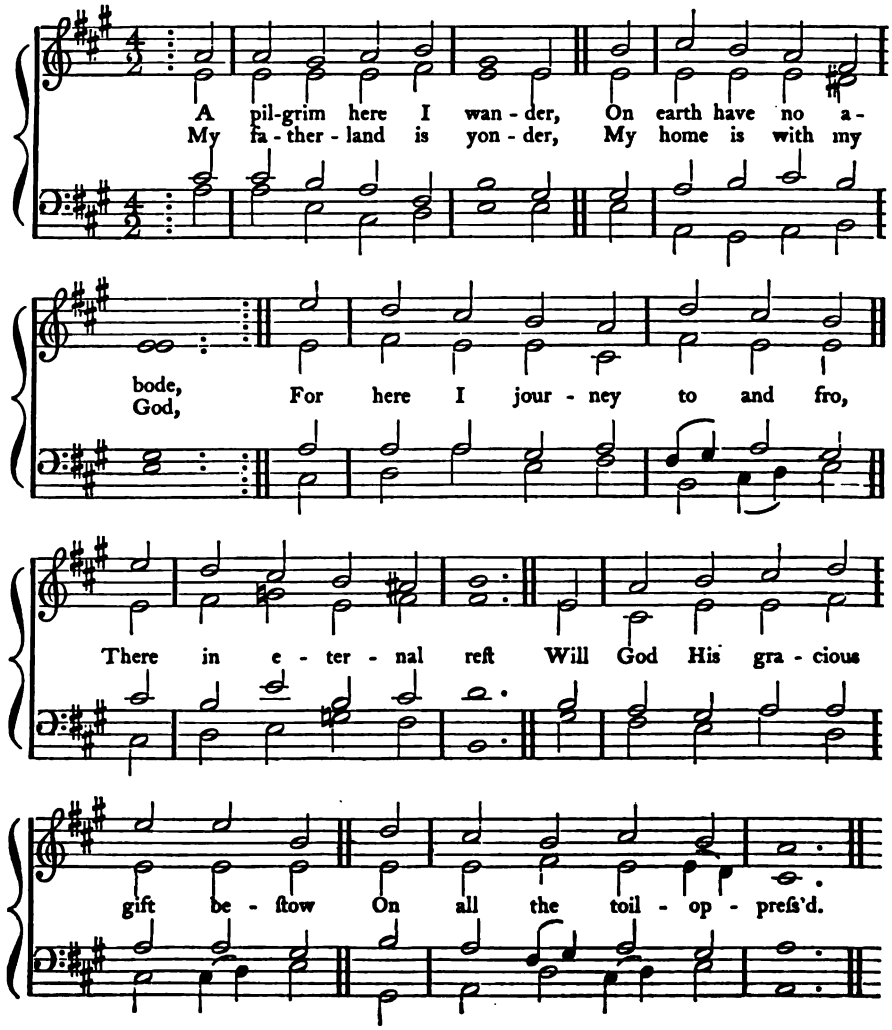
Ah, Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord,
So meek in deed and word,
Thou diedſt once to ſave us,
Becauſe Thou fain wouldſt have u
After earth's life of ſadneſs
Heirs of Thy heavenly gladneſs.

5

'So be it,' then I ſay,
With all my heart each day;
Guide us while here we wander,
Till ſafely landed yonder,
We too, dear Lord, adore Thee,
And ſing for joy before Thee.

(Index of Tunes, XLIV.)

148.

Tune.—"Lord Jeſus, King of Glory."

A pil-grim here I wan-der, On earth have no a-
My fa-ther-land is yon-der, My home is with my
bode,
God,
For here I jour-ney to and fro,
There in e-ter-nal reſt Will God His gra-cious
gift be-ſtow On all the toil-op-preſs'd.

2

For what hath life been giving,
From youth up till this day,
But conſtant toil and ſtriving?
Far back as thought can ſtray,
How many a day of toil and care,
How many a night of tears,
Hath paſs'd in grief that none could ſhare,
In lonely anxious fears!

3

How many a ſtorm hath lighten'd
And thunder'd round my path!
And winds and rains have frighten'd
My heart with fierceſt wrath:
And cruel envy, hatred, ſcorn,
Have darken'd oft my lot,
And patiently reproach I've born,
Though I deſerved it not.

4

Then through this life of dangers
I onward take my way;
But in this land of ſtrangers
I do not think to ſtay.
Still forward on the road I fare
That leads me to my home,
My Father's comfort waits me there,
When I have overcome.

5

Ah yes, my home is yonder,
Where all the angelic bands
Praiſe Him with awe and wonder,
In whoſe Almighty hands
All things that are and ſhall be, lie,
By Him upholden ſtill,
Who caſteth down and lifts on high
At His moſt holy will.

6

That home have I deſired,
'Tis there I would be gone;
Till I am well-nigh tired,
O'er earth I've journey'd on;
The longer here I roam, I find
The leſs of real joy
That e'er could pleaſe or fill my mind,
For all hath ſome alloy.

7

The lodging is too cheerleſs,
The ſorrow is too much;
Ah come, my heart is fearleſs,
Releaſe it with Thy touch,
When Thy heart wills, and make an end
Of all this pilgrimage,
And with Thine arm and ſtrength defend,
When foes againſt me rage.

8

Where now my ſpirit ſtayeth
Is not her true abode;
This earthly houſe decayeth,
And ſhe will drop its load,
When comes the hour to leave beneath
What now I uſe and have;
And when I've yielded up my breath
Earth gives me but a grave.

9

But Thou, my Joy and Gladneſs,
O Thou, my Life and Light,
Wilt raiſe me from this ſadneſs,
This long tempeſtuous night,
Into the perfect gladſome day,
Where bathed in joy divine,
Among Thy ſaints, and bright as they,
I too ſhall ever ſhine.

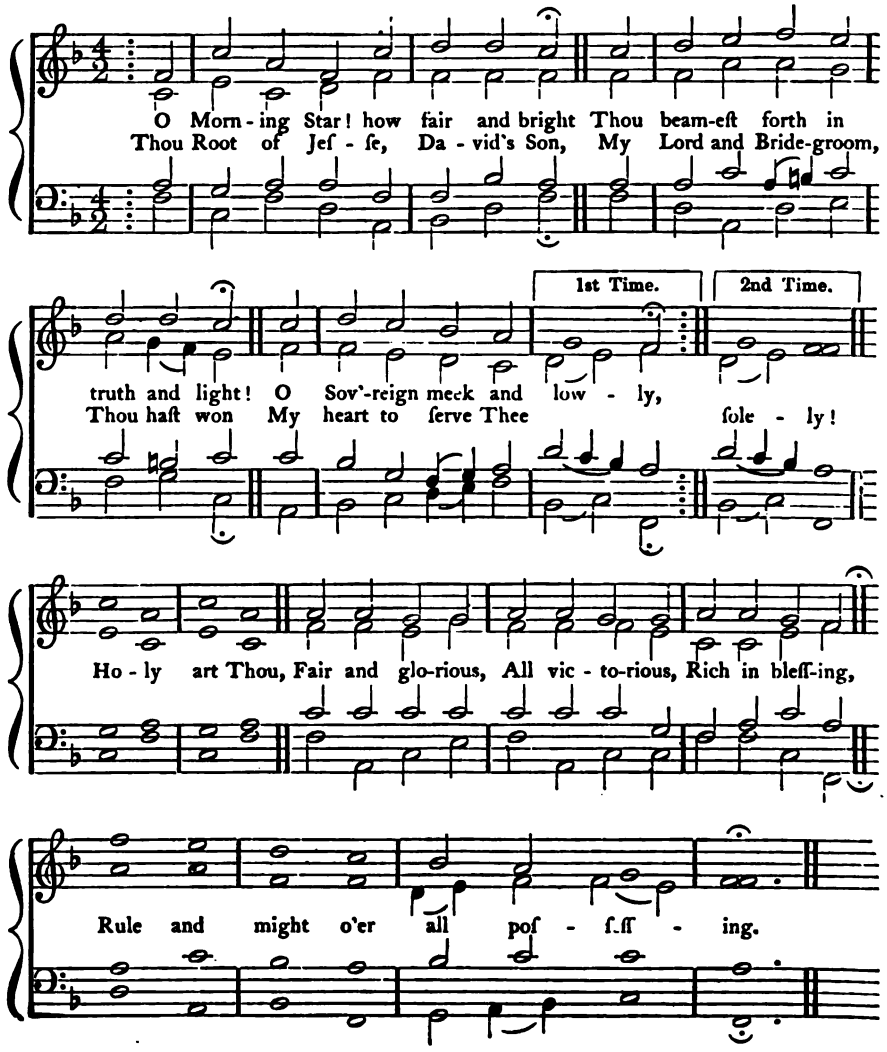
10

There ſhall I dwell for ever,
Not as a gueſt alone,
With thoſe who ceaſe there never
To worſhip at Thy throne;
There in my heritage I reſt,
From baſer things ſet free,
And join the chorus of the bleſt
For ever, Lord, to Thee!

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

(CXVII.—„Wie ſchön leucht' uns der Morgenſtern.")

149.

Original Tune.

O Morn - ing Star! how fair and bright Thou beam-eſt forth in
Thou Root of Jeſ - ſe, Da - vid's Son, My Lord and Bride-groom,
1st Time.
2nd Time.
truth and light! O Sov'-reign meek and low - ly,
Thou haſt won My heart to ſerve Thee ſole - ly!
Ho - ly art Thou, Fair and glo-rious, All vic - to-rious, Rich in bleſſ-ing,
Rule and might o'er all poſ - ſeſſ - ing.

2

Thou Heavenly Brightneſs! Light Divine!
O deep within my heart now ſhine,
  And make Thee there an altar!
Fill me with joy and ſtrength to be
Thy member, ever join'd to Thee
  In love that cannot falter;
Toward Thee longing Doth poſſeſs me,
    Turn and bleſs me,
    For Thy gladneſs
Eye and heart here pine in ſadneſs.

3

But if Thou look on me in love,
There ſtraightways falls from God above
  A ray of pureſt pleaſure;
Thy word and Spirit, fleſh and blood,
Refreſh my ſoul with heavenly food,
  Thou art my hidden treaſure;
Let Thy grace, Lord, Warm and cheer me.
    O draw near me;
    Thou haſt taught us
Thee to ſeek ſince Thou haſt ſought us!

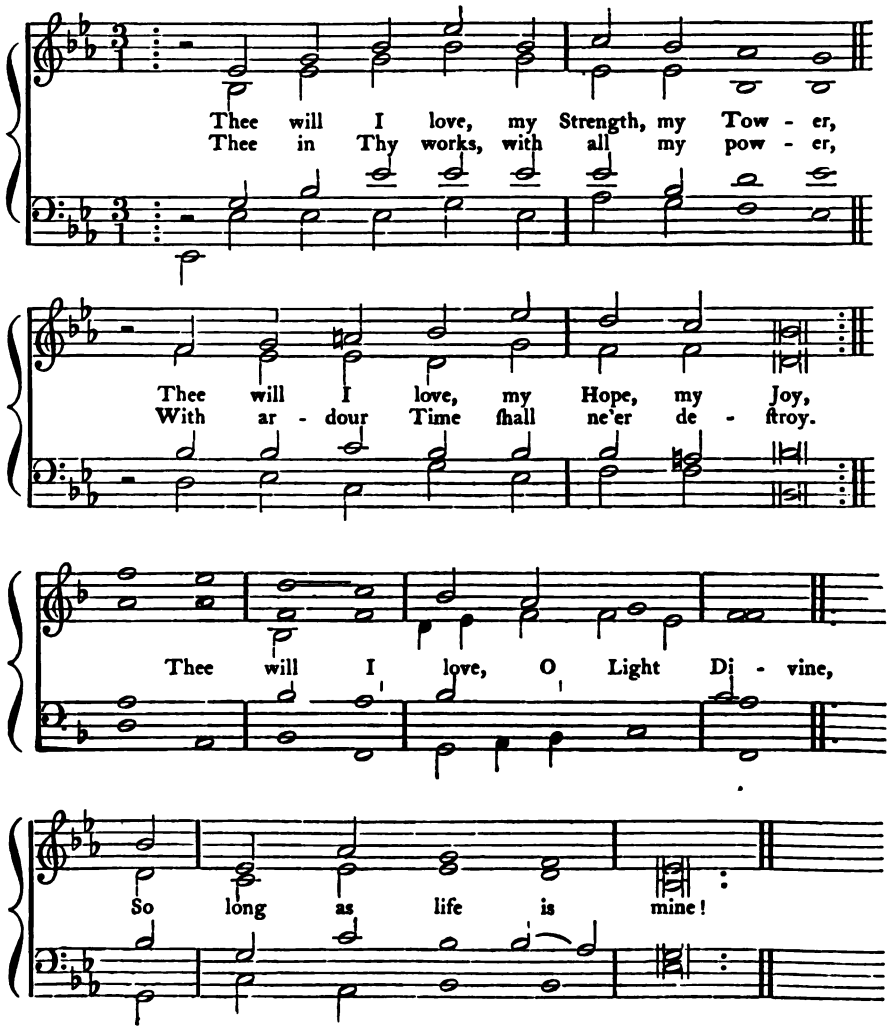
4

Here will I reſt, and hold it faſt,
The Lord I love is Firſt and Laſt,
  The End as the Beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raiſe me where Thou dwelleſt now,
  Above all tears, all ſinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jeſus,
    Soon releaſe us,
    With deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

(XLVIII.—„Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke.")

150.

Original Tune.

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tow - er,
Thee in Thy works, with all my pow - er,
Thee will I love, my Hope, my Joy,
With ar - dour Time ſhall ne'er de - ſtroy.
Thee will I love, O Light Di - vine,
So long as life is mine!

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

2

Alas! that I ſo late have known Thee,
Who art the Faireſt and the Beſt;
Nor ſooner for my Lord could own Thee,
Our higheſt Good, our only Reſt!
Now bitter ſhame and grief I prove
O'er this my tardy love.

3

I wander'd long in willing blindneſs,
I ſought Thee, but I found Thee not,
For ſtill I ſhunn'd Thy beams of kindneſs,
The creature light fill'd all my thought;
And if at laſt I ſee Thee now,
'T was Thou to me didſt bow!

4

I thank Thee, then, true Sun of heaven,
Whoſe ſhining hath brought light to me;
I thank Thee, who haſt richly given
All that could make us glad and free;
I thank Thee that my ſoul is heal'd
By what Thy lips reveal'd.

5

Oh keep me watchful, then, and humble,
And ſuffer me no more to ſtray;
Uphold me when my feet would ſtumble,
Nor let me loiter by the way;
Fill all my nature with Thy light,
O Radiance ſtrong and bright!

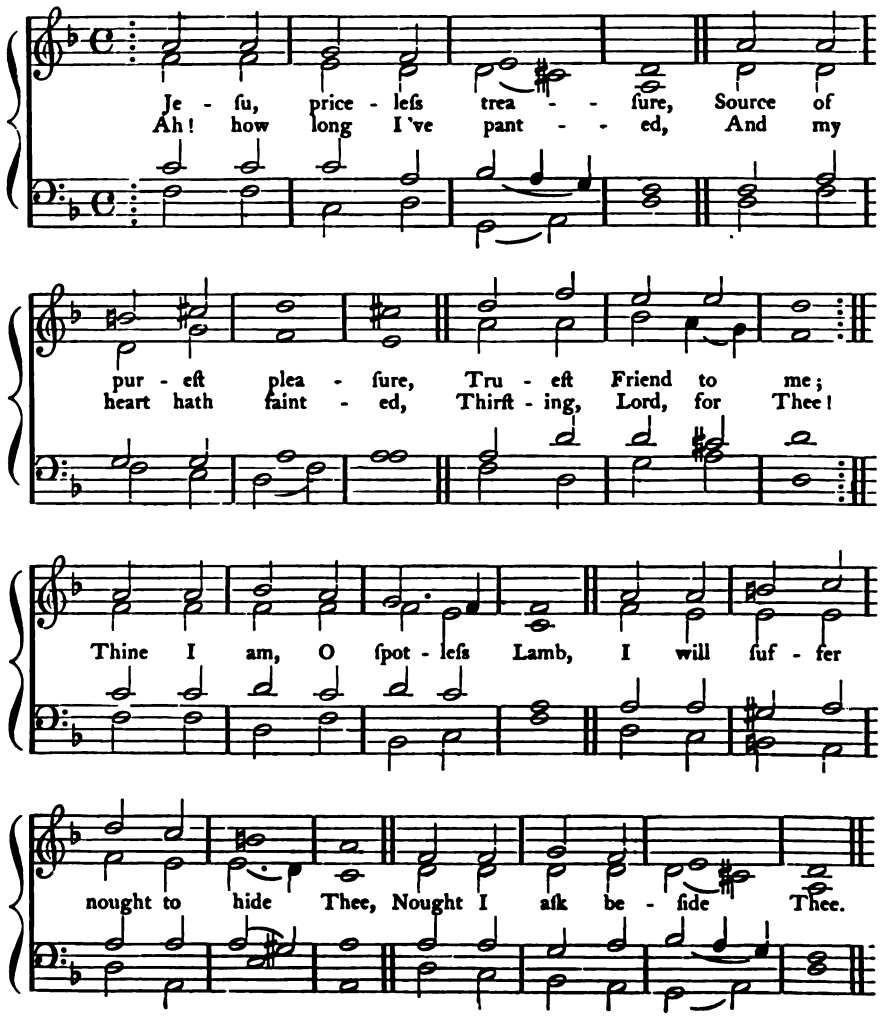
6

Thee will I love, my Crown of gladneſs,
Thee will I love, my God and Lord,
Amid the darkeſt depths of ſadneſs,
Not for the hope of high reward,
For Thine own ſake, O Light Divine,
So long as life is mine.

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

(LIII.—„Jeſu meine Freude.")

151.

Original Tune.

Je - ſu, price - leſs trea - - ſure, Source of
Ah! how long I've pant - - ed, And my
pur - eſt plea - ſure, Tru - eſt Friend to me;
heart hath faint - ed, Thirſt - ing, Lord, for Thee!
Thine I am, O ſpot - leſs Lamb, I will ſuf - fer
nought to hide Thee, Nought I aſk be - ſide Thee.

2

In Thine arm I reſt me,
Foes who would moleſt me
Cannot reach me here;
Though the earth be ſhaking,
Every heart be quaking,
Jeſus calms my fear;
Sin and hell in conflict fell
With their bitter ſtorms aſſail me,
Jeſus will not fail me.

3

Wealth, I will not heed thee,
For I do not need thee,
Jeſus is my choice;
Honours, ye may gliſten,
But I will not liſten
To your tempting voice;
Pain or loſs, nor ſhame nor croſs,
E'er to leave my Lord ſhall move me,
Since He deigns to love me.

4

Farewell, thou who chooſeſt
Earth, and heaven refuſeſt,
Thou wilt tempt in vain;
Farewell, ſins, nor blind me,
Get ye all behind me,
Come not forth again:
Paſt your hour, O Pride and Power;
Worldly life, thy bonds I ſever,
Farewell now for ever!

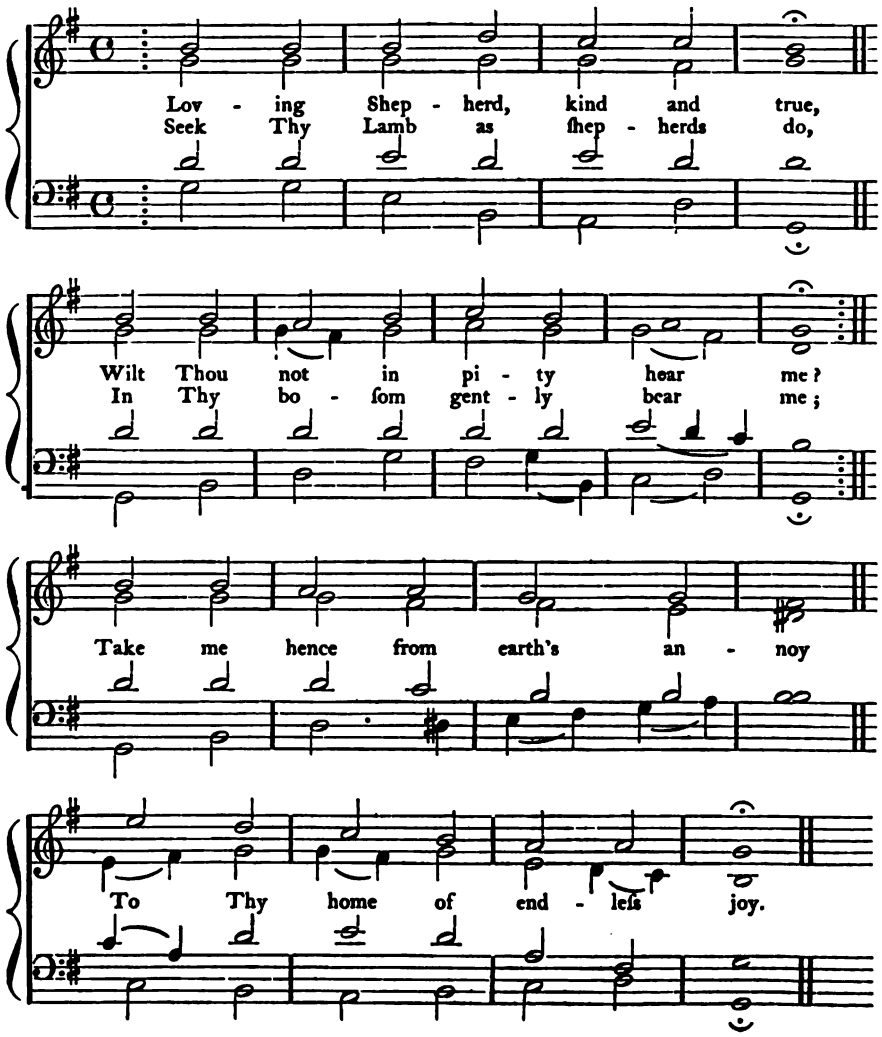
5

Hence, all fears and ſadneſs,
For the Lord of gladneſs,
Jeſus, enters in;
They who love the Father,
Though the ſtorms may gather,
Still have peace within;
Yea, whate'er I here muſt bear,
Still in Thee lies pureſt pleaſure,
Jeſu, priceleſs treaſure!

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

(Index of Tunes, LXVII.)

152.

Tune.—"Light of Light, enlighten me."

Lov - ing Shep - herd, kind and true,
Seek Thy Lamb as ſhep - herds do,
Wilt Thou not in pi - ty hear me?
In Thy bo - ſom gent - ly bear me;
Take me hence from earth's an - noy
To Thy home of end - leſs joy.

2

See how in this wilderneſs
  Loſt amid its waſtes I wander;
Take me hence to dwell in bliſs
  With the flock who, gather'd yonder,
Now Thy glory, Lord, behold,
Safe within the heavenly fold.

3

For I fain would gaze on Thee,
  With the lambs, to whom 't is given
That they feed from danger free
  In the happy fields of heaven,
Praiſing Thee, all terrors o'er,
Never can they leave Thee more.

4

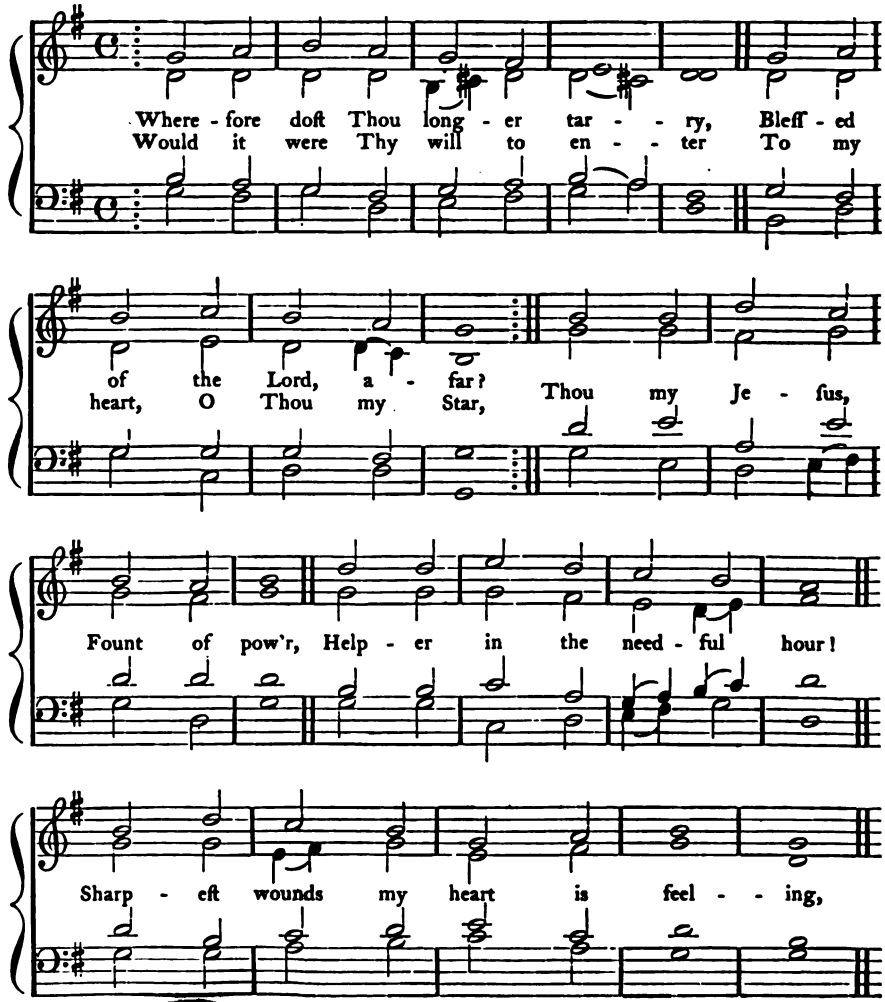
Here I live in ſore diſtreſs,
  Watching, fearing hour by hour,
For my foes around me preſs,
  And I know their craft and power;
Lord, Thy lamb can never be
Safe one moment but with Thee.

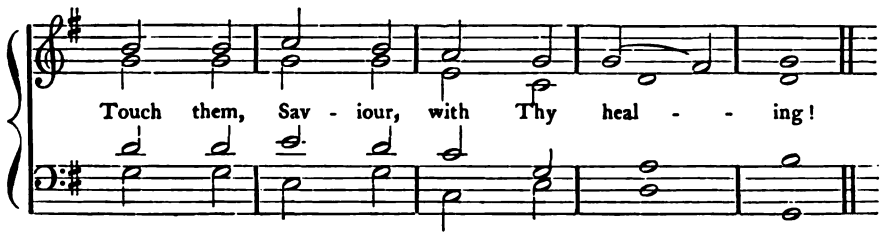
5

Then, Lord Jeſus, let me not
  Fall amid the wolves, but hear me,
As the faithful ſhepherd ought;
  Help me, keep me ever near Thee,
Till Thou bear me in Thy breaſt
Homeward to my endleſs reſt.

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIX.)

153.

Tune.—"When the Lord recalls the baniſhed."

Where - fore doſt Thou long - er tar - - ry, Bleſſ - ed
Would it were Thy will to en - - ter To my
of the Lord, a - far?
heart, O Thou my Star, Thou my Je - ſus,
Fount of pow'r, Help - er in the need - ful hour!
Sharp - eſt wounds my heart is feel - - ing,

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

2

For I ſhrink beneath the terrors
Of the law's tremendous ſway;
All my countleſs crimes and errors
Stand before me night and day.
Oh the heavy, fearful load
Of the righteous wrath of God!
Oh the awful voice of thunder
Cleaving heart and ſoul aſunder!

3

Would I then, to ſoothe my ſorrow,
And my pain awhile forget,
From the world a comfort borrow,
I but ſink the deeper yet;
She hath comforts that but grieve,
Joys that ſtinging memories leave,
Helpers that my heart are breaking,
Friends that do but mock its aching.

4

All delight, all conſolation
Lies in Thee, Lord Jeſus Chriſt,
Feed my ſoul with Thy ſalvation,
O Thou Bread of Life unpriced.
Bleſſed Light, within me glow,
Ere my heart breaks in its woe;
Oh refreſh me and uphold me,
Jeſus, come, let me behold Thee.

5

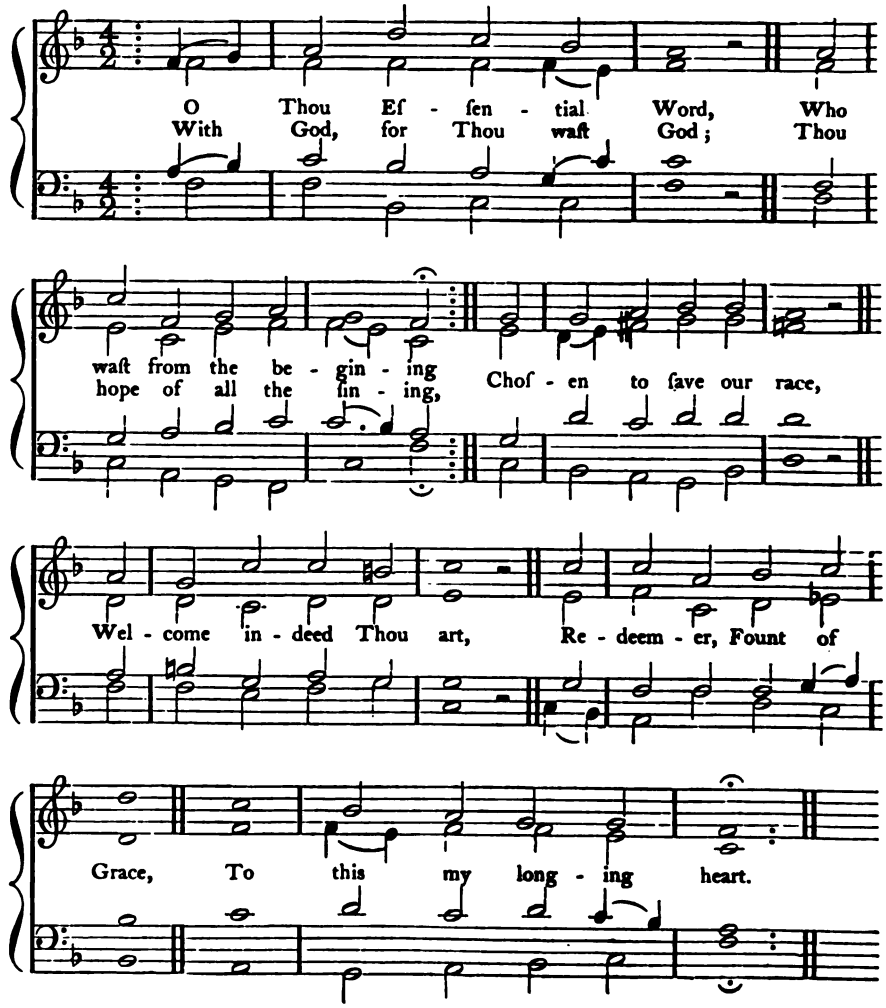
Joy, my ſoul, for He hath heard thee,
He will come and enter in;
Lo! He turns and draweth toward thee,
Let thy welcome-ſong begin;
Oh prepare thee for ſuch gueſt,
Give thee wholly to thy reſt,
With an open'd heart adore Him,
Pour thy griefs and fears before Him.

6

What would ſeem to hurt or ſhame thee
Shall but work thy good at laſt;
Since that Chriſt hath deign'd to claim thee,
And His truth ſtands ever faſt;
And if thine can but endure,
There is nought ſo fixed and ſure,
As that thou ſhalt hymn His praiſes
In the happy heavenly places.

(Index of Tunes, LXXXI.)

154.

Tune.—"O God, Thou faithful God."

O Thou Eſ - ſen - tial Word, Who
With God, for Thou waſt God; Thou
waſt from the be - gin - ing
hope of all the ſin - ing,
Choſ - en to ſave our race,
Wel - come in - deed Thou art, Re - deem - er, Fount of
Grace, To this my long - ing heart.

2 Come, ſelf-exiſtent Word,
And ſpeak Thou in my ſpirit!
The ſoul where Thou art heard
Doth endleſs peace inherit.
Thou Light that lighteneſt all,
Abide through faith in me,
Nor let me from Thee fall,
And ſeek no guide but Thee.

3 Ah! what hath ſtirred Thy heart,
What cry hath mounted thither,
And reached Thy heavenly throne,
And drawn Thee, Saviour, hither?
It was Thy wondrous love,
And my moſt utter need,
Made Thy compaſſions move,
Stronger than Death indeed.

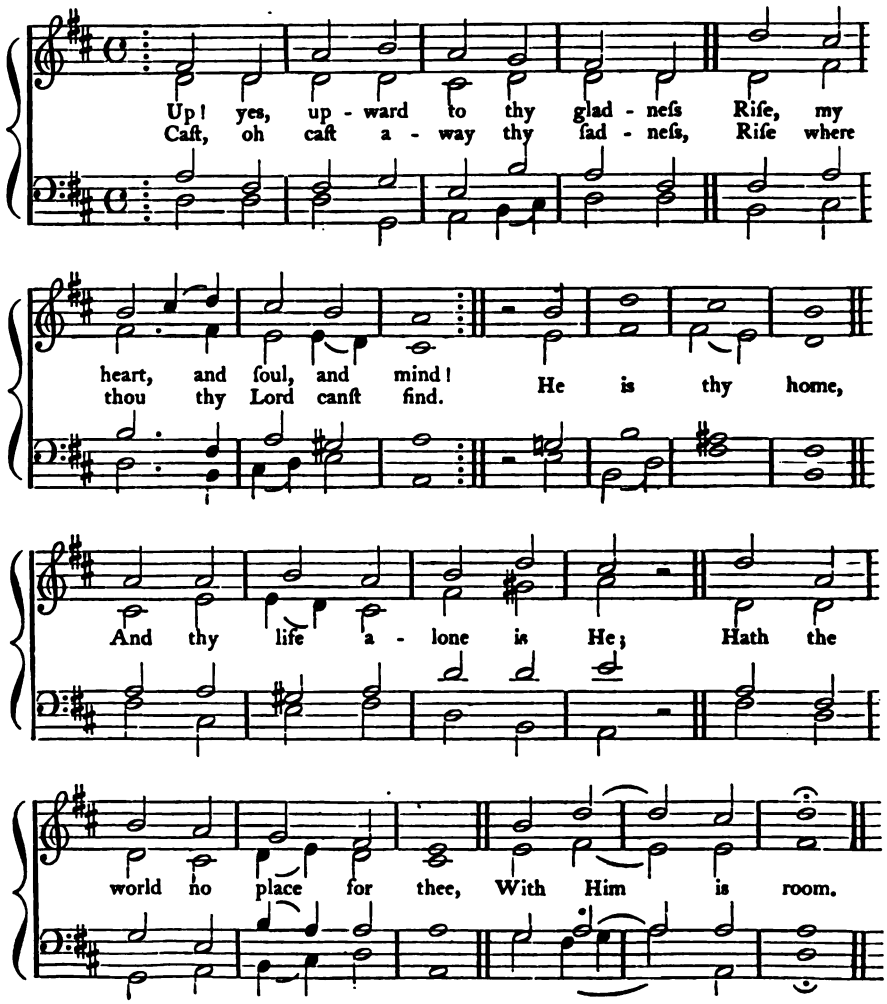
4 Then let me give my heart
To Him who loved me, wholly;
And live, while here I dwell,
To ſhow His praiſes ſolely:
Yes, Jeſus, form anew
This ſtony heart of mine,
Make it till death ſtill true
To Thee, for ever Thine.

5 Let nought be leſt within
But what Thy hand hath planted;
Root out the weeds of ſin,
And quell the foe who haunted
My ſoul, and ſet the tares;
From Thee comes nothing ill,
O ſave me from his ſnares,
Make plain my pathway ſtill.

6 Thou art the Life, O Lord,
And Thou its Light art only!
Let not Thy bleſſed rays
Still leave me dark and lonely.
Star of the Eaſt, ariſe!
Drive all my clouds away,
Till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day!

(x.—„Auf, hinauf zu deiner Freude.")

157.

Original Tune.

Up! yes, up - ward to thy glad - neſs Riſe, my
Caſt, oh caſt a - way thy ſad - neſs, Riſe where
heart, and ſoul, and mind!
thou thy Lord canſt find.
He is thy home,
And thy life a - lone is He; Hath the
world no place for thee, With Him is room.

2

On, ſtill onward, mounting nigher
On the wings of faith to Him;
On, ſtill onward, ever higher,
Till the mournful earth grows dim!
God is thy Rock;
Chriſt thy Champion cannot fail,
Though thy foes thy life aſſail,
Fear not their ſhock.

3

Hide thee, in His chamber hide thee,
Chriſt hath open'd now the door;
Tell Him all that doth betide thee,
All thy ſorrows there outpour;
He hears thy cry;
Men may hate thee and deceive,
Chriſt His own will never leave,
He ſtill is nigh.

4

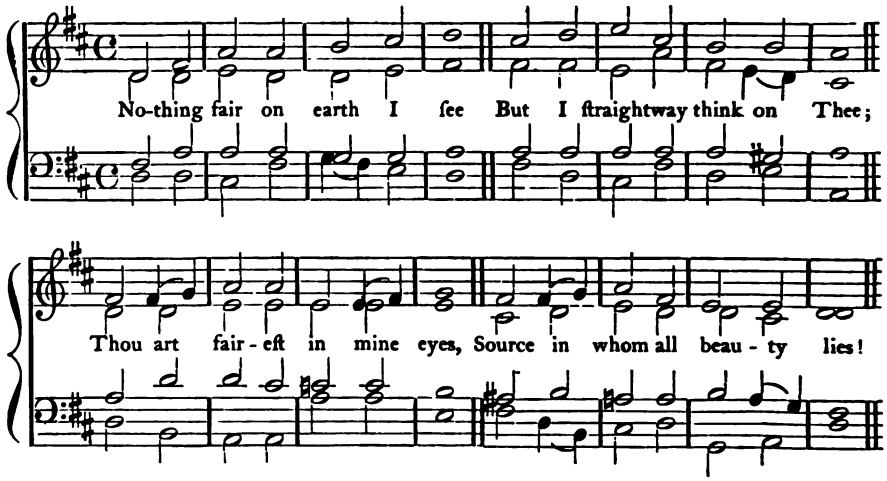
High, oh high, o'er all things earthy,
Raiſe thy thoughts, my ſoul, to heaven;
One alone of thee is worthy,
All thou haſt to Him be given;
Thy Lord He is
Who ſo truly pleads for thee,
Who in love hath died for thee;
Then thou art His.

5

Up then, upwards! ſeek thou only
For the things that are above;
Sin thou hateſt, earth is lonely,
Riſe to Him whom thou doſt love,—
There art thou bleſt;
All things here muſt change and die,
Only with our Lord on high
Is perfect reſt.

(Index of Tunes, xxxiii.)

158.

Tune.—"Let the earth now praiſe the Lord."

2

On Thy light I think at morn,
With the earlieſt break of dawn;
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all Eternity!

3

When I watch the moon ariſe
'Mid heaven's thouſand golden eyes,
Then I think, more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon ſtar.

4

Or I cry in ſpring's ſweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I ſee,—
What muſt their Creator be!

5

When I wander by the ſtream,
Or beſide the fountain dream,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to Thee, the pureſt Fount.

6

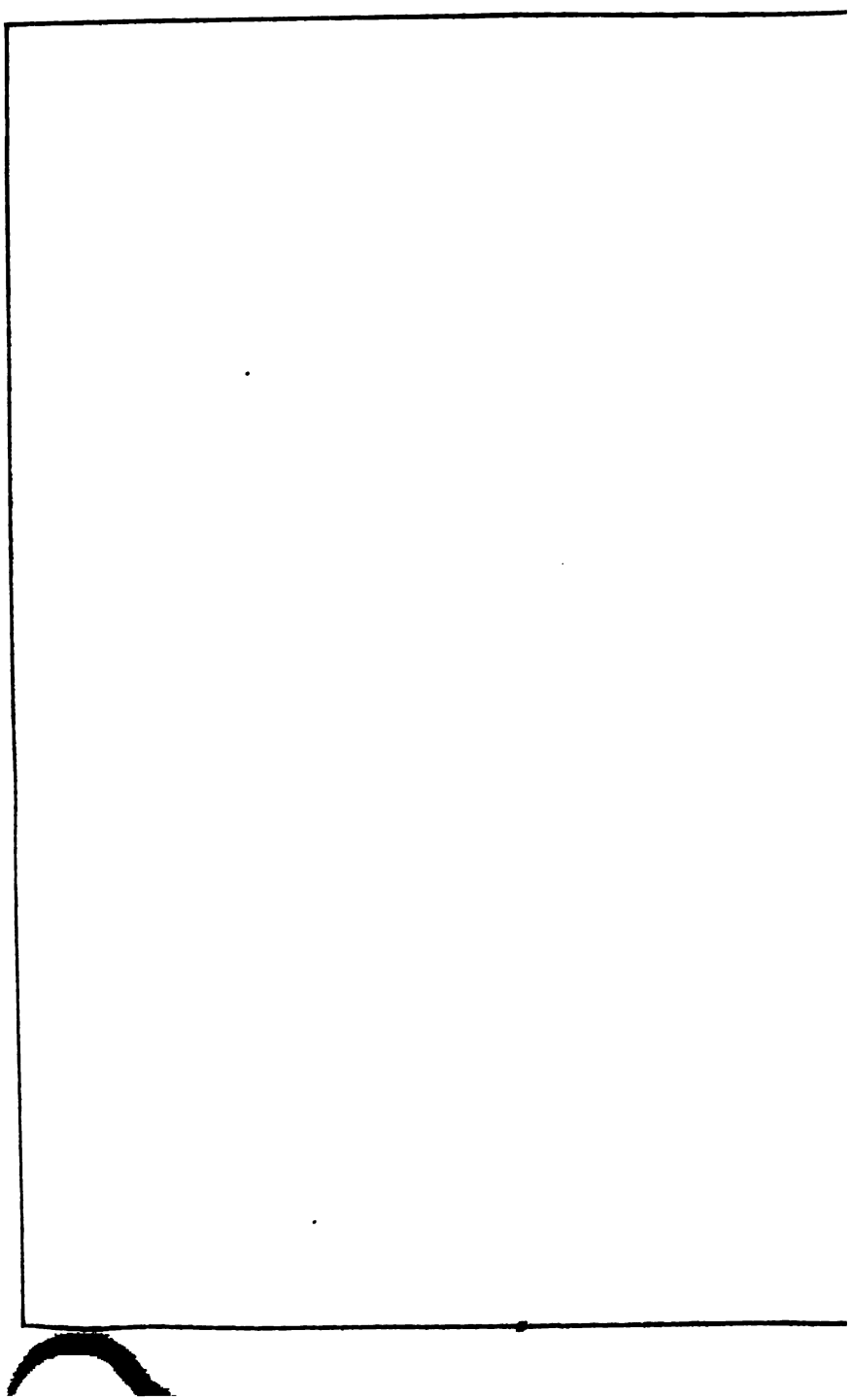
Sweetly all the air is ſtirr'd
When the Echo's call is heard;
But no ſound is my heart rejoice
Like to my Beloved's voice.

7

Take away then what could blind
Unto Thee my ſoul and mind;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See Thee, Saviour, as Thou art!

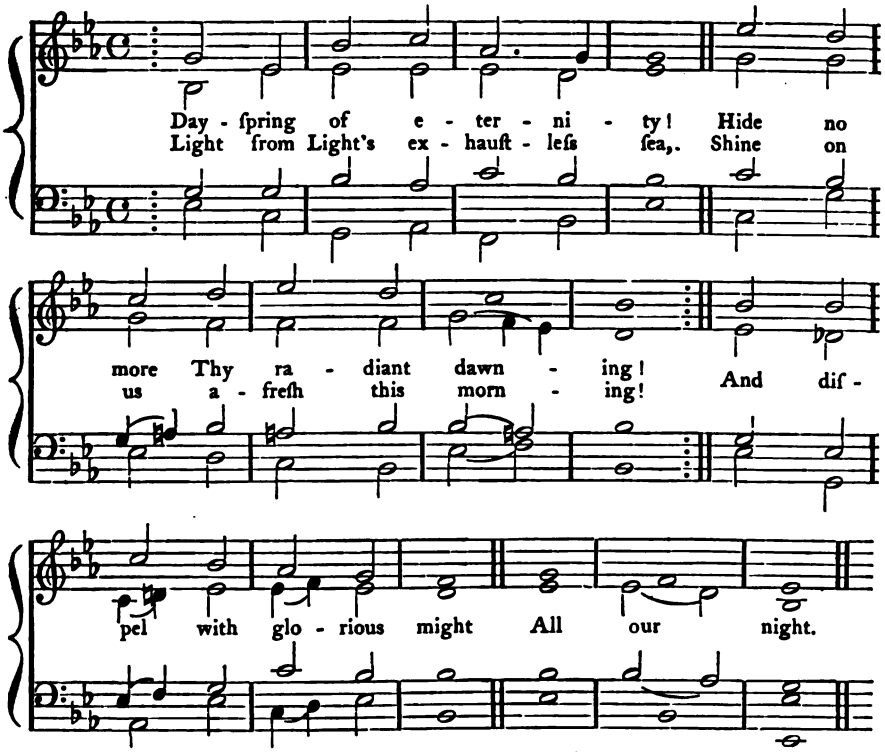
III. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1. MORNING .. 159—164
2. EVENING .. 165—170
3. NEW YEAR .. 171—173
4. MARRIAGE .. 174, 175
5. MISSIONS, *see also* HYMNS FOR EPIPHANY AND ON THE WORD OF GOD 176, 177
6. SCHOOLS .. 178, 179
7. ON A JOURNEY .. 180
8. HARVEST 181
9. PEACE AND WAR. FOR FASTS, *see* HYMNS FOR LENT AND ON PENITENCE .. .. 182—184



(LXIX.—„Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.")

159.

Original Tune.

Day - ſpring of e - ter - ni - ty! Hide no
Light from Light's ex - hauſt - leſs ſea,. Shine on
more Thy ra - diant dawn - ing!
us a - freſh this morn - ing!
And diſ -
pel with glo - rious might All our night.

2 Let Thy mercies' morning dew
Rouſe our conſcience from its blindneſs:
Gladden life's dry plains anew
With the rivers of Thy kindneſs;
Water daily us Thy flock
From the rock.

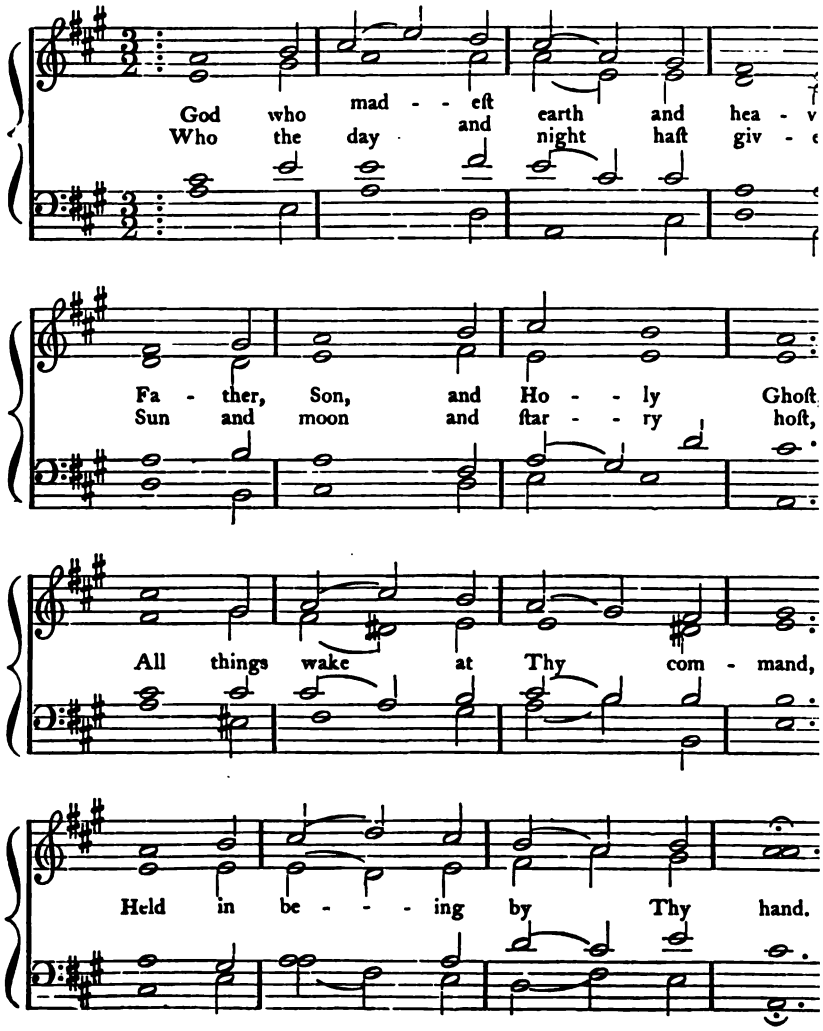
3 Let the glow of love deſtroy
Cold obedience faintly given,
Wake our hearts to love and joy
With the fluſhing eaſtern heaven;
Let us truly riſe ere yet
Life hath ſet.

4 Brighteſt Star of eaſtern ſkies!
Grant that at Thy laſt appearing
Theſe frail bodies may ariſe,
Joyfully Thy ſummons hearing,
Strong their heavenward courſe to run
As the ſun.

5 Through this dark and tearful place
Never be Thy light denied us,
O Thou glorious Sun of grace,
To yon world of gladneſs guide us,
When to joys that never end
We aſcend!

(xxxii.—„Gott des Himmels und der Erden.")

160.

Original Tune.

God who mad - - eſt earth and hea - v
Who the day and night haſt giv - e
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghoſt
Sun and moon and ſtar - - ry hoſt,
All things wake at Thy com - mand,
Held in be - - - ing by Thy hand.

2

God, I thank Thee! In Thy keeping
Safely have I ſlumber'd here;
Thou haſt guarded me while ſleeping
From all danger, pain, and fear:
And the cunning of my foe
Hath not wrought my overthrow.

3

Let the night of ſin that ſhrouded
All my life, with this depart;
Shine on me with beams unclouded,
Jeſu! In Thy loving heart
Is my help and hope alone,
For the evil I have done.

4

Help me as the morn is breaking,
In the ſpirit to ariſe,
So from careleſs ſloth awaking,
That when o'er the aged ſkies
Shall the morn of Doom appear,
I may ſee it free from fear.

5

Lead me, and forſake me never,
Guide my wand'rings by Thy Word;
As Thou haſt been, be Thou ever
My defence, my refuge, Lord.
Never ſafe except with Thee,
Thou my faithful Guardian be!

6

O my God, I now commend me
Wholly to Thy mighty hand;
All the powers that Thou doſt lend me
Let me uſe at Thy command;
Thou my boaſt, my ſtrength divine,
Keep me with Thee, I am Thine.

7

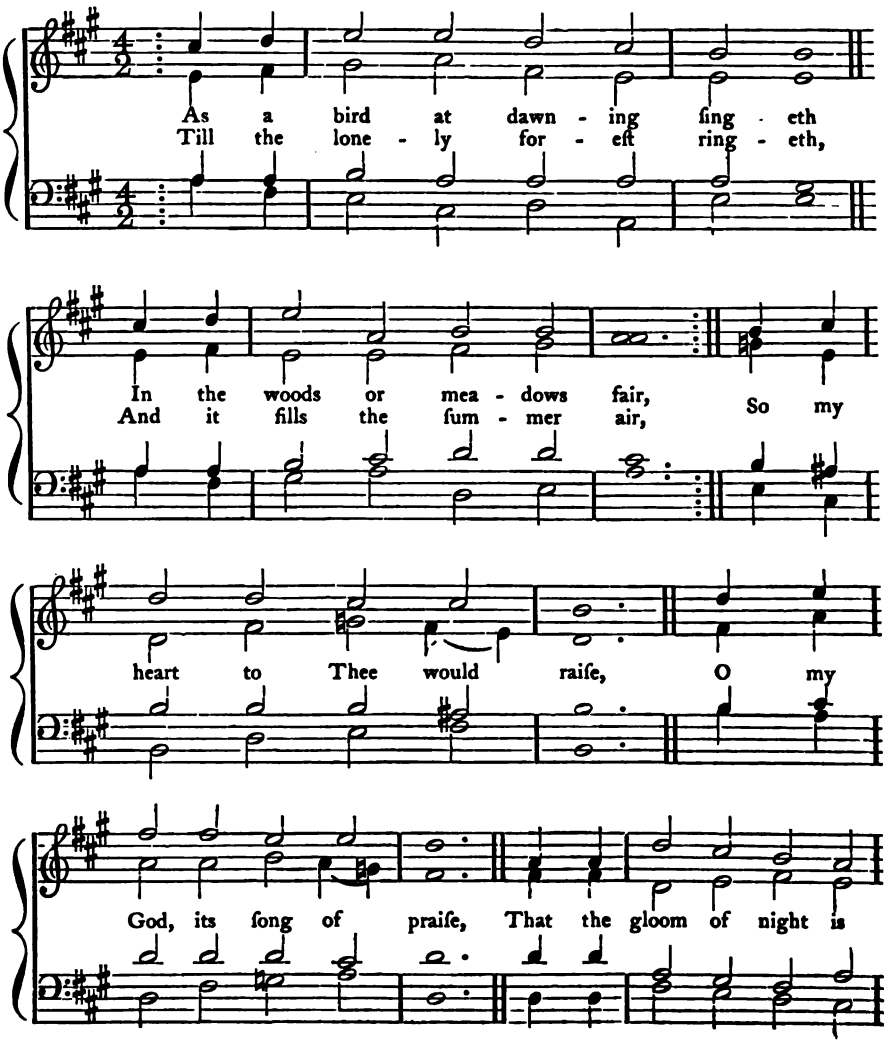
Thus afreſh with each new morning
Save me from the power of ſin,
Hourly let me feel Thy warning
Ruling, prompting me within,
Till my final reſt be come,
And Thine angel bear me home.

MORNING.

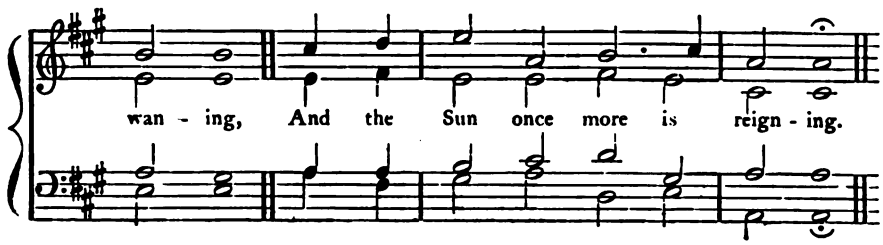
(Index of Tunes, CXIII.)

161.

Tune.—"Sink not yet my ſoul to ſlumber."


As a bird at dawn - ing ſing - eth
Till the lone - ly for - eſt ring - eth,
In the woods or mea - dows fair,
And it fills the ſum - mer air,
So my
heart to Thee would raiſe,
O my
God, its ſong of praiſe,
That the gloom of night is

MORNING.



2

Sun of Love, when Thou doſt greet me
All my heart with joy is ſtirr'd;
And it upward flies to meet Thee,
Gladſome as yon little bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praiſe Thee right;
On the narrow way now ſpeed me,
Let not darkneſs e'er miſlead me.

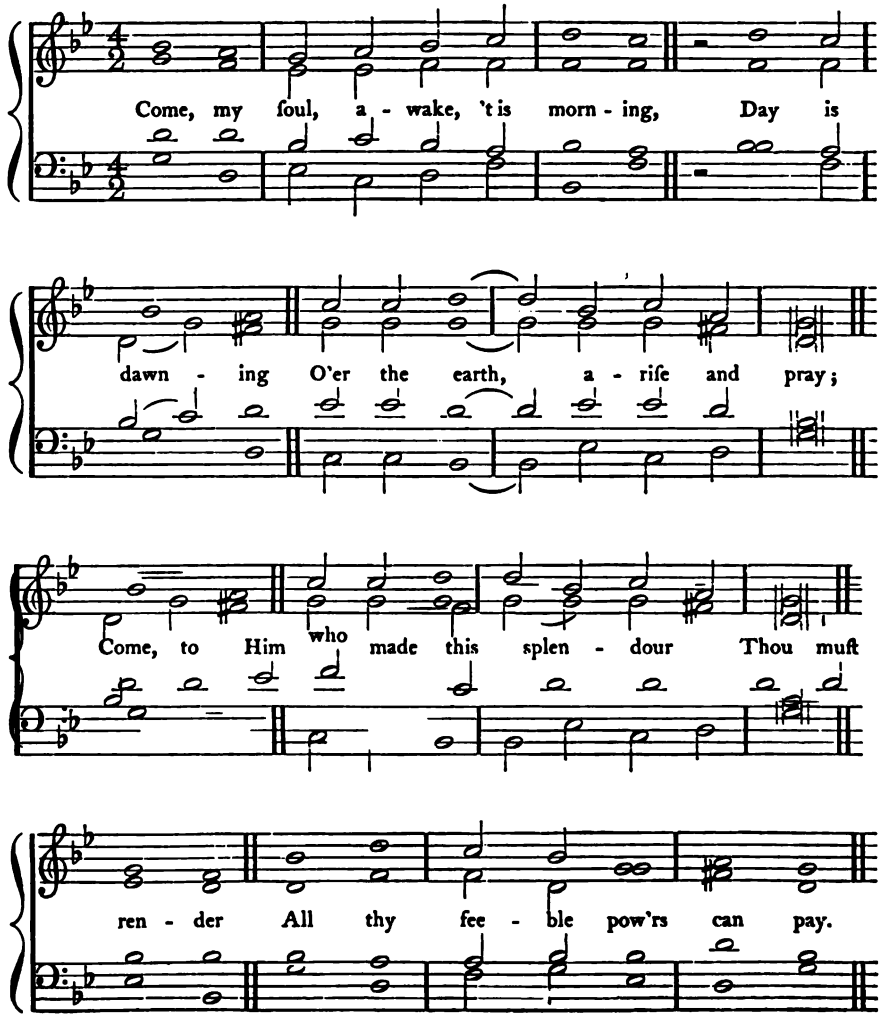
3

Bleſs to-day what I am doing,
Bleſs whate'er I have and love;
With the morn my powers renewing,
Let me ne'er from virtue rove;
By Thy Spirit ſtrengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee,
So through life to journey fearleſs,
Heir of heaven, to glories peerleſs.

MORNING.

(L.XXXVIII.—Psalm 38, Goudimel.
„Seele, du mußt munter werden.")

162.


Come, my ſoul, a - wake, 'tis morn - ing, Day is
dawn - ing O'er the earth, a - riſe and pray;
Come, to Him who made this ſplen - dour Thou muſt
ren - der All thy fee - ble pow'rs can pay.

2

Soul, thy incenſe alſo proffer;
Thou ſhouldſt offer
Praiſe to Him, who from thy head
Kept afar the ſtorms of ſorrow,
And the morrow
Finds the night in peace hath fled.

3

Bid Him bleſs what thou art doing,
If purſuing
Some good aim; but if there lurks
Ill intent in thine endeavour,
May He ever
Thwart and turn thee from thy works.

4

From God's glances ſhrink thou never,
Meet them ever;
Who ſubmits him to His grace,
Finds that earth no ſunſhine knoweth
Such as gloweth
O'er his pathway all his days.

5

Wakeneſt thou again to ſorrow,
Oh! then borrow
Strength from Him, whoſe ſun-like might
On the mountain-ſummit tarries,
And yet carries
To the vales their mirth and light.

6

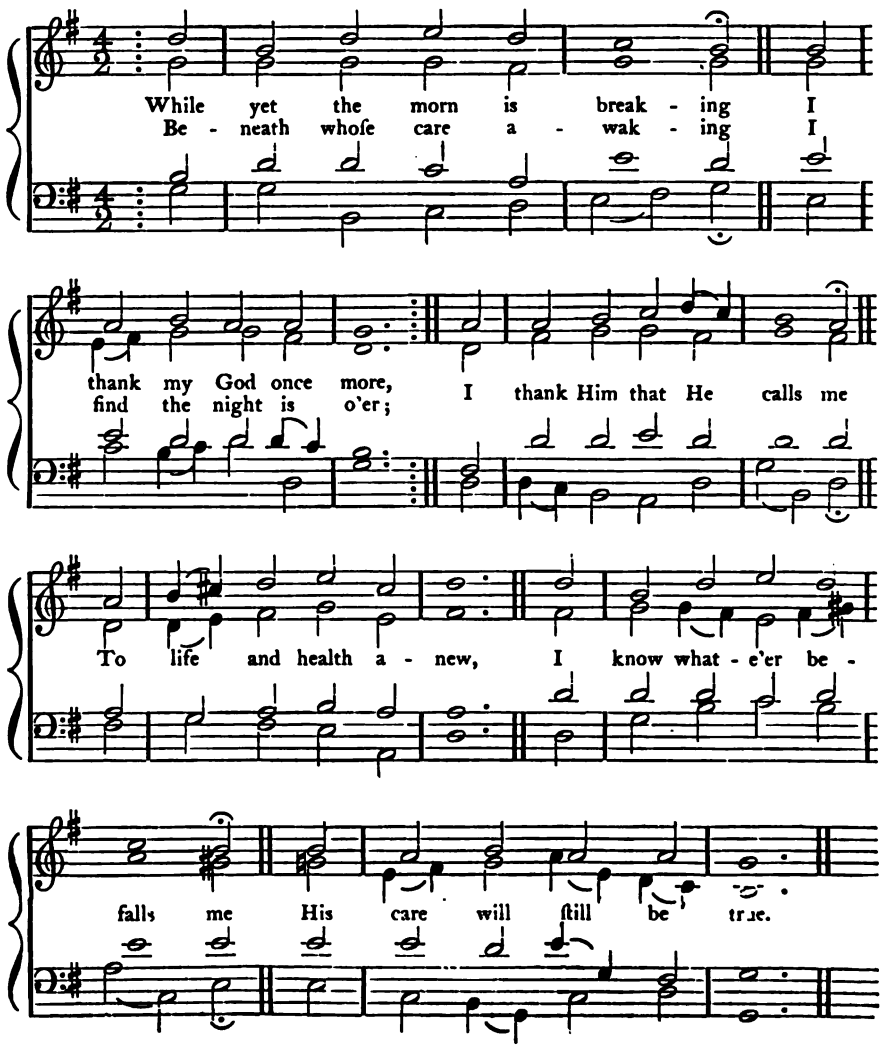
Pray that when thy life is cloſing,
Calm repoſing
Thou mayſt die, and not in pain;
That, the night of death departed,
Thou, glad-hearted,
Mayſt behold the Sun again.

MORNING.

(xviii.—„Dank ſei Gott in der Höhe.")

163.

Original Tune.


While yet the morn is break - ing I
Be - neath whoſe care a - wak - ing I
thank my God once more, I thank Him that He calls me
find the night is o'er;
To life and health a - new, I know what - e'er be -
falls me His care will ſtill be true.

2

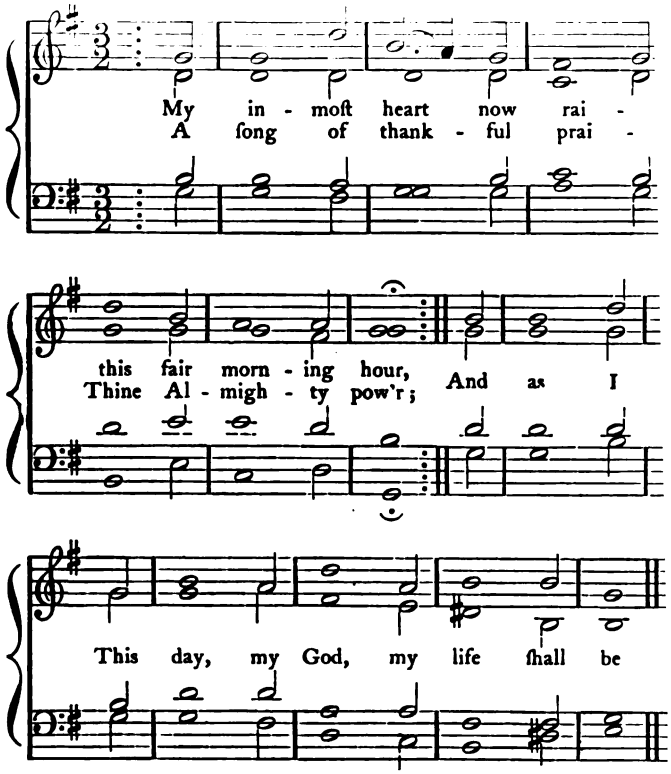
Guardian of Iſrael, hear me,
  Watch o'er me through the day,
In all I do be near me:
  For others too I pray,
To Thee I would commend them,
  Our Church, our youth, our land,
Direct them and defend them
  When dangers are at hand.

3

O gently grant Thy bleſſing,
  That we may do Thy will,
No more Thy ways tranſgreſſing,
  Our proper taſk fulfil;
With Peter's full affiance
  Let down our nets again,
If Thou art our reliance
  Our toil will not be vain.

4

Thou art the Vine,—oh nouriſh
  The branches graft in Thee,
And let them grow and flouriſh
  A fair and fruitful tree;
Thy Spirit put within us,
  And let His gifts of grace
To all good actions win us,
  That beſt may ſhow His praiſe.


My in - moſt heart now rai -
A ſong of thank - ful prai -
this fair morn - ing hour, And as I
Thine Al - migh - ty pow'r;
This day, my God, my life ſhall be

2

For Thou from me haſt warded
All perils of the night;
From every harm haſt guarded
My ſoul till morning's light;
Humbly to Thee I cry,
Do Thou in grace the ſins forgive
That anger Thee each day I live,
Have mercy, Lord moſt High!

3

And keep me of Thy kindneſs
From every harm to-day;
Nor let me in my blindneſs
To Satan fall a prey.
My cup with good o'erflows,
My ſoul and body, goods and life,
My home and friends, my child and wife,
Thy bounteous hand beſtows.

4

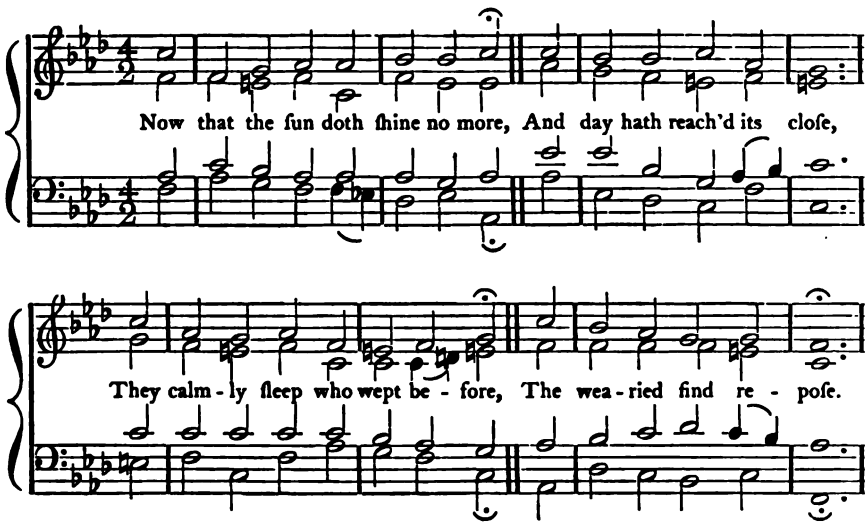
And ſo to Thy good pleaſure
My all I now commend,
And moſt, what moſt I treaſure;
O Thou Almighty Friend,
Order my courſe for me,
And bleſs whate'er I undertake,
Since I in all my choice would make
As ſeemeth beſt to Thee.

5

Amen! I ſay, not fearing
That God rejects my prayer,
I doubt not He is hearing
And granting me His care;
And ſo I go my way,
And joyfully put forth my hands
To do the work that He commands,
And ſerve Him through the day.

(LXXVI.—„Nun ſich der Tag geendet hat.")

165.

Original Tune.

Now that the ſun doth ſhine no more, And day hath reach'd its cloſe,
They calm - ly ſleep who wept be - fore, The wea - ried find re - poſe.

2

But Thou, my God, no reſt doſt know
In Thy unſlumb'ring might;
Thou hateſt darkneſs as Thy foe,
For Thou Thyſelf art Light.

3

Then 'mid the blackneſs of theſe hours
Still think on me for good;
Refreſh me,—let Thy heavenly powers
Now o'er my ſlumbers brood.

4

I know the evil I have done
Doth cry aloud to Thee;
But, ah! the mercy of Thy Son
Hath made amends for me.

5

And therefore now I cloſe my eyes,
And ſleep with tranquil breaſt;
Why waſte the time in fears or ſighs?
God watches o'er my reſt.

6

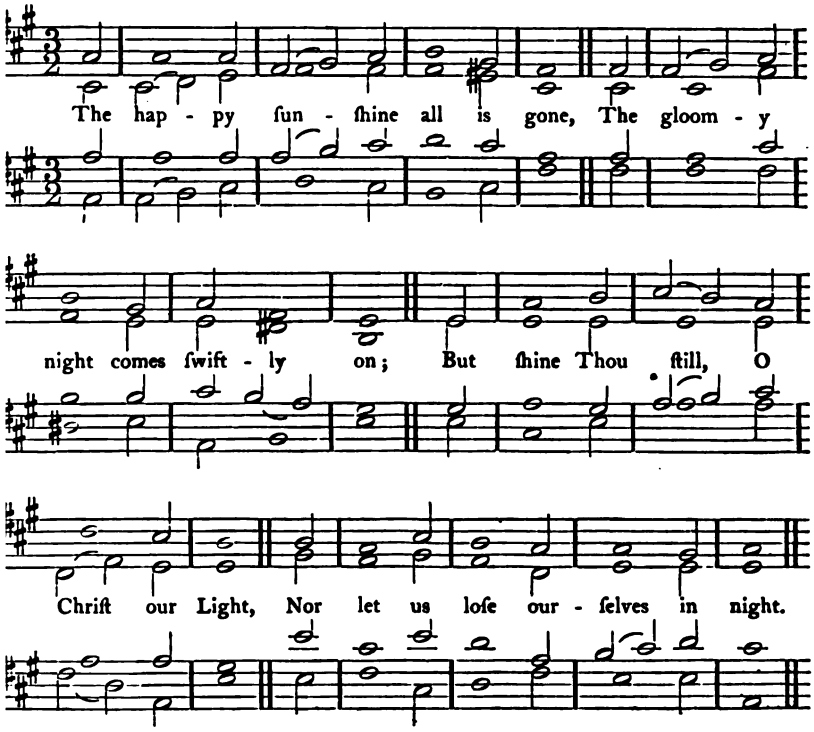
Hence, vain and evil thoughts, depart!
Roam not, my ſoul, abroad,
For now I build within my heart
A temple to my God.

7

And if this night my laſt ſhould prove
In this dark land, I pray
Then take me to Thy heaven above,
The home of endleſs day.

of Tunes, LXXXII.)

166.

Tune.—"Lord Jeſus Chriſt, my Life, my Light."

The hap - py ſun - ſhine all is gone, The gloom - y
night comes ſwift - ly on; But ſhine Thou ſtill, O
Chriſt our Light, Nor let us loſe our - ſelves in night.

2

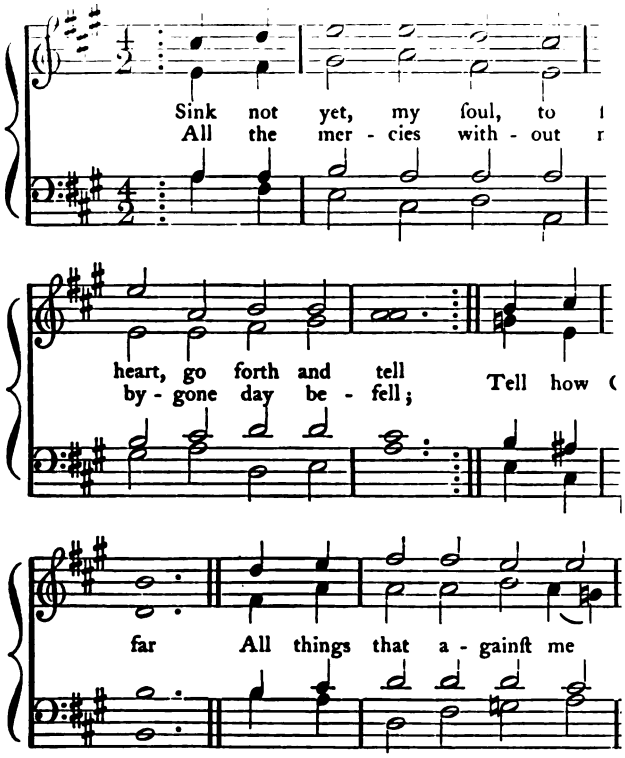
thank Thee, Father, that this day
angels watch'd around our way,
free from harm and vexing fear,
led us on in ſafety here.

3

Lord, have we anger'd Thee to-day,
Remember not our ſins, we pray,
But let Thy mercy o'er them ſweep,
And give us calm and reſtful ſleep.

4

Thy angels guard our ſleeping hours,
And keep afar all evil Powers;
And Thou all pain and miſchief ward
From ſoul and body, faithful Lord!

Original Tune.

Sink not yet, my ſoul, to
All the mer - cies with - out
heart, go forth and tell
by - gone day be - fell;
Tell how
far
All things that a - gainſt me

2

Father, merciful and holy,
Thee to-night I praiſe and bleſs,
Who to labour true and lowly
Granteſt ever meet ſucceſs;
Many a ſin and many a woe,
Many a fierce and ſubtle foe,
Haſt Thou check'd that once alarm'd me,
So that nought to-day has harm'd me.

3

Now the light, that nature gladdens,
And the pomp of day is gone,
And my heart is tired and ſaddens
As the gloomy night comes on;
Ah then, with Thy changeleſs light
Warm and cheer my heart to-night,
As the ſhadows round me gather
Keep me cloſe to Thee, my Father.

4

Have I e'er from Thee departed,
Now I ſeek Thy face again,
And Thy Son, the loving-hearted,
Made our peace through bitter pain.
Yes, far greater than our ſin,
Though it ſtill be ſtrong within,
Is the Love that fails us never,
Mercy that endures for ever.

5

Brightneſs of the eternal city!
Light of every faithful ſoul!
Safe beneath Thy ſheltering pity,
Let the tempeſts paſt me roll:
Now it darkens far and near,
Still, my God, ſtill be Thou here;
Thou canſt comfort, and Thou only,
When the night is long and lonely.

6

E'en the twilight now hath vaniſh'd,
Send Thy bleſſing on my ſleep,
Every ſin and terror baniſh'd,
Let my reſt be calm and deep.
Soul and body, mind and health,
Wife and children, houſe and wealth,
Friend and foe, the ſick, the ſtranger,
Keep Thou ſafe from harm and danger.

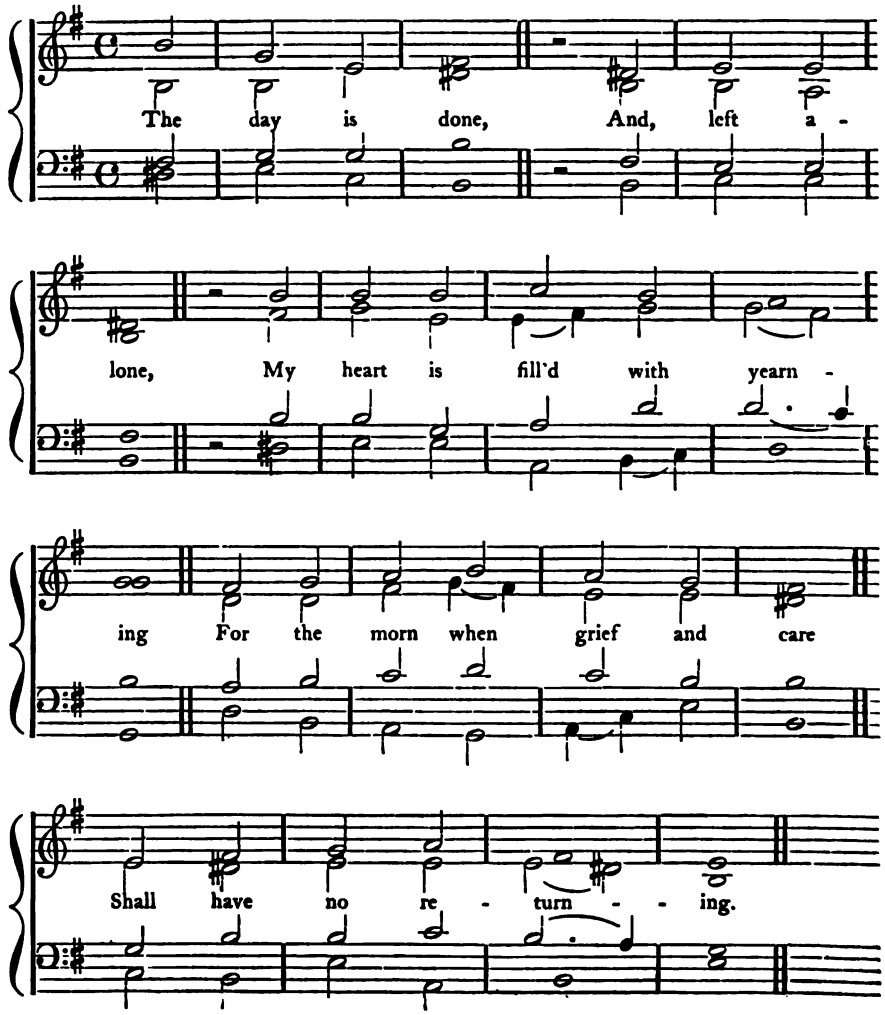
7

O Thou mighty God, now hearken
To the prayer Thy child hath made;
Jeſus, while the night-hours darken
Be Thou ſtill my hope, my aid;
Holy Ghoſt, on Thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all,
Hear my earneſt prayer, oh hear me!
Lord, Thou heareſt, Thou art near me.

EVENING.

(Index of Tunes, LXXXIV.)

168.

Tune.—"O darkeſt woe, ye tears, forth flow!"

2

The night is here,
Oh! be Thou near,
Chriſt, make it light within me;
Chaſe the darkneſs from my heart
That to ill might win me.

3

The ſun's ſweet light
Is ſunk in night;
Oh Brightneſs uncreated,
Shine with joy on us who here
Long for Thee have waited.

4

Each living thing
Is ſlumbering,
While darkneſs round is cloſing;
Work Thou ſilently in me
While I lie repoſing.

5

Ah when ſhall day
Have perfect ſway,
By night no more attended?
When that faireſt morn ſhall break
That ſhall ne'er be ended.

6

For Salem then
Shall ne'er again
Behold her brightneſs vaniſh,
Since the Lamb ſhall be her light,
And all night ſhall baniſh.

7

Oh were I there!
Where all the air
With lovely ſounds is ringing,
Where the ſaints Thee, Holy Lord,
Evermore are ſinging!

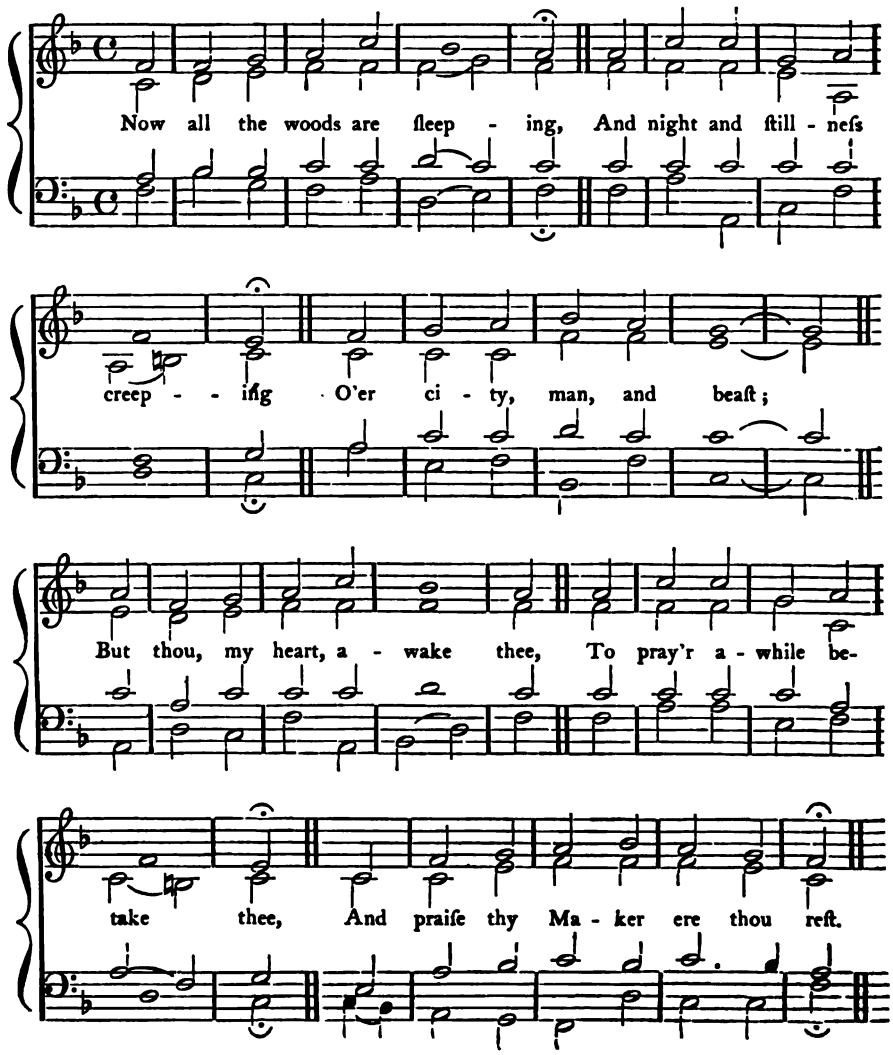
8

Lord Jeſus, Thou
My reſt art now;
Grant me to ſtand before Thee,
Radiant with Thy light to ſhine,
And for aye adore Thee!

EVENING.

(Index of Tunes, LXXXV.)

169.

Tune.—"O World, I now muſt leave thee."

Now all the woods are ſleep - ing, And night and ſtill - neſs
creep - - ing O'er ci - ty, man, and beaſt;
But thou, my heart, a - wake thee, To pray'r a - while be-
take thee, And praiſe thy Ma - ker ere thou reſt.

2

O Sun, where art thou vaniſh'd ?
The Night thy reign hath baniſh'd,
Thy ancient foe, the Night.
Farewell, a brighter glory
My Jeſus ſheddeth o'er me,
All clear within me ſhines His light.

3

The laſt faint beam is going,
The golden ſtars are glowing
In yonder dark-blue deep ;
And ſuch the glory given
When called of God to heaven,
On earth no more we pine and weep.

4

The body haſtes to ſlumber,
Theſe garments now but cumber,
And as I lay them by
I ponder how the ſpirit
Puts off the fleſh t' inherit
A ſhining robe with Chriſt on high.

5

Now thought and labour ceaſes,
For Night the tired releaſes
And bids ſweet reſt begin :
My heart, there comes a morrow
Shall ſet thee free from ſorrow
And all the dreary toil of ſin.

6

Ye aching limbs ! now reſt you,
For toil hath ſore oppreſs'd you,
Lie down, my weary head :
A ſleep ſhall once o'ertake you
From which earth ne'er ſhall wake you,
Within a narrower, colder bed.

7

My heavy eyes are cloſing ;
When I lie deep repoſing,
Soul, body, where are ye ?
To helpleſs ſleep I yield them,
Oh let Thy mercy ſhield them,
Thou ſleepleſs Eye, their guardian be !

8

My Jeſus, ſtay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe ſhelter'd by Thy wing ;
But would the foe alarm me,
Oh let him never harm me,
But ſtill Thine angels round me ſing !

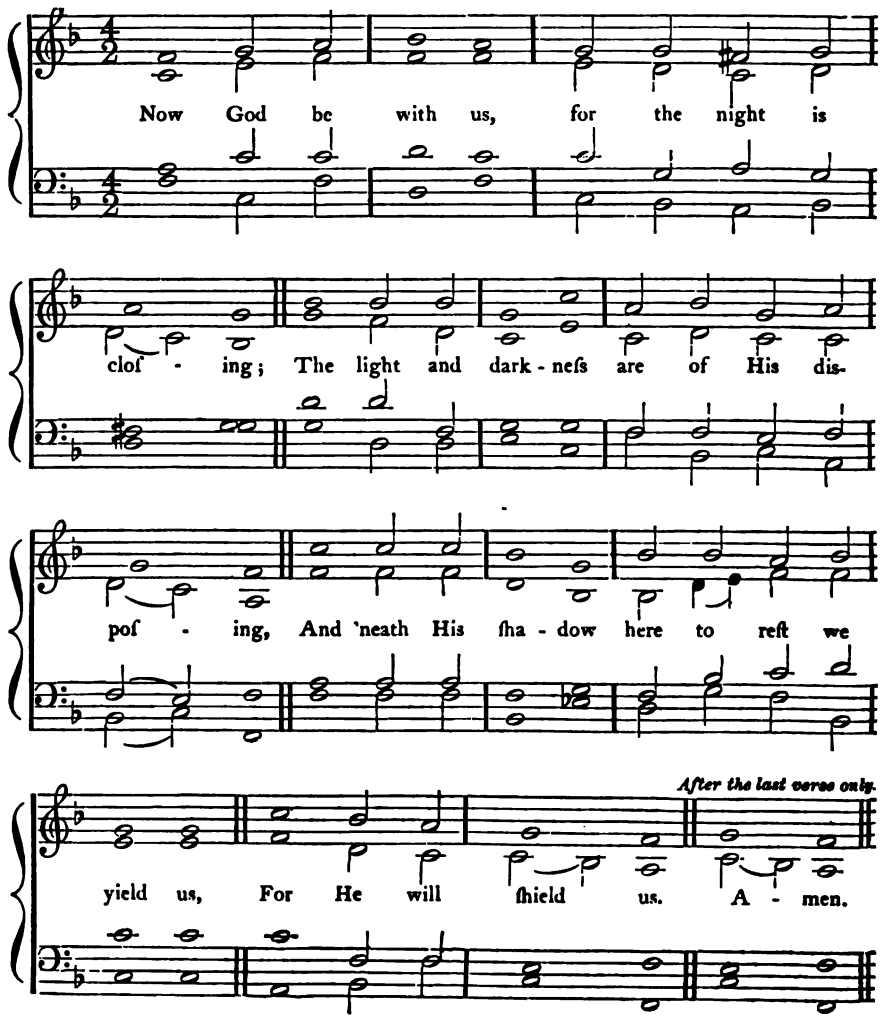
9

My loved ones, reſt ſecurely,
From every peril ſurely
Our God will guard your heads ;
And happy ſlumbers ſend you,
And bid His hoſts attend you,
And golden-arm'd watch o'er your beds.

EVENING.

(XXII.—„Die Nacht iſt kommen.")

170.

Original Tune.

Now God be with us, for the night is
cloſ - ing; The light and dark - neſs are of His dis-
poſ - ing, And 'neath His ſha - dow here to reſt we
After the last verse only.
yield us, For He will ſhield us. A - men.

2

Let evil thoughts and ſpirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Maſter, o'er us;
In ſoul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels ſend us.

3

Let pious thoughts be ours when ſleep o'ertakes us,
Our earlieſt thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day ſerve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praiſe purſuing.

4

As Thy beloved ſoothe the ſick and weeping,
And bid the captive loſe his griefs in ſleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

5

We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own haſt made us;
But Thy dear preſence will not leave them lonely,
Who ſeek Thee only.

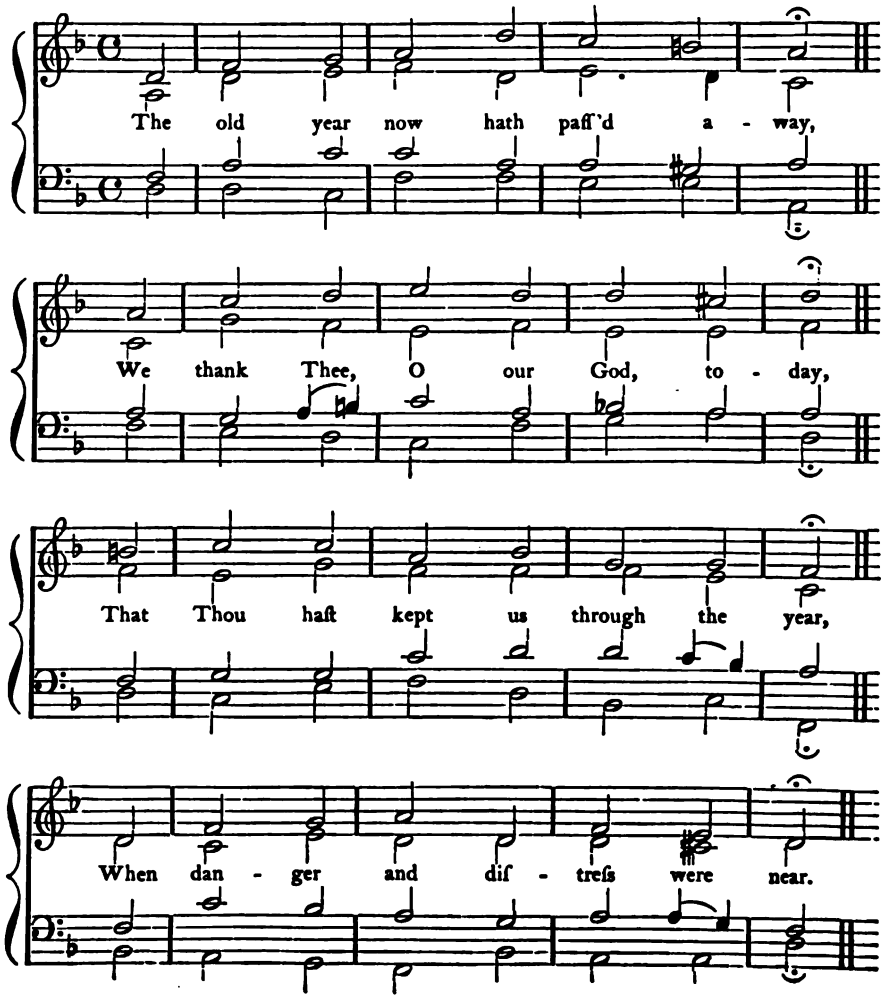
6

Father, Thy name be praiſed, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our ſins, deliver
Us now and ever.—Amen.

NEW YEAR.

(XIX.—„Das alte Jahr vergangen iſt.")

171.

Original Tune.

The old year now hath paſſ'd a - way,
We thank Thee, O our God, to - day,
That Thou haſt kept us through the year,
When dan - ger and dif - treſs were near.

2

We pray Thee, O Eternal Son,
Who with the Father reign'ſt as One,
To guard and rule Thy Chriſtendom
Through all the ages yet to come.

3

Take not Thy ſaving Word away,
Our ſouls' true comfort and their ſtay;
Abide with us, and keep us free
From errors, following only Thee.

4

Oh help us to forſake all ſin,
A new and holier courſe begin,
Mark not what once was done amiſs,
A happier, better year be this!

5

Wherein as Chriſtians we may live,
Or die in peace that Thou canſt give,
To riſe again when Thou ſhalt come,
And enter Thine eternal home.

6

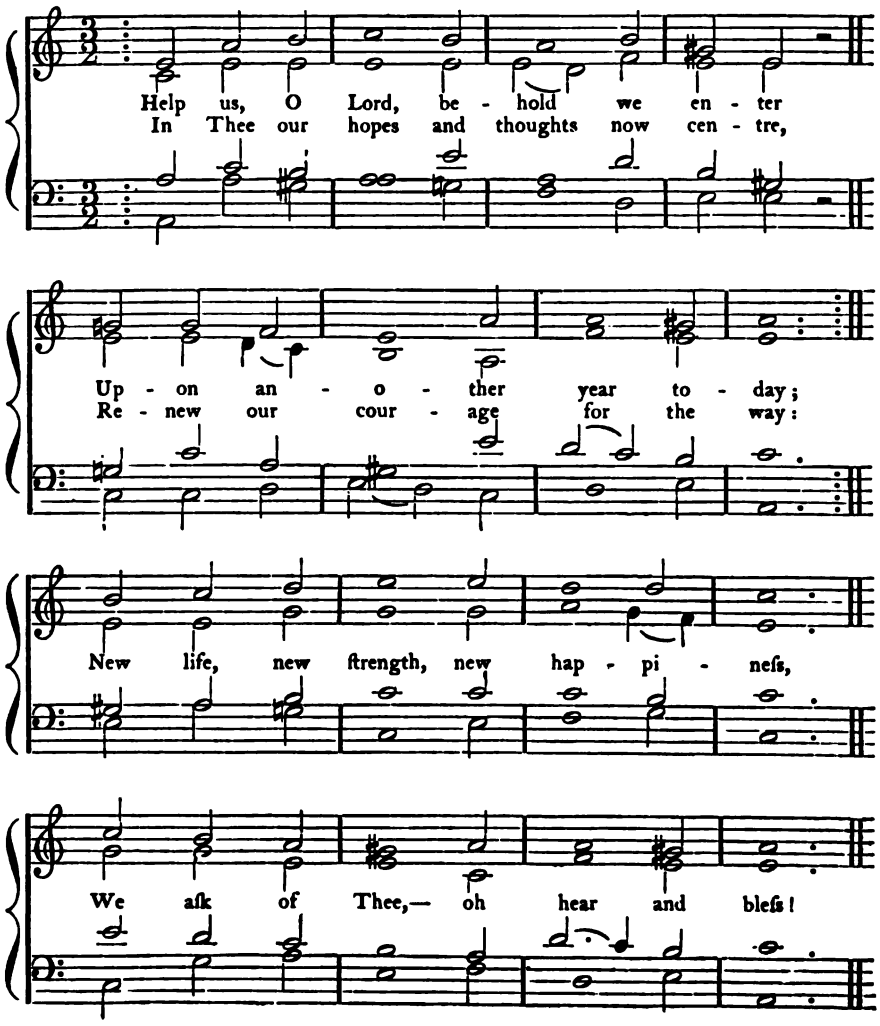
There ſhall we thank Thee, and adore,
With all the angels evermore;
Lord Jeſus Chriſt, increaſe our faith
To praiſe Thy name through life and death!

NEW YEAR.

(Index of Tunes, cxv.)

172.

Tune.—"If thou but ſuffer God to guide thee."


Help us, O Lord, be - hold we en - ter
In Thee our hopes and thoughts now cen - tre,
Up - on an - o - ther year to - day;
Re - new our cour - age for the way:
New life, new ſtrength, new hap - pi - neſs,
We aſk of Thee,— oh hear and bleſs!

2

May every plan and undertaking
This year be all begun with Thee,
When I am ſleeping or am waking,
Still let me know Thou art with me;
Abroad do Thou my footſteps guide,
At home be ever at my ſide.

3

Be this a time of grace and pardon,
Thy rod I take with willing mind,
But ſuffer nought my heart to harden,
Oh let me now Thy mercy find;
In Thee alone, my God, I live,
Thou only canſt my ſins forgive.

4

And may this year to me be holy,
Thy grace ſo fill my ev'ry thought
That all my life be pure and lowly
And truthful, as a Chriſtian's ought;
So make me while yet dwelling here
Pious and bleſt from year to year.

5

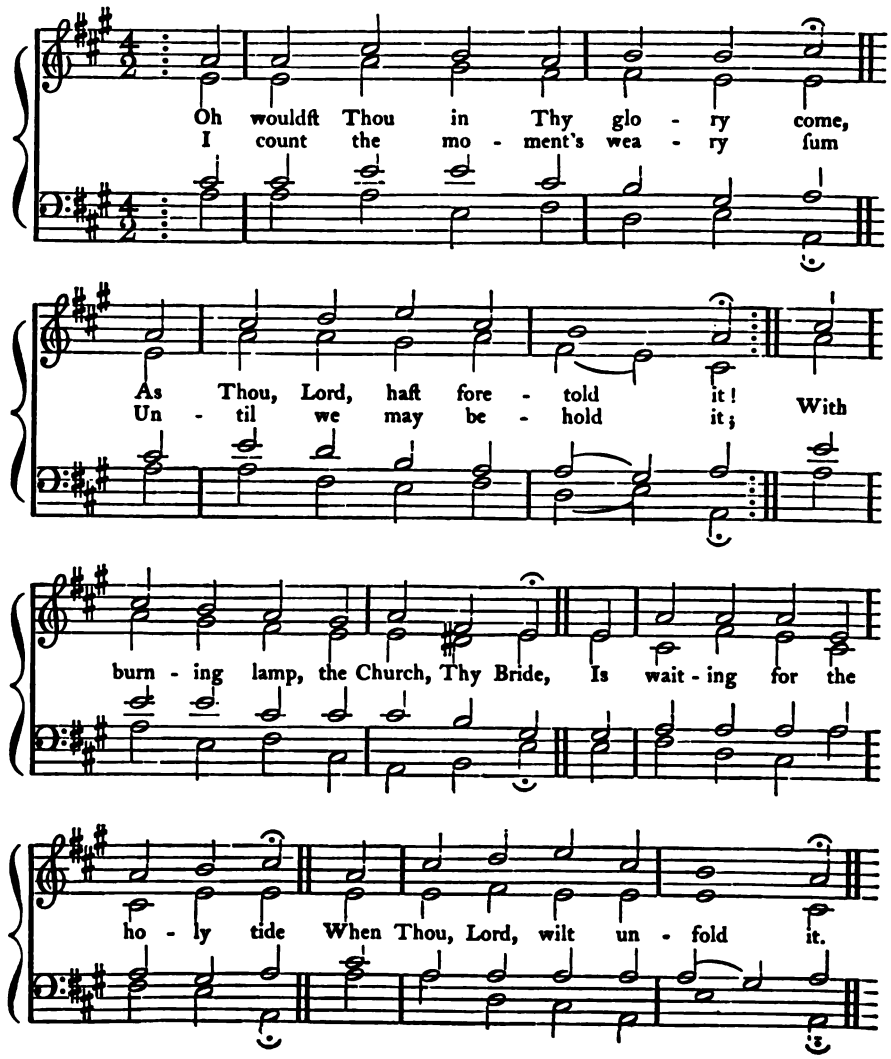
Jeſus, be with me and direct me;
Jeſus, my plans and hopes inſpire;
Jeſus, from tempting thoughts protect me;
Jeſus, be all my heart's deſire;
Jeſus, be in my thoughts all day,
Nor ſuffer me to fall away!

6

And grant, Lord, when the year is over,
That it for me in peace may cloſe;
In all things care for me, and cover
My head in time of fear and woes;
So may I, when my years are gone,
Appear with joy before Thy throne.

(Index of Tunes, LXXI.)

173.

Tune.—"Ah! God, from heaven look down and see."

Oh wouldst Thou in Thy glo - ry come,
I count the mo - ment's wea - ry sum
As Thou, Lord, hast fore - told it!
Un - til we may be - hold it;
With
burn - ing lamp, the Church, Thy Bride, Is wait - ing for the
ho - ly tide When Thou, Lord, wilt un - fold it.

2

Yet I would leave it to Thy choice,
The hour when we ſhall meet Thee;
Though Thou doſt love that heart and voice
Should daily thus entreat Thee,
And henceforth all my courſe ſhould be
Still looking on and up to Thee,
With heart prepared to greet Thee.

3

I joy that from Thy love divine
No power my ſoul can ſever;
That I may dare to call Thee mine,
My Lord, my Friend, for ever;
That I, O Prince of Life, ſhall be
Made wholly one in heaven with Thee,
In life that endeth never.

4

And therefore do my thanks o'erflow
That one more year is ended,
And of this Time, ſo poor, ſo ſlow,
Another ſtep aſcended;
And with a heart that may not wait
I haſten towards the golden gate
Where long my hopes have tended.

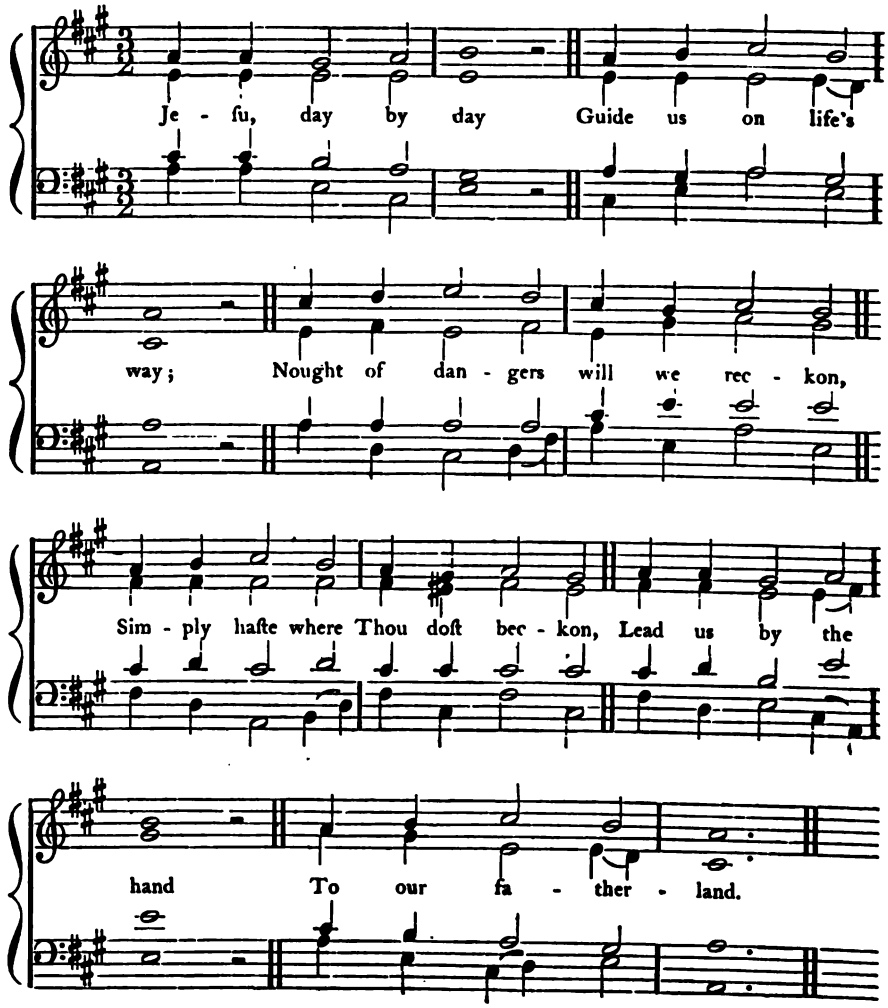
5

And when the wearied hands give way,
And wearied knees are failing,
Then make Thy mighty arm my ſtay,
Though faith and hope ſeem quailing;
That ſo my heart drink in new ſtrength,
And fear no more the journey's length,
O'er doubt and pain prevailing.

6

Then on, my ſoul, with fearleſs faith,
Let nought to terror move thee,
Nor liſt what earthly pleaſure ſaith,
When ſhe would lure and prove thee;
The eagles' wings of love and prayer
Will bear thee through life's toil and care
To Him who ſtill doth love thee.

(xcv.—„Seelenbräutigam.")

174.

Je - su, day by day Guide us on life's
way; Nought of dan - gers will we rec - kon,
Sim - ply haſte where Thou doſt bec - kon, Lead us by the
hand To our fa - ther - land.

2

Hard ſhould ſeem our lot,
Let us waver not,
Never murmur at our croſſes
In dark days of grief and loſſes;
'Tis through trial we
Here muſt paſs to Thee.

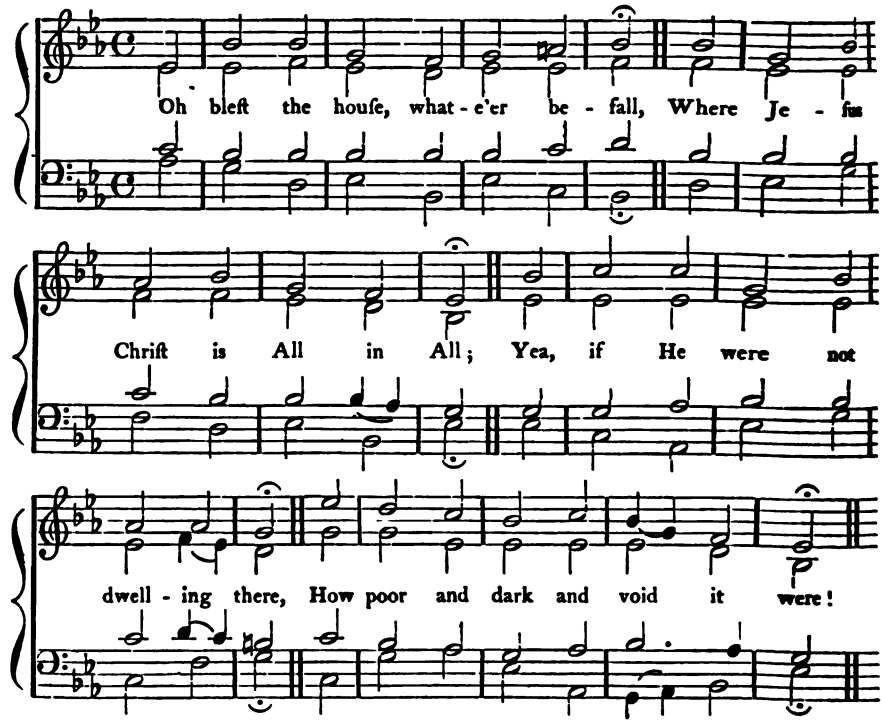
3

When the heart muſt know
Pain for others' woe,
When beneath its own 'tis ſinking,
Give us patience, hope unſhrinking,
Fix our eyes, O Friend,
On our journey's end.

4

Thus our path ſhall be
Daily traced by Thee;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
Help us moſt when moſt we ſuffer,
And when all is o'er,
Ope to us Thy door!

(CXXI.—„ Wo Gott zum Haus nicht giebt ſein' Gunſt.")

175.

Oh bleſt the houſe, what-e'er be-fall, Where Je-ſus
Chriſt is All in All; Yea, if He were not
dwell-ing there, How poor and dark and void it were!

2 Oh bleſt that houſe where faith ye find,
And all within have ſet their mind
To truſt their God and ſerve Him ſtill,
And do in all His holy will.

3 Bleſt, where their prayers ſhall daily riſe
As fragrant incenſe to the ſkies,
While in their lives the world is taught
That forms without the heart are nought.

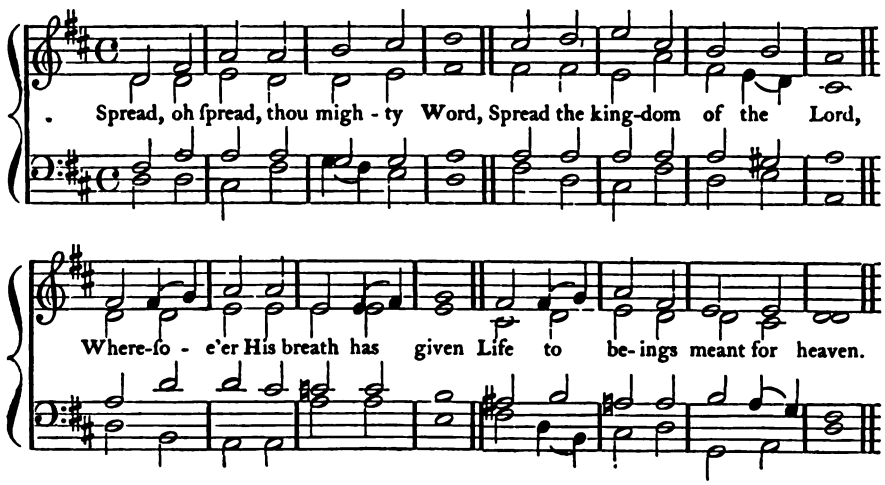
4 Bleſt, where the buſy hands fulfil
Their proper taſk with ready ſkill,
While through their different works ye ſee
One ſpirit run of unity.

5 Bleſt ſuch a houſe, it proſpers well,
In peace and joy the parents dwell,
And in their children's lot is ſhown
How richly God can bleſs His own.

6 Then here will I and mine to-day
A ſolemn covenant make, and ſay,—
Though all the world forſake Thy Word,
I and my houſe will ſerve the Lord.

(Index of Tunes, xxxiii.)

176.

Tune.—"Let the earth now praiſe the Lord."

Spread, oh ſpread, thou migh - ty Word, Spread the king-dom of the Lord,
Where-ſo - e'er His breath has given Life to be-ings meant for heaven.

2

Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it ſtill,
How He ſent His Son to ſave
All who help and comfort crave.

3

Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove
By His holy ſacrifice,
All the guilt that on us lies.

4

Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, juſt and true,
Working both to will and do.

5

Word of Life! moſt pure and ſtrong,
Lo! for Thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

6

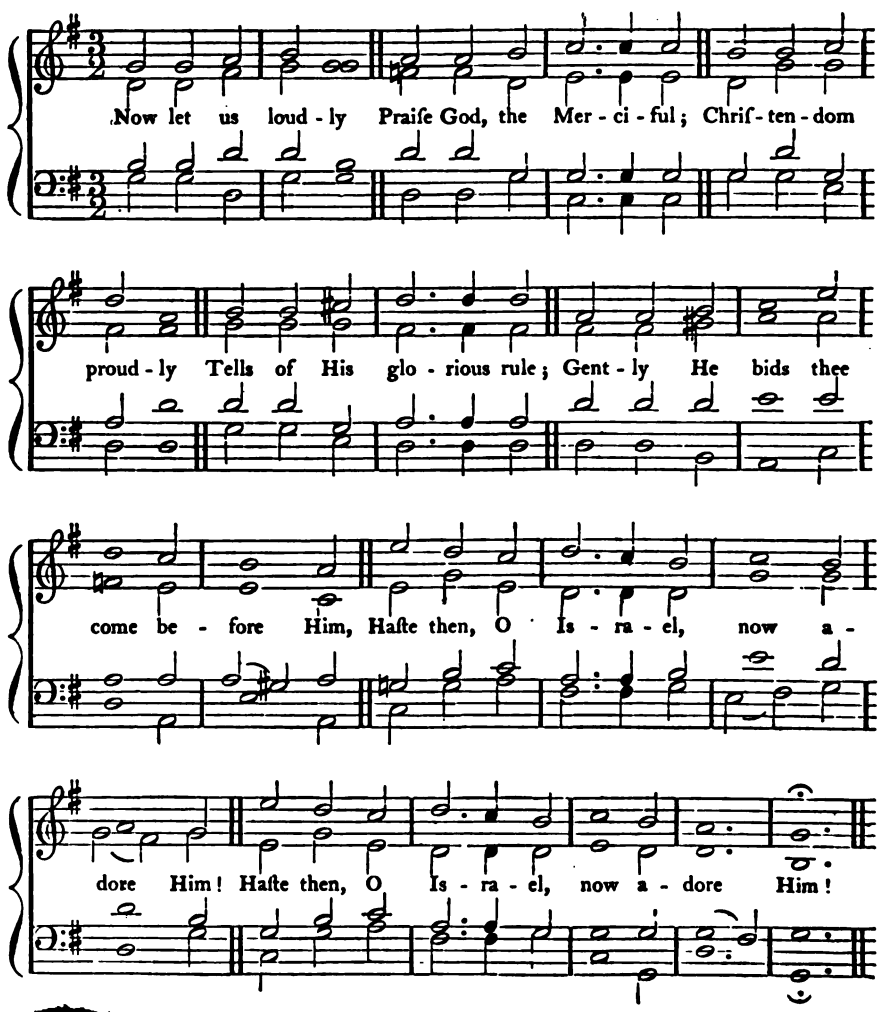
Up, the ripening fields ye ſee,
Mighty ſhall the harveſt be,
But the reapers ſtill are few,
Great the work they have to do.

7

Lord of harveſt, let there be
Joy and ſtrength to work for Thee,
Till the nations far and near
See Thy Light, and learn Thy fear.

(LXXV.—„Nun preiſet alle.")

177.

Original Tune.

Now let us loud - ly Praiſe God, the Mer - ci - ful; Chriſ - ten - dom
proud - ly Tells of His glo - rious rule; Gent - ly He bids thee
come be - fore Him, Haſte then, O Is - ra - el, now a -
dore Him! Haſte then, O Is - ra - el, now a - dore Him!

2

For the Lord reigneth
Over the univerſe,
All He ſuſtaineth,
All things His praiſe rehearſe;
The hoſt of angels round Him dwelling,
‖: Pſalter and harp of His praiſe are telling. :‖

3

Riſe then, ye nations,
Caſt off your mournfulneſs:
Into His paſtures
Will ye not gladly preſs?
For there His Word abroad is ſounded,
‖: Pardon for ſinners, and grace unbounded. :‖

4

Richly he feeds us,
Always and everywhere;
Gently He leads us
With a true Father's care;
The late and early rains He ſends us,
‖: Daily His bleſſing, His love attends us. :‖

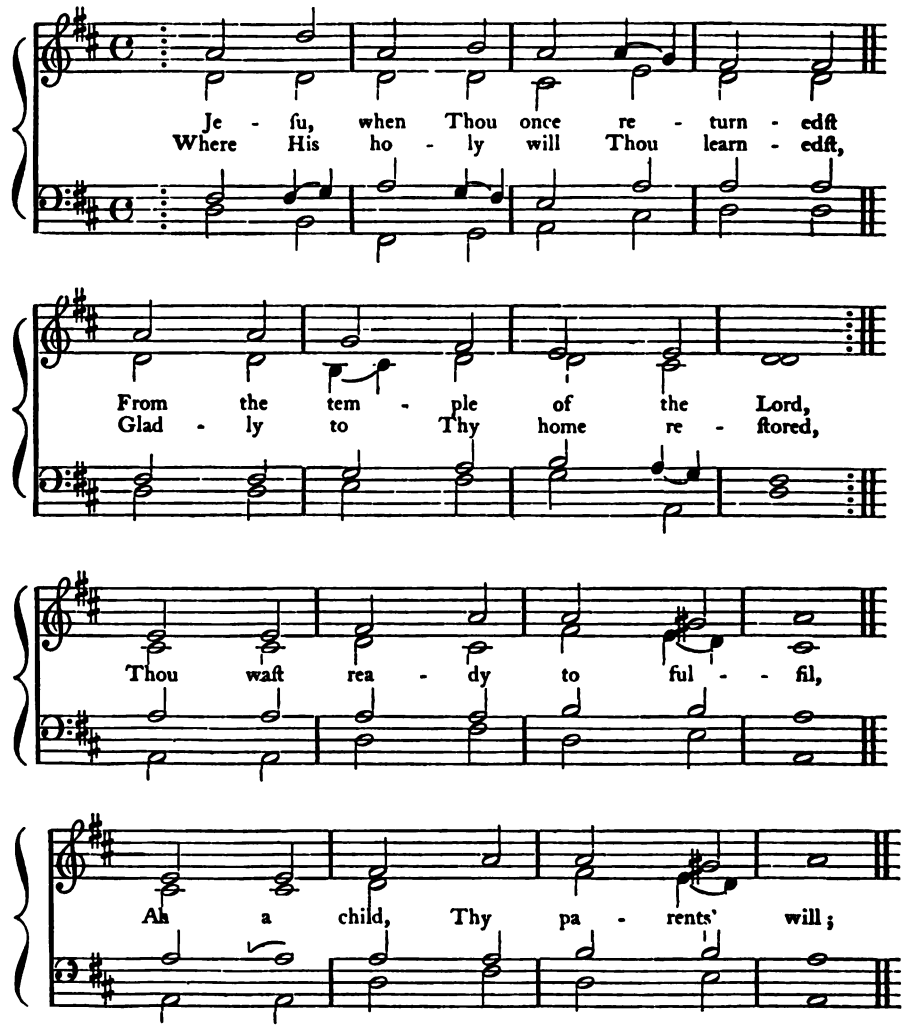
5

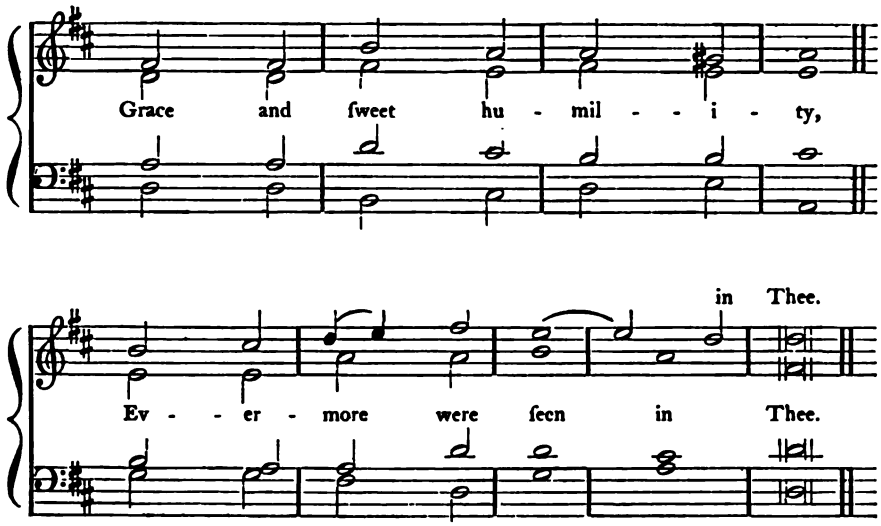
Sing we His praiſes
Who is thus merciful;
Chriſtendom raiſes
Songs to His glorious rule!
Rejoice! no foe ſhall now alarm us,
‖: He will protect us, and who can harm us? :‖

(Index of Tunes, VII.)

178.

Tune.—"Hark! a voice ſaith, All are mortal."


Je - ſu, when Thou once re - turn - edſt
Where His ho - ly will Thou learn - edſt,
From the tem - ple of the Lord,
Glad - ly to Thy home re - ſtored,
Thou waſt rea - dy to ful - - fil,
Ah a child, Thy pa - rents' will;

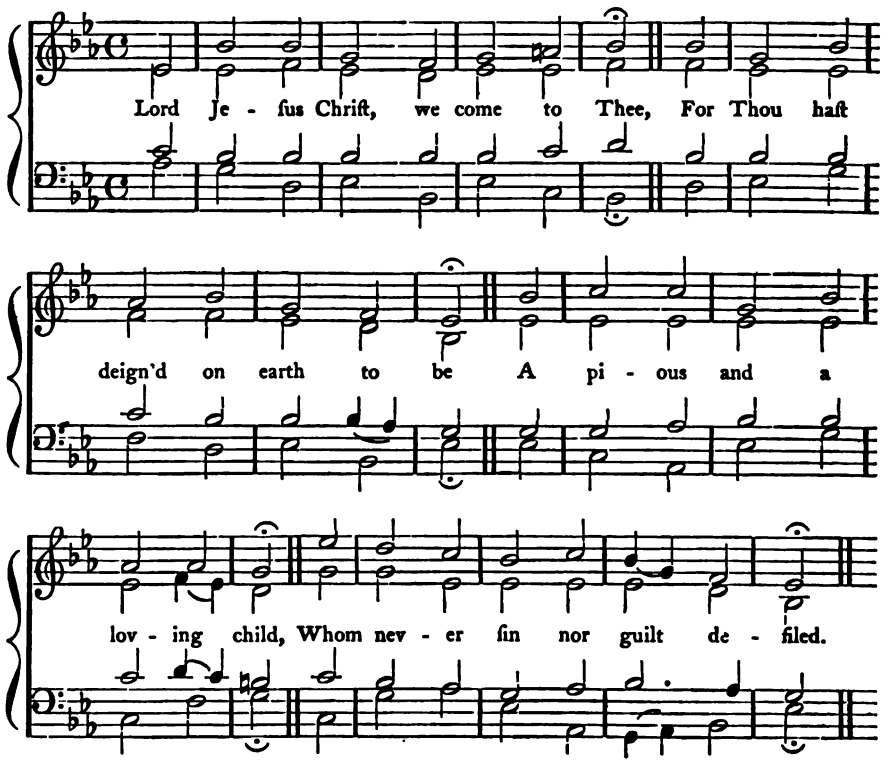


2

See Thy little flock diſperſing
From their ſchool with joyous hearts;
Here Thy leſſons oft rehearſing,
Train them for life's buſy parts;
Lord, at home or by the way,
Lonely, or in merry play,
Be our Pattern ne'er forgot;
Friend of children, leave us not!

(Index of Tunes, CXXI.)

179.

Tune.—"O bleſt the houſe, whate'er befall."

Lord Je - ſus Chriſt, we come to Thee, For Thou haſt
deign'd on earth to be A pi - ous and a
lov - ing child, Whom nev - er ſin nor guilt de - filed.

2

We aſk but one thing for our lot,
O Lord, deny Thy children not,—
Teach us to reſt upon Thy will,
And take Thee for our Pattern ſtill.

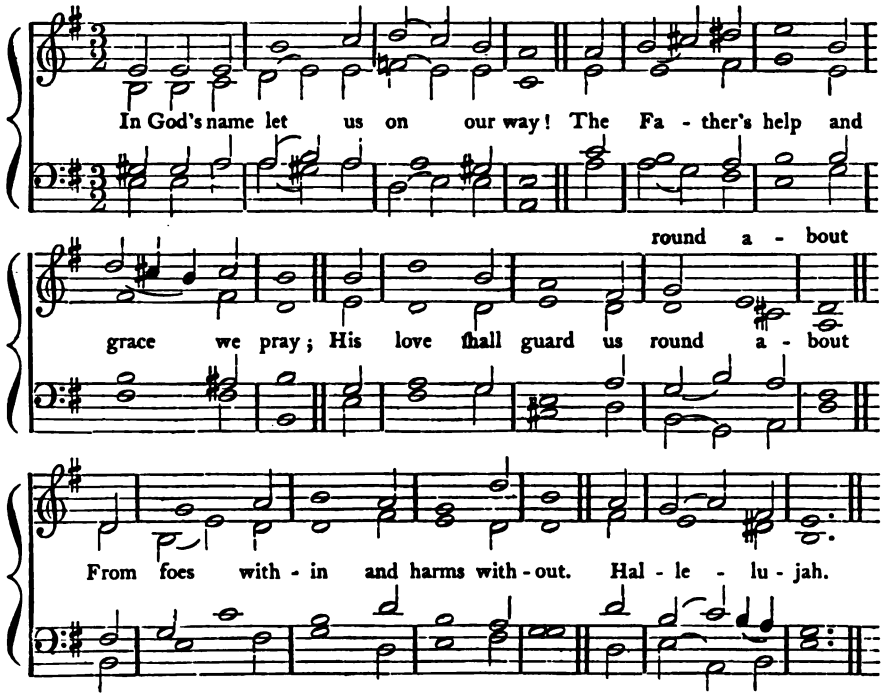
3

Oh put Thy Spirit in our breaſt,
Help us to learn with childlike zeſt,
That we may lay the one true ground,
And evermore in Thee be found.

(Index of Tunes, xxviii.)

180.

Tune.—" Ere yet the dawn hath fill'd the ſkies."


In God's name let us on our way! The Fa - ther's help and
round a - bout
grace we pray; His love ſhall guard us round a - bout
From foes with - in and harms with - out. Hal - le - lu - jah.

2

And Chriſt, be Thou our Friend and Guide,
Through all our wanderings at our ſide,
Help us all evil to withſtand
That wars againſt Thy leaſt command.
Hallelujah

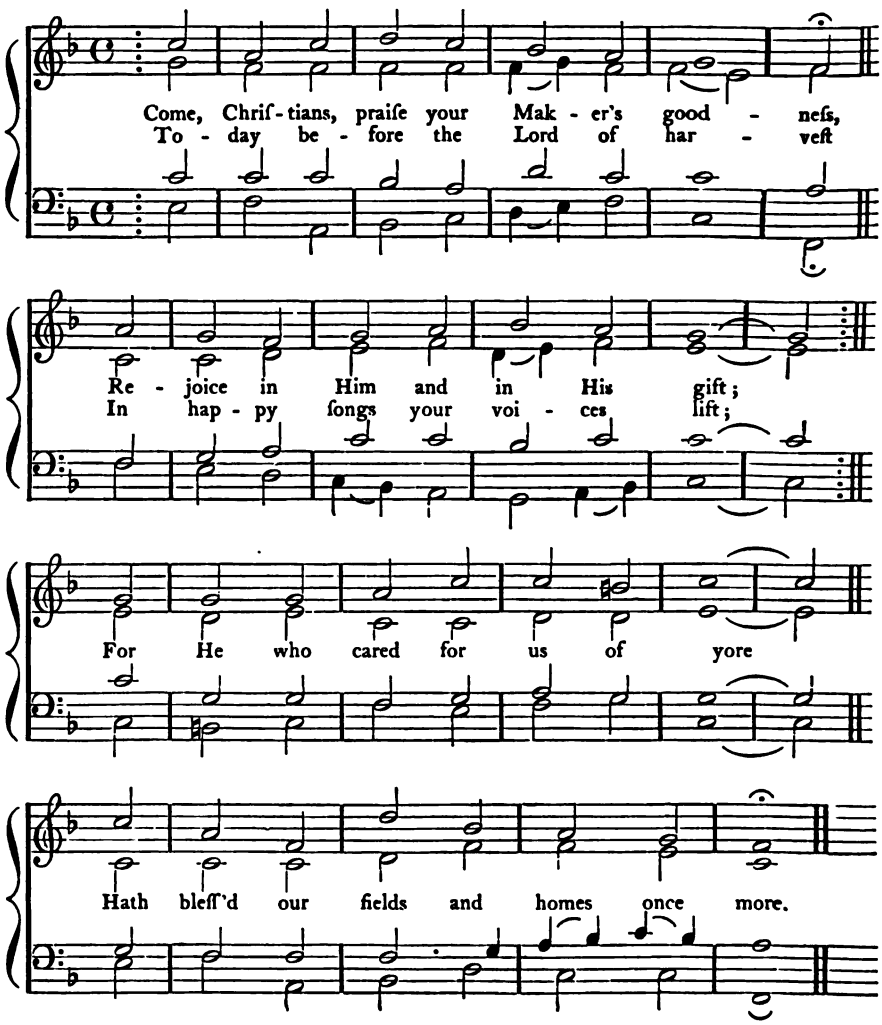
3

The Holy Spirit o'er us brood
With all His gifts of richeſt good,
With hope and ſtrength when dark our road,
And bring us home again in God!
Hallelujah.

(Index of Tunes, LXXVIII.)

181.

Tune.—"Oh would, my God, that I could praiſe Thee."


Come, Chriſ-tians, praiſe your Mak-er's good-neſs,
To-day be-fore the Lord of har-veſt
Re-joice in Him and in His gift;
In hap-py ſongs your voi-ces lift;
For He who cared for us of yore
Hath bleſſ'd our fields and homes once more.

2

Accept, O Lord, our thankful praiſes
For all our Father's bleſſing gives;
May it increaſe our faith, and lead us
To praiſe Thee by obedient lives,
That every deed and word may prove
We feel and truſt our Father's love.

3

Thou feedeſt us in pure compaſſion;
Teach us to care for others' need;
Let each, as he is able, comfort
The ſick and poor, the hungry feed:
O Father Thou of all below,
On each, what moſt he needs, beſtow.

4

Open Thy bounteous hands in bleſſing
Thus to refreſh us, year by year;
Provide for us through all life's journey,
And make us faithful ſtewards while here
Of all that to our care is given,
That greater gifts be ours in heaven.

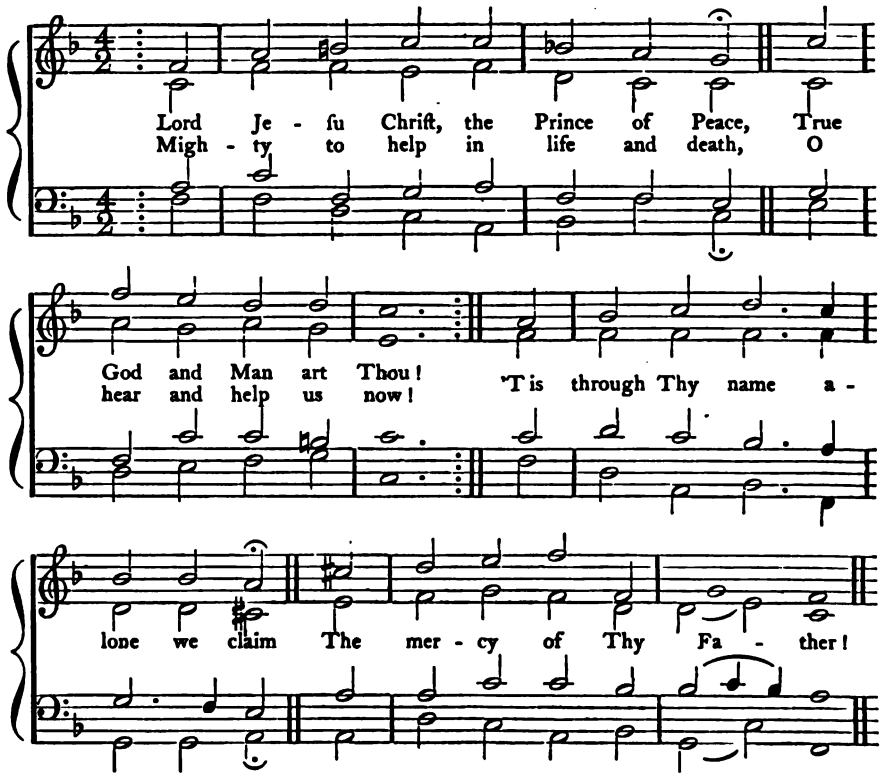
5

Preſerve to us what Thou haſt ſent us,
And grant us calm and peaceful days
And grateful hearts, that we may uſe it
In quiet gladneſs to Thy praiſe:
And while our bodies thus are fed,
O grant our ſouls the Living Bread!

WAR AND PEACE.

(XXIV.—„Du Friedefürſt, Herr Jeſu Chriſt.")

182.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - ſu Chriſt, the Prince of Peace, True
Migh - ty to help in life and death, O
God and Man art Thou!
hear and help us now!
'T is through Thy name a -
lone we claim The mer - cy of Thy Fa - ther!

2

The times are ſore and perilous
With heavy woes and wars,
Whence no man can deliver us
But Thou! Oh plead our cauſe,
That God may lay His wrath away,
Nor deal with us in anger!

3

We have deſerved, and patiently
Would bear, whate'er Thou wilt,
But grace is mightier far with Thee
Than all our ſin and guilt;
Forgive us then, dear Lord, again,
Thy love is ever faithful.

4

(Danger and grief around us ſtand,
When plagues are in the air;
But far more wretched is the land
When cruel war is there;
Men ſcorn the good, in reckleſs mood
All holy things deſpiſing.

5

There law and judgment yield to force,
None aſketh what is right;
Thy Word is hinder'd in its courſe,
And quench'd its bleſſed light;
Then drive afar this harmful war,
Help, ſave us from its terrors.)

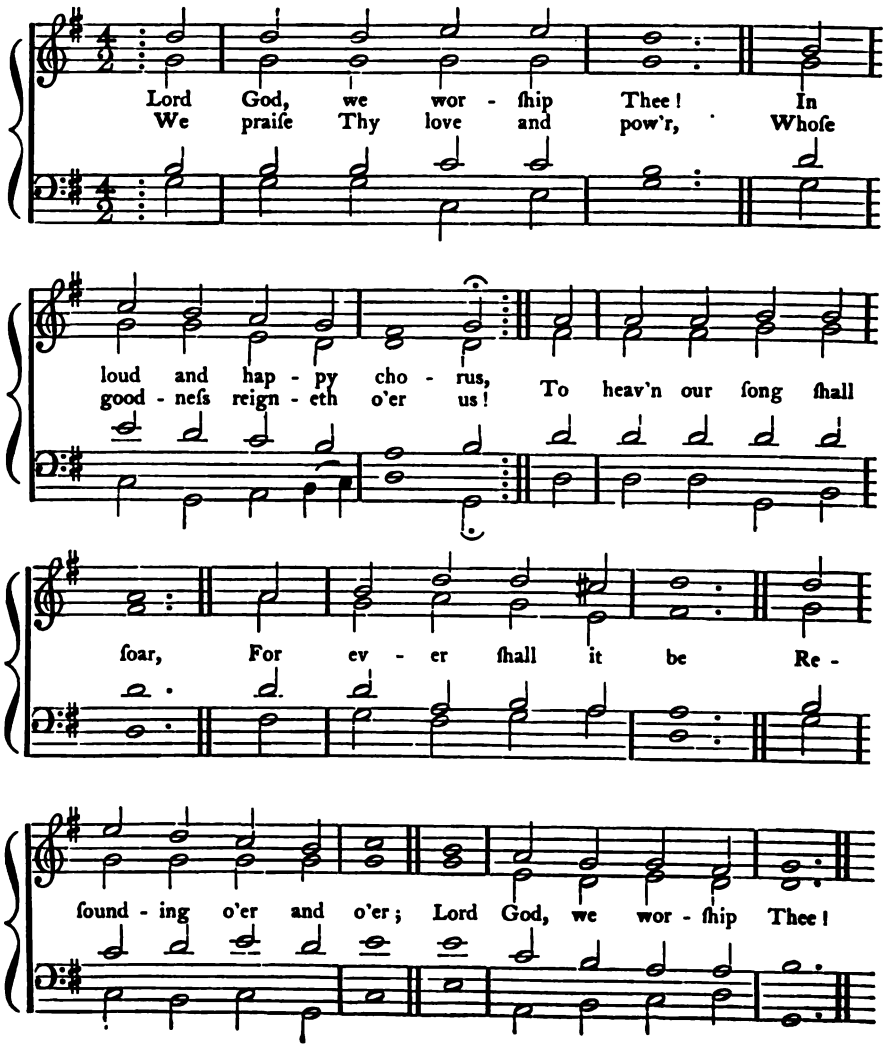
6

And let Thy grace, O Lord, control
Our minds and hearts, that none
Should make a ſport, that kills the ſoul,
Of evils war hath done.
'T is Thou alone who from Thy throne
Canſt rule us thus, and ſave us!

WAR AND PEACE.

(Index of Tunes, LXX.)

183.

Tune.—"Now thank we all our God."

Lord God, we wor - ſhip Thee! In
We praiſe Thy love and pow'r, Whoſe
loud and hap - py cho - rus,
good - neſs reign - eth o'er us! To heav'n our ſong ſhall
ſoar, For ev - er ſhall it be Re -
ſound - ing o'er and o'er; Lord God, we wor - ſhip Thee!

2

Lord God, we worſhip Thee!
For Thou our land defendeſt,
Thou poureſt down Thy grace,
And ſtrife and war Thou endeſt;
Since golden Peace, O Lord,
Thou granteſt us to ſee,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3

Lord God, we worſhip Thee!
Thou didſt indeed chaſtiſe us,
Yet ſtill Thy anger ſpares,
And ſtill Thy mercy tries us;
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our ſorrows flee,
And Peace rejoice our land;
Lord God, we worſhip Thee.

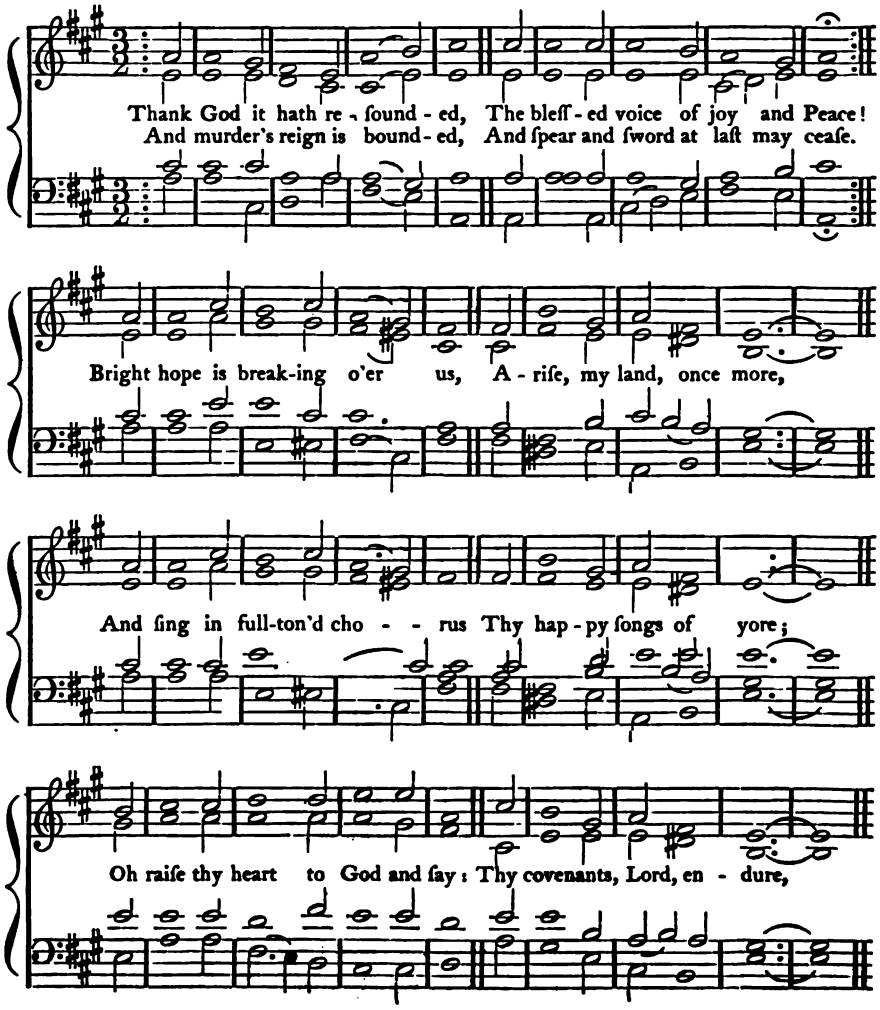
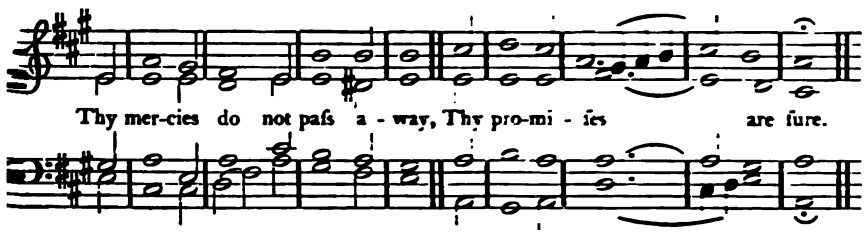
4

Lord God, we worſhip Thee!
And pray Thee, who haſt bleſt us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth moleſt us;
O crown us with Thy love;
Fulfil our cry to Thee,
O Father, grant our prayer;
Lord God, we worſhip Thee!

WAR AND PEACE.

(Index of Tunes, LXXIV.)

184.

Tune.—"My ſoul, now praiſe thy Maker."

Thank God it hath re - ſound - ed, The bleſſ - ed voice of joy and Peace!
And murder's reign is bound - ed, And ſpear and ſword at laſt may ceaſe.
Bright hope is break-ing o'er us, A - riſe, my land, once more,
And ſing in full-ton'd cho - - rus Thy hap - py ſongs of yore;
Oh raiſe thy heart to God and ſay: Thy covenants, Lord, en - dure,

2

O welcome day, that brought us
This precious noble gift of Peace!
For war hath deeply taught us
What ſorrows come where ſhe doth ceaſe;
In her our God now layeth
All hope, all happineſs;
Who woundeth her, or ſlayeth,
Doth, like a madman, preſs
The arrow to his own heart's core,
And quench with impious hand
The golden torch of Peace once more,
That glads at laſt our land.

3

This ye could teach us only,
So dull and hard theſe hearts of ours,
Ye homes, now ſtripp'd and lonely,
Ye waſted cities, ruin'd towers;
Ye fields, once fairly blooming,
With golden harveſt graced,
Where foreſts now are glooming,
Or ſpreads a dreary waſte;
Ye graves, with corpſes piled, where lies
Full many a hero brave,
Whoſe like no more ſhall meet our eyes,
Who died, yet could not ſave.

4

O man, with bitter mourning
Remember now the by-gone years,
When thou haſt met God's warning
With careleſs ſcoff, not contrite tears;
Yet like a loving Father
He lays aſide His wrath,
And ſeeks with kindneſs rather
To lure thee to His path;
He tries if love may yet conſtrain
The heart that hath withſtood
His rod,—oh let Him not in vain
Now ſtrive with Thee for good

5

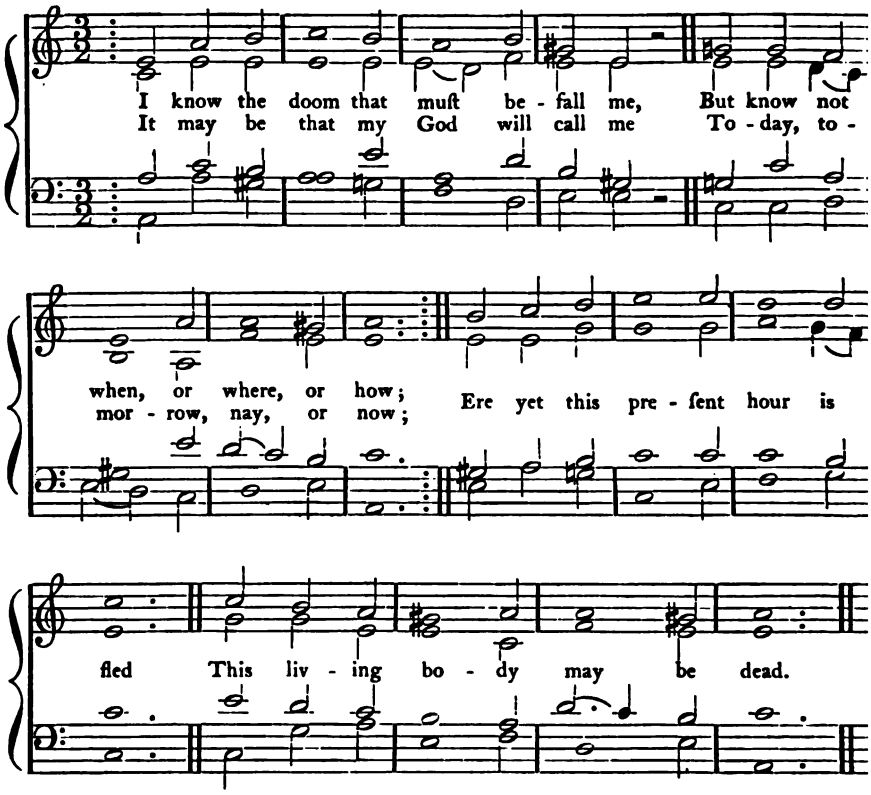
Thou careleſs world, awaken!
Awake, awake, all ye that ſleep,
Ere yet ye be o'ertaken
With ruin ſudden, ſwift, and deep!
But he who knows Chriſt liveth,
May hope and fear no ill,
The Peace that now He giveth
Hath deeper meaning ſtill,
For He will ſurely teach us this:
"The end is nigh at hand,
When ye in perfect reſt and peace
Before your God ſhall ſtand."

IV. THE CLOSE.

1. FOR THE SICK AND DYING .. .. 185—194
2. THE LIFE TO COME .. .. 195—200

(Index of Tunes, cxv.)

185.

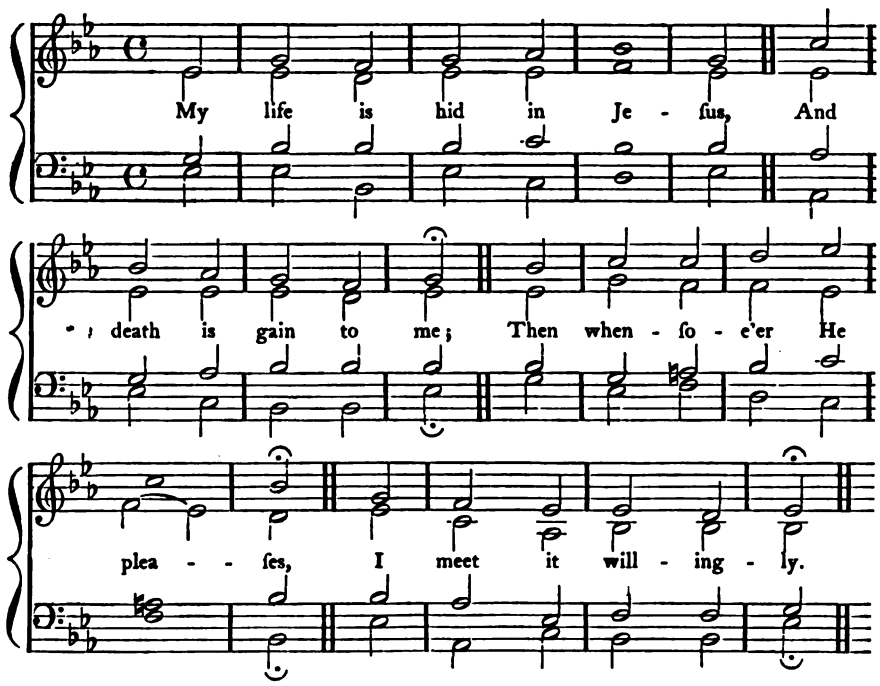
Tune—"If thou but ſuffer God to guide thee."

I know the doom that muſt be - fall me, But know not
It may be that my God will call me To - day, to -
when, or where, or how;
mor - row, nay, or now;
Ere yet this pre - ſent hour is
fled This liv - ing bo - dy may be dead.

2

Lord, let me die to ſelf each hour,
And at the laſt Thy preſence give,
Then Death may try his utmoſt power,
He can but make me truly live;
Then welcome my laſt hour ſhall be
When, where, and how it pleaſes Thee.

(xv.—„Chriſtus der iſt mein Leben."
„Ach bleib' mit Deiner Gnade.")

186.

Original Tune.

2 For Chriſt, my Lord and Brother,
I leave this world ſo dim,
And gladly ſeek that other
Where I ſhall be with Him.

3 My woes are nearly over,
Though long and dark the road;
My ſins His merits cover,
And I have peace with God.

4 Then when my powers are failing,
My breath comes heavily,
And words are unavailing,
Oh hear my ſighs to Thee!

5 When mind, and thought, O Saviour,
Are flickering like a light,
That to and fro doth waver
Ere 'tis extinguiſhed quite;

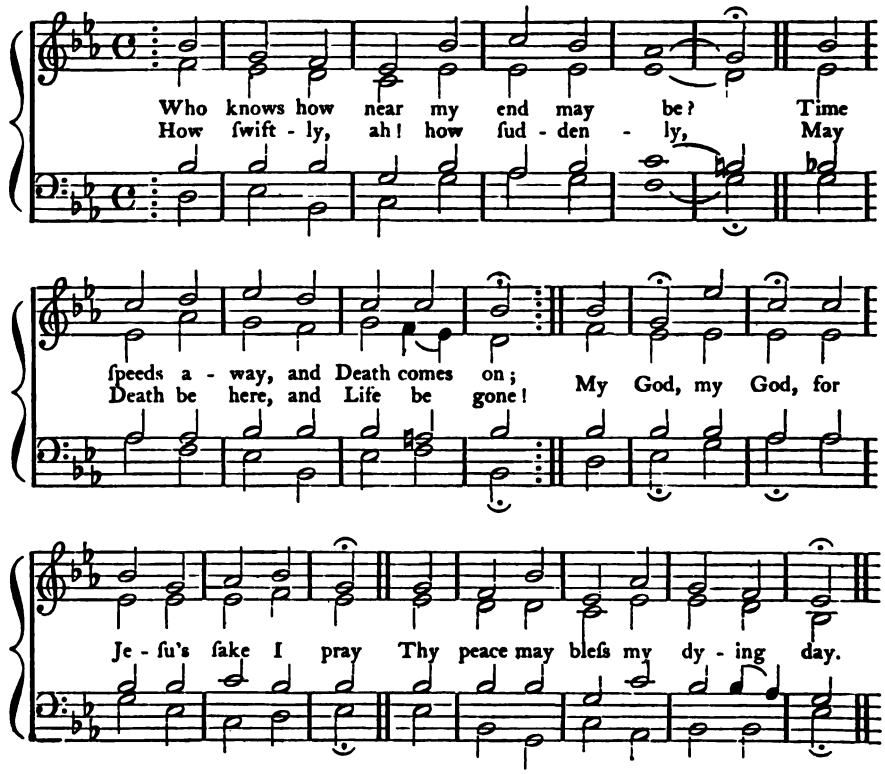
6 In that laſt hour, oh grant me
To ſlumber ſoft and ſtill,
No doubts to vex or haunt me,
Safe anchor'd on Thy will;

7 And ſo to Thee ſtill cleaving
Through all death's agony,
To fall aſleep believing,
And wake in heaven with Thee.

(CXVI.—„Wer weiß wie nahe mir mein Ende.")

187.

Original Tune.


Who knows how near my end may be? Time
How ſwift - ly, ah! how ſud - den - ly, May
ſpeeds a - way, and Death comes on;
Death be here, and Life be gone!
My God, my God, for
Je - ſu's ſake I pray Thy peace may bleſs my dy - ing day.

2

The world that ſmiled when morn was come
May change for me ere cloſe of eve;
So long as earth is ſtill my home
In peril of my death I live;
‖: My God, :‖ for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

3

Teach me to ponder oft my end,
And ere the hour of death appears,
To caſt my ſoul on Chriſt her Friend,
Nor ſpare repentant cries and tears;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

4

And let me now ſo order all,
That ever ready I may be
To ſay with joy, whate'er befall,
Lord, do Thou as Thou wilt with me;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

5

Let heaven to me be ever ſweet,
And this world bitter let me find,
That I, 'mid all its toil and heat,
May keep eternity in mind;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

6

O Father, cover all my ſins
With Jeſu's merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes His long-ſought reſt my own;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

7

His ſorrows and His croſs I know
Make death-beds ſoft, and light the grave,
They comfort in the hour of woe,
They give me all I fain would have;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

8

From Him can nought my ſoul divide,
Nor life nor death can part us now;
I lay my hand upon His ſide,
And ſay, My Lord and God art Thou;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

9

In holy baptiſm long ago
I join'd me to the living Vine,
Thou loveſt me in Him, I know,
In Him Thou doſt accept me Thine;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

10

And I have eaten of His fleſh
And drunk His blood,—nor can I be
Forſaken now, nor doubt afreſh,
I am in Him and He in me;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

11

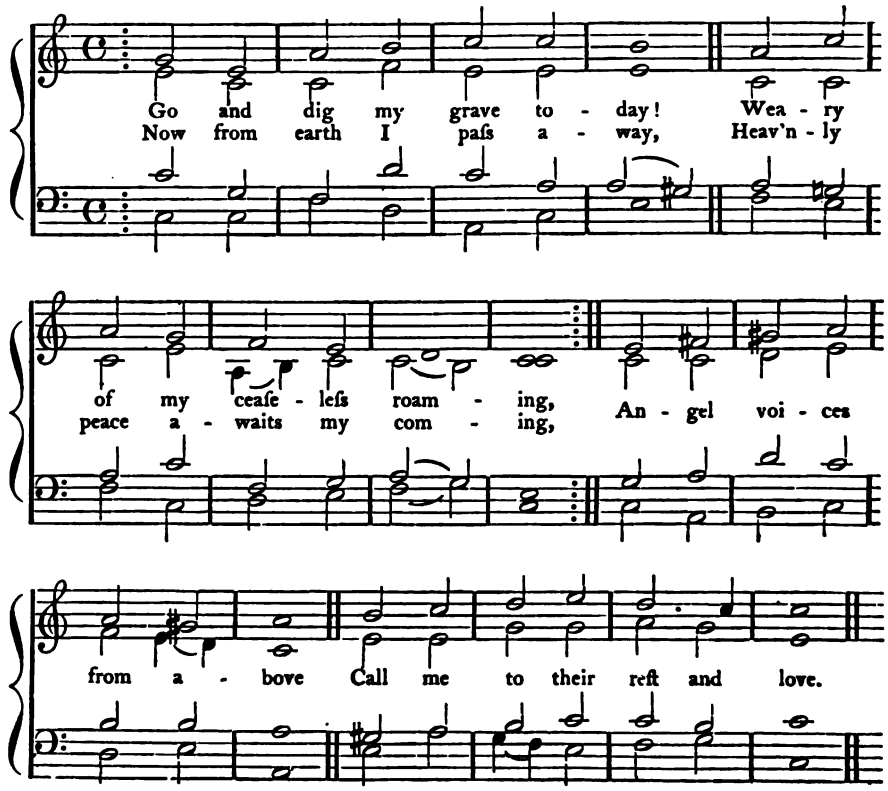
Then death may come or tarry yet,
I know in Chriſt I periſh not,
He never will His own forget,
He gives me robes without a ſpot;
My God, for Jeſu's ſake I pray
Thy peace may bleſs my dying day.

12

And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through His Son my faith is clear,
His grace ſhall be in death my ſtay,
And peace ſhall bleſs my dying day.

(Index of Tunes, LV.)

188.

Tune.—"Jeſus Chriſt, my ſure Defence."

Go and dig my grave to - day! Wea - ry
Now from earth I paſs a - way, Heav'n - ly
of my ceaſe - leſs roam - ing, An - gel voi - ces
peace a - waits my com - ing,
from a - bove Call me to their reſt and love.

2

Go and dig my grave to-day!
Homeward now my journey tendeth,
And I put my ſtaff away,
Here where all earth's labour endeth,
And I lay my weary head
In the only painleſs bed.

3 What is there I yet ſhould do
If in this dark vale I linger?
Proud our ſchemes, and fair to view,
Yet they melt beneath Time's finger
Like the ſand before the wind,
That no power of man can bind.

4 Farewell earth, then! I am glad
That I now in peace may leave thee;
For thy very joys are ſad,
And thy hopes do but deceive thee;
Fading is thy beauty's gleam,
Falſe and tranſient as a dream.

5 Sun and moon and ſtars ſo bright,
Farewell all your golden ſplendour!
Here I loved you, but your light
Gladly will I now ſurrender
For the glories of that day,
Where ye all muſt fade away.

6 Farewell, O ye friends I love!
Though awhile ye journey grieving,
Comfort cometh from above
To the hearts in Chriſt believing;
Weep not o'er a paſſing ſhow,
To th' eternal world I go.

7 Weep not that this earth I leave,
Mourn not that I am exchanging
Errors that here cloſely cleave,
Empty ghoſts and ſhadows ranging
Through a world of nought and night,
For a land of truth and light.

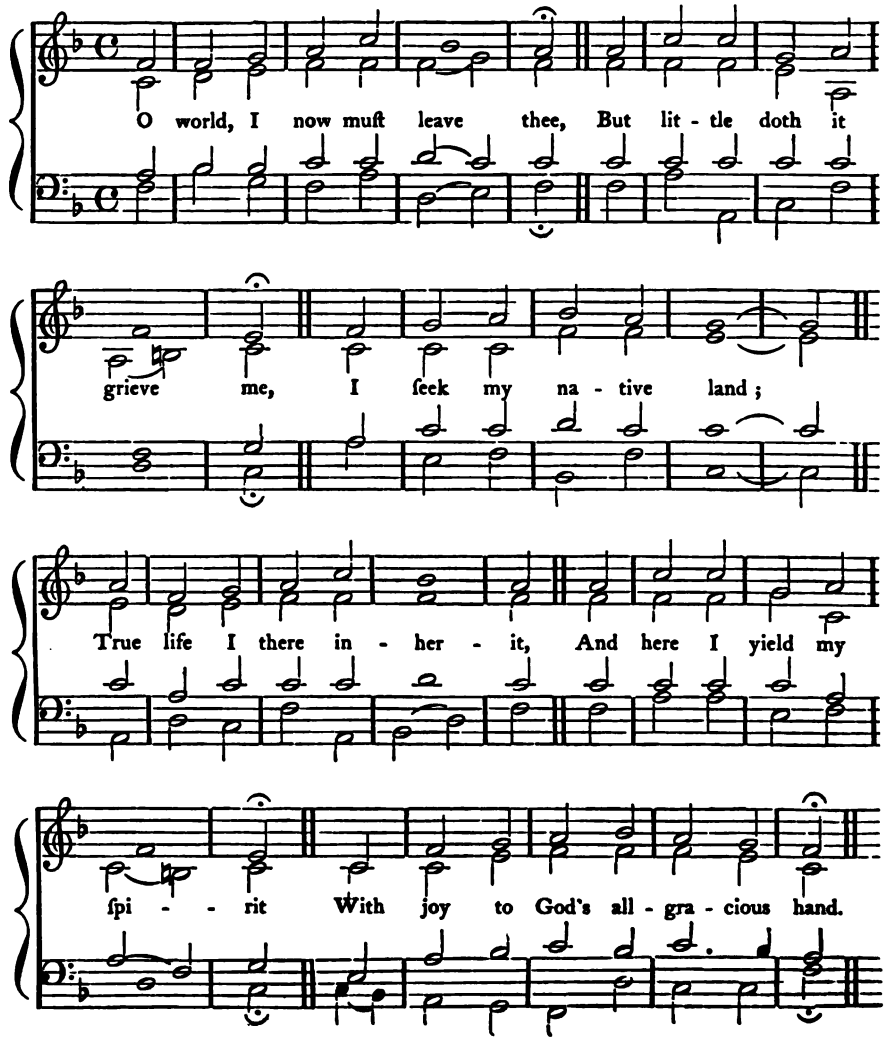
8 Weep not! deareſt to my heart
Is my Saviour, He doth cheer me;
And I know that I have part
In His pains, and He is near me;
For He ſhed His precious blood
For the whole world's higheſt good.

9 Weep not, my Redeemer lives!
From the duſt, Hope ever vernal
Looks to Heaven and upward ſtrives;
Fearleſs Faith and Love eternal
Now are ſofily whiſpering nigh,
"Child of God, fear not to die!"

(LXXXV.—„O Welt ich muß dich laſſen."
„Nun ruhen alle Wälder.")

189.

Original Tune.


O world, I now muſt leave thee, But lit - tle doth it
grieve me, I ſeek my na - tive land;
True life I there in - her - it, And here I yield my
ſpi - - rit With joy to God's all - gra - cious hand.

2

So on His Word relying,
I know while I am dying
  I ſoon ſhall ſee His face
Through Chriſt whoſe death hath bought me,
The Father's love He brought me,
  And now prepares for me a place.

3

The grave hath loſt its terrors
Since for my ſins and errors
  My Saviour doth atone:
My works can nought avail me,
But His work cannot fail me,
  I reſt in faith on Him alone.

4

My ſervice cannot merit
That I ſhould e'er inherit
  Eternal life with Chriſt:
But He hath freely given
A ſhare with Him in heaven
  Of that fair heritage unpriced.

5

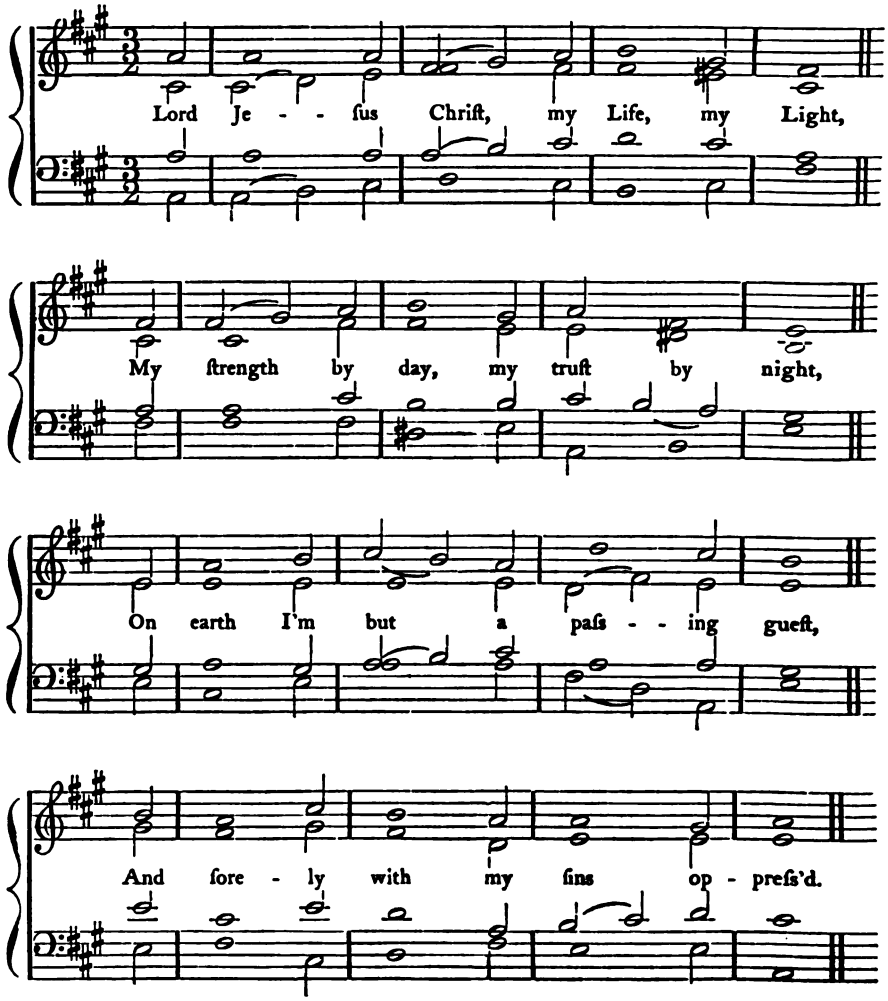
And ſo I hence am going
In peace, full ſurely knowing
  With Him is perfect reſt;
I feel Death's icy finger,
My ſoul here cannot linger,
  Nor would I ſtay—to go is beſt.

6

O world, I yet would teach thee
That Death will ſurely reach thee,
  That thou muſt follow me;
Then while thy days are lengthen'd,
Pray that thy faith be ſtrengthen'd,
  That God have mercy too on thee!

(LXXXII.—„O Jeſu Chriſt mein Lebenslicht.")

190.

Original Tune.

Lord Je - - ſus Chriſt, my Life, my Light,
My ſtrength by day, my truſt by night,
On earth I'm but a paſs - - ing gueſt,
And ſore - ly with my ſins op - preſs'd.

2

Far off I ſee my fatherland,
Where through Thy grace I hope to ſtand,
But ere I reach that Paradiſe
A weary way before me lies.

3

My heart ſinks at the journey's length,
My waſted fleſh has little ſtrength,
Only my ſoul ſtill cries in me,
Lord, fetch me home, take me to Thee!

4

Oh let Thy ſufferings give me power
To meet the laſt and darkeſt hour;
Thy croſs the ſtaff whereon I lean,
My couch the grave where Thou haſt been.

5

Since Thou haſt died, the Pure, the Juſt,
I take my homeward way in truſt,
The gates of heaven, Lord, open wide,
When here I may no more abide.

6

And when the laſt great Day is come,
And Thou our Judge ſhalt ſpeak the doom,
Let me with joy behold the light,
And ſet me then upon Thy right.

7

Renew this waſted fleſh of mine,
That like the ſun it there may ſhine
Among the angels pure and bright,
Yea, like Thyſelf in glorious light.

8

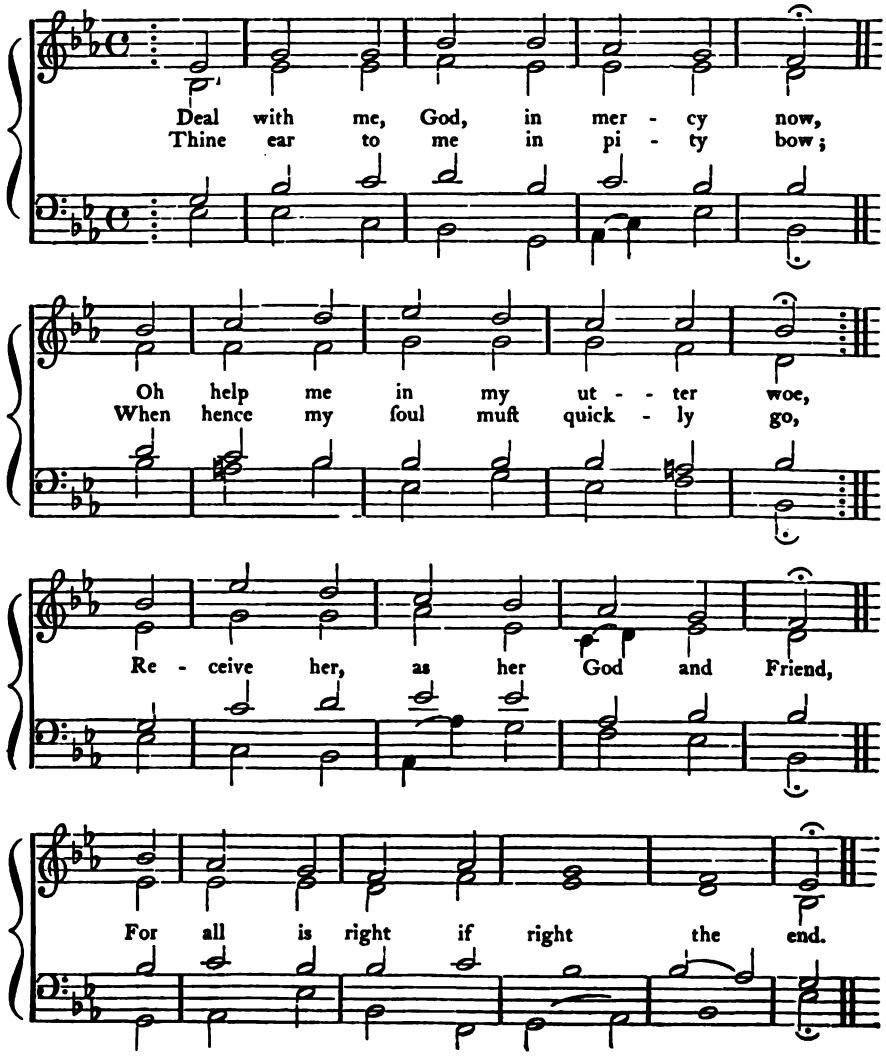
Ah then I have my heart's deſire,
When ſinging with the angels' choir,
Among the ranſomed of Thy grace,
For ever I behold Thy face!

FOR THE DYING.

(LXIII.—„Machs mit mir Gott nach Deiner Güt'.")

191.

Original Tune.


Deal with me, God, in mer - cy now,
Thine ear to me in pi - ty bow;
Oh help me in my ut - - ter woe,
When hence my soul must quick - ly go,
Re - ceive her, as her God and Friend,
For all is right if right the end.

2

Now, O my Lord, I follow Thee,
  Safe where Thy ſteps I plainly trace;
Ah, now Thou art not far from me,
  Though Death is with me face to face,
And I muſt leave the friends moſt dear
Who loved me well and truly here.

3

The body calmly ſleeps in earth,
  To Thee the ſpirit ſpreads her wings,
And in Thy hands, a ſecond birth
  She finds in death, to life ſhe ſprings;
Here was a land of tears and woe,
Where toil and care are all we know.

4

Now Death and Satan, hell and ſin,
  And this world, all have loſt their power,
The grace and hope Thou, Lord, didſt win
  For me, uphold me in this hour;
For on the Son my debts were laid,
And He my ranſom freely paid.

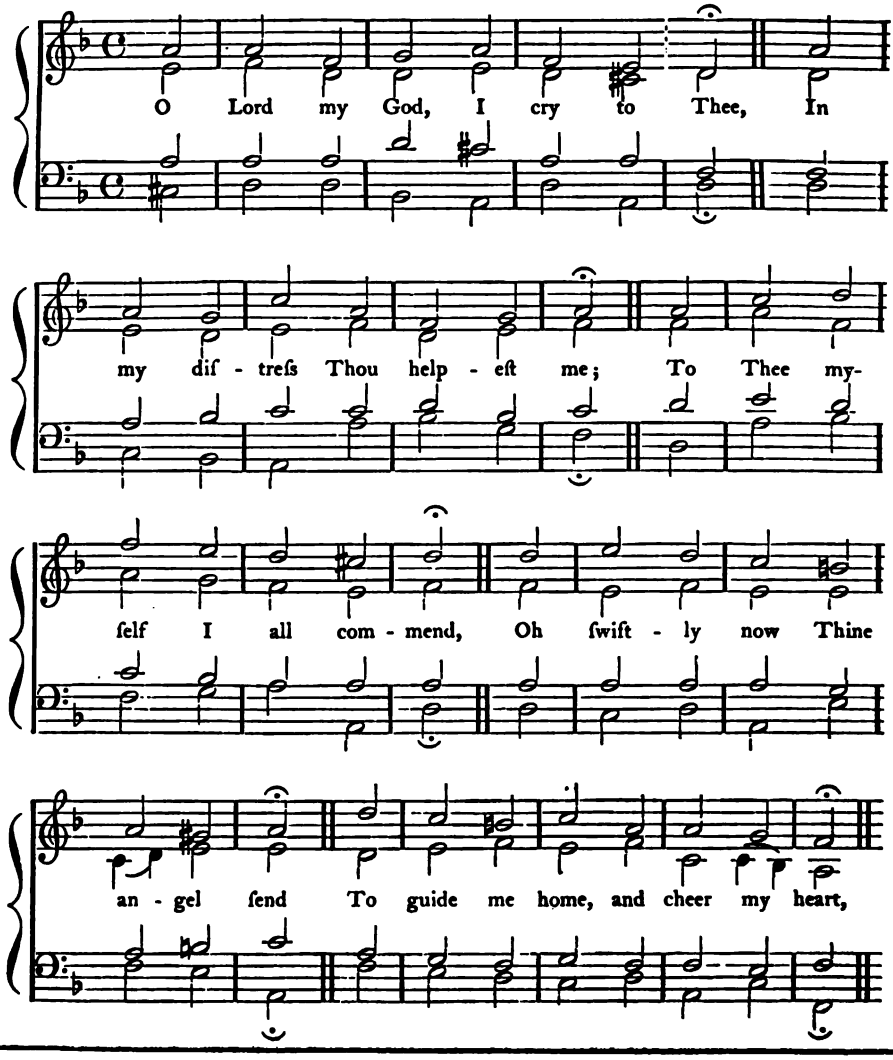
5

Why mourn, then, that I now go hence?
  Surely a bleſſed lot is mine;
Clothed in His ſpotleſs innocence,
  Before Him as a bride I ſhine;
Farewell, thou evil world, farewell!
With God I rather chooſe to dwell.

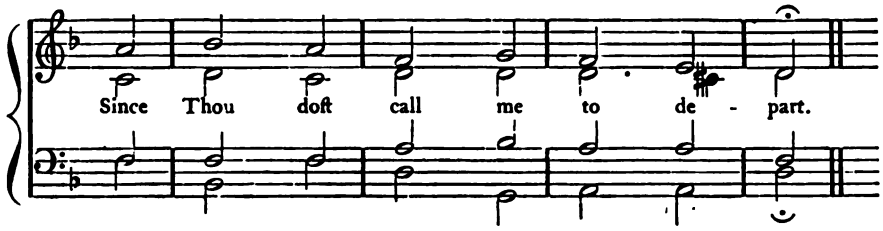
FOR THE DYING.

(Index of Tunes, c.)

192.

Tune.—"Our Father, Thou in heaven above."

O Lord my God, I cry to Thee, In
my dif - treſs Thou help - eſt me; To Thee my-
ſelf I all com - mend, Oh ſwift - ly now Thine
an - gel ſend To guide me home, and cheer my heart,

FOR THE DYING.



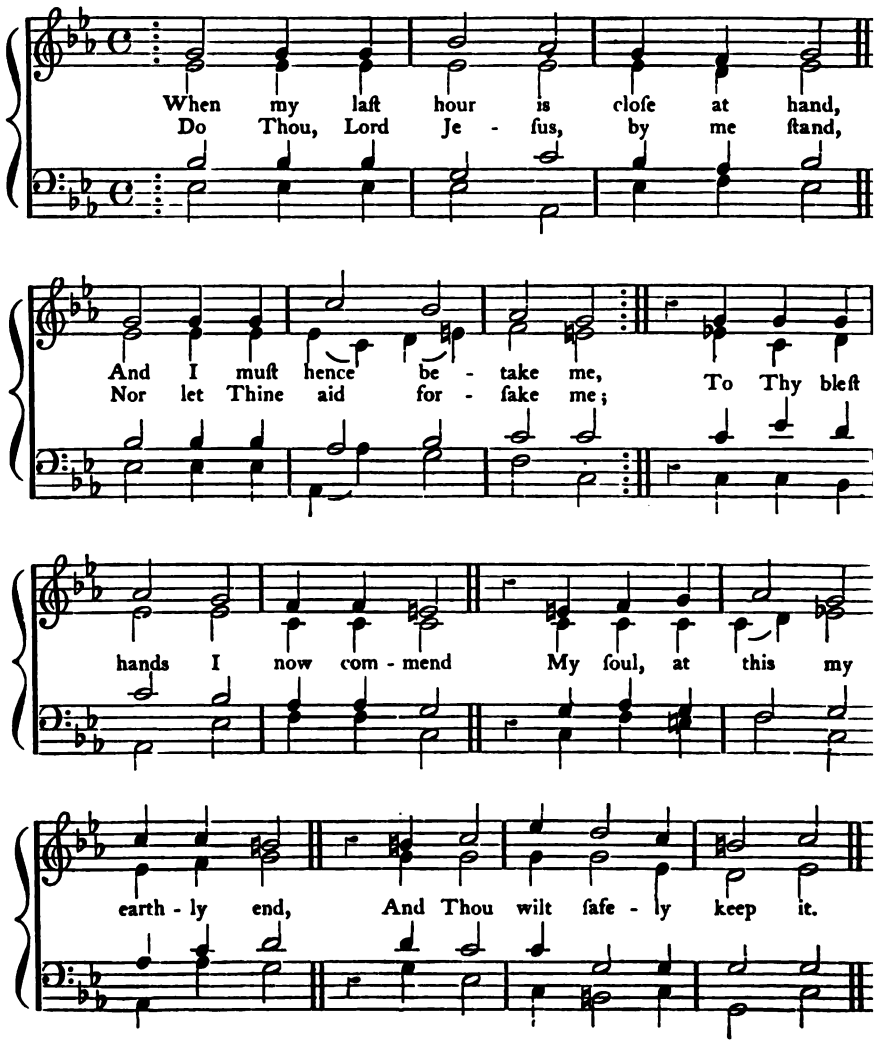
2

O Jeſu Chriſt, Thou Lamb of God,
Once ſlain to take away our load,
Now let Thy croſs, Thine agony,
Avail to ſave and ſolace me,
Thy death to open heaven, and there
Bid me the joy of angels ſhare.

3

O Holy Spirit, at the end,
Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend!
When death and hell aſſail me ſore,
Leave me, oh leave me, nevermore,
But bear me ſafely through that ſtrife,
As Thou haſt promiſed, into life!

(CXII.—„Wenn ich in Todesnöthen bin.")

193.

When my laſt hour is cloſe at hand,
Do Thou, Lord Je - ſus, by me ſtand,
And I muſt hence be - take me,
Nor let Thine aid for - ſake me;
To Thy bleſt
hands I now com - mend
My ſoul, at this my
earth - ly end,
And Thou wilt ſafe - ly keep it.

My ſins, dear Lord, diſturb me ſore,
My conſcience cannot ſlumber,
But I will cleave to Thee the more,
Though they the ſands outnumber;
I will remember Thou didſt die,
Will think on Thy moſt bitter cry,
Thy ſufferings ſhall uphold me.

3

That I was graft into the Vine,
Hence will I comfort borrow;
For Thou wilt ſurely keep me Thine
Through fear, and pain, and ſorrow;
Yea, though I die, I die to Thee,
And Thou through death didſt win for me
The right to life eternal.

4

Since Thou didſt leave the grave again,
It cannot be my dwelling;
Thou art in heaven—this ſoothes my pain,
All fear of death diſpelling,
For Thou wilt have me where Thou art,
And ſo with joy I can depart
To be with Thee for ever.

5

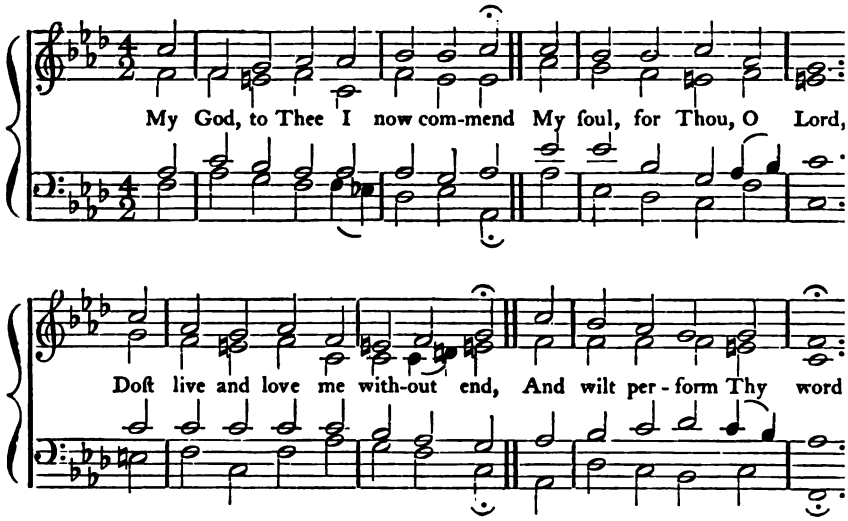
To Thee I now ſtretch out mine arms,
And gladly hence betake me;
I ſleep at peace from all alarms,
No human voice can wake me.
But Chriſt is with me through the ſtrife,
And He will bear me into life,
And open heaven before me.

FOR THE DYING.

(Index of Tunes, LXXVI.)

194.

Tune.—"Now that the ſun doth ſhine no more."



2

To whom elſe ſhould I make my plea,
That heavenly life be mine?
All ſouls, my God, belong to Thee,
My ſoul is alſo Thine.

3

Thou gav'ſt my ſpirit at my birth,
Take back what Thou haſt given;
And with the Lord I ſerved on earth
Grant me to live in heaven.

4

Faith ſpreads her wings, ſhe ſees reveal'
The ſhining walls above;
My ſpirit knows that ſhe is ſeal'd,
Redeem'd from death by love

5

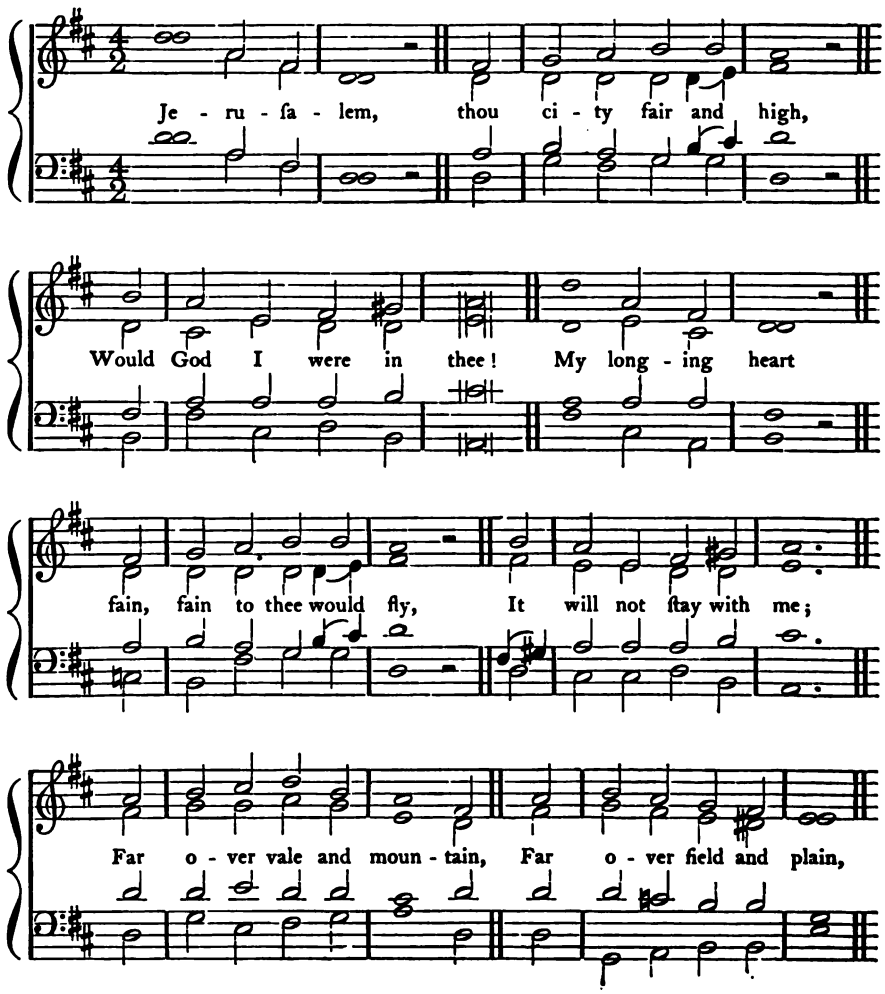
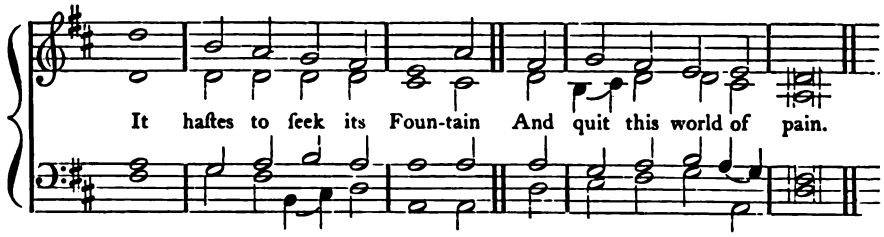
Thou my Deliverer waſt of yore,
From ſin Thou mad'ſt me free,
Now, faithful God, doſt Thou once mc
In death deliver me.

6

Thou liv'ſt and loveſt without end,
And doſt perform Thy word;
My paſſing ſoul I now commend
To Thee, my God and Lord!

(LII.—„Jeruſalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.")

195.

Original Tune.

Je - ru - ſa - lem, thou ci - ty fair and high,
Would God I were in thee! My long - ing heart
fain, fain to thee would fly, It will not ſtay with me;
Far o - ver vale and moun - tain, Far o - ver field and plain,

2 Oh happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at laſt? [er,
When fearleſs to my Father's love and pow-
Whoſe promiſe ſtandeth faſt,
My ſoul I gladly render,
For ſurely will His hand
Lead her with guidance tender
To heaven her fatherland.

3 A moment's ſpace, and gently, wondrouſly,
Releaſed from earthly ties,
The fiery car ſhall bear her up to thee
Through all theſe lower ſkies,
To yonder ſhining regions,
While down to meet her come
The bleſſed angel legions,
And bid her welcome home.

4 Oh Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I long'd for thee of old,
Ere yet I was ſet free
From yon dark life of ſadneſs,
Yon world of ſhadowy nought,
And God had given the gladneſs,
The heritage I ſought.

5 Oh what the tribe, or what the glorious hoſt,
Comes ſweeping ſwiftly down? [moſt,
The choſen ones on earth who wrought th
The Church's brighteſt crown,
Our Lord hath ſent to meet me,
As in the far-off years
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

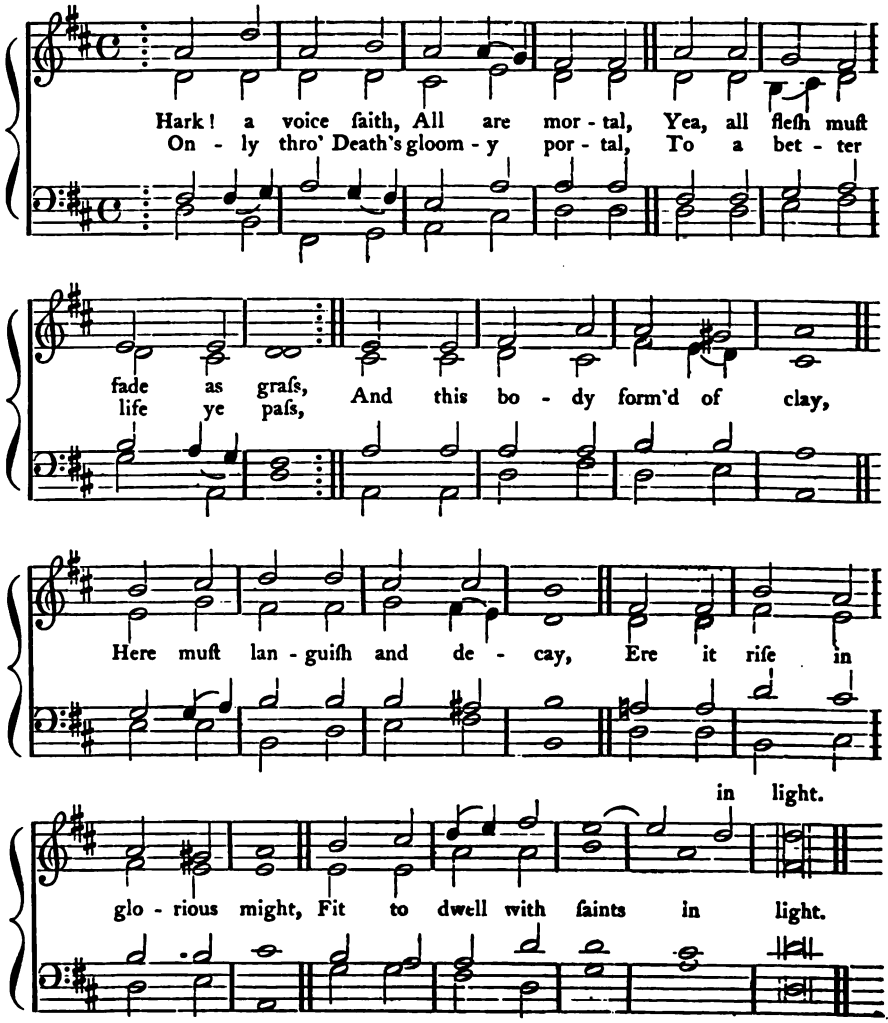
6 The Patriarchs' and Prophets' noble train,
With all Chriſt's followers true,
Who bore the croſs, and could the worſt
That tyrants dared to do, [diſdain
I ſee them ſhine for ever,
All-glorious as the ſun,
'Mid light that fadeth never,
Their perfect freedom won.

7 And when within that lovely Paradiſe
At laſt I ſafely dwell, [riſe,
From out my ſoul what ſongs of bliſs ſhall
What joy my lips ſhall tell,
While holy ſaints are ſinging
Hoſannas o'er and o'er,
Pure Hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore.

8 Innumerous choirs before the ſhining throne
Their joyful anthems raiſe,
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone
Of that great hymn of praiſe,
And all its hoſt rejoices,
And all its bleſſed throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal ſong!

(VII.—„Alle Menſchen müſſen ſterben.")

196.

Original Tune.

Hark! a voice ſaith, All are mor - tal, Yea, all fleſh muſt
On - ly thro' Death's gloom - y por - tal, To a bet - ter
fade as graſs,
life ye paſs,
And this bo - dy form'd of clay,
Here muſt lan - guiſh and de - cay, Ere it riſe in
in light.
glo - rious might, Fit to dwell with ſaints in light.

2 Therefore, ſince my God doth chooſe it,
Willingly I yield my life,
Nor I grieve that I ſhould loſe it,
For with ſorrows it was rife;
And my Saviour ſuffer'd here
That I might not faint nor fear,
Since for me He bore my load
And hath trod the ſame dark road.

3 For my ſake He went before me,
And His death is now my gain;
Peace and hope He conquer'd for me,
So without regret or pain
To His lovely home I go,
From this land of toil and woe,
Glad to reach that bleſt abode
Where I ſhall behold my God.

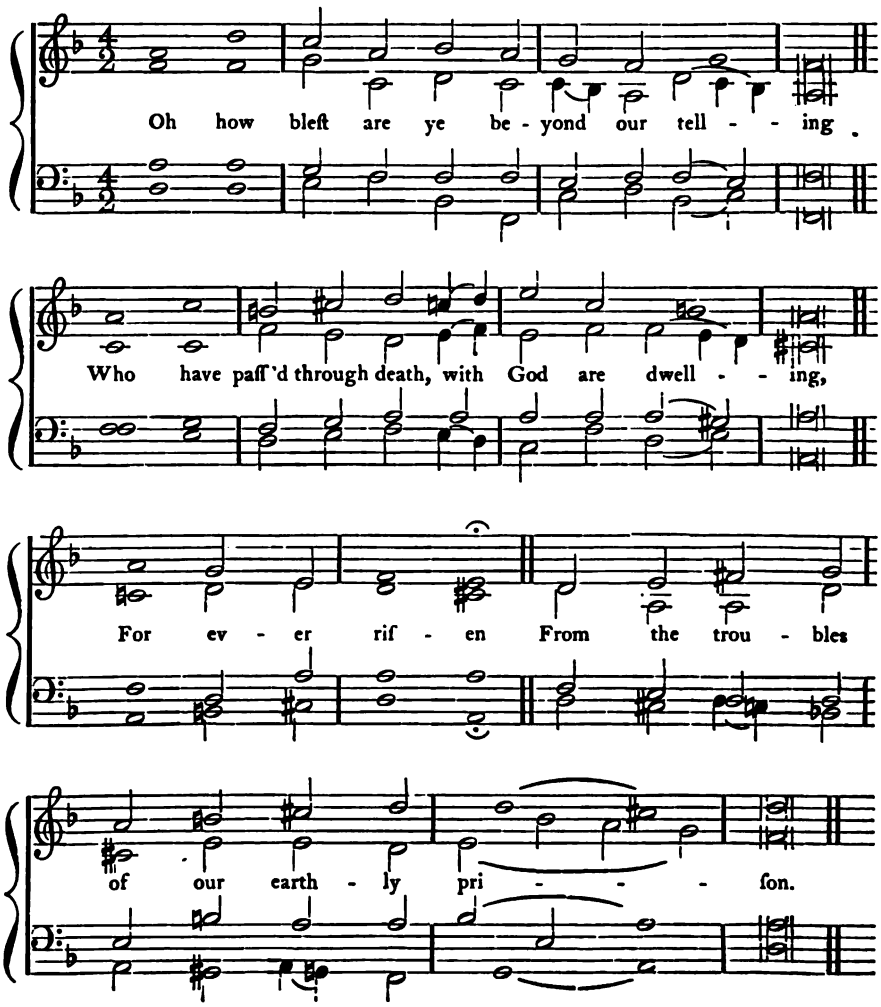
4 There is joy beyond our telling
Where ſo many ſaints are gone;
Thouſand thouſands there are dwelling,
Worſhipping before the throne,
There the ſeraphim on high
Brightly ſhine, and ever cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!
Three in One for aye adored!"

5 O Jeruſalem, how clearly
Doſt Thou ſhine, Thou city fair!
Lo! I hear the tones more nearly,
Ever ſweetly ſounding there!
Oh what peace and joy haſt thou!
Lo the ſun is riſing now,
And the breaking day I ſee
That ſhall never end for me!

6 Yea, I ſee what here was told me,
See that wondrous glory ſhine,
Feel the ſpotleſs robes enfold me,
Know a golden crown is mine;
So before the throne I ſtand
One amid that glorious band,
Gazing on that joy for aye
That ſhall never paſs away!

(LXXXVI.—„O wie ſeelig ſeid ihr doch ihr Frommen.")

197.

Original Tune.

Oh how bleſt are ye be - yond our tell - - ing.
Who have paſſ'd through death, with God are dwell - - ing,
For ev - er riſ - en From the trou - bles
of our earth - ly pri - - - ſon.

2

Here as in a dungeon grief hath bound us,
Cares and fear and terrors ſtill ſurround us,
Our beſt endeavour
But in toil and heart-ache iſſues ever.

3

While that ye are in your manſions reſting,
Safe and free at laſt from all moleſting,
No croſs or ſadneſs
There can hinder your untroubled gladneſs.

4

Chriſt doth wipe away all tears and crying,
Ye poſſeſs what we muſt ſeek with ſighing;
To you are chanted
Songs that ne'er to mortal ears were granted.

5

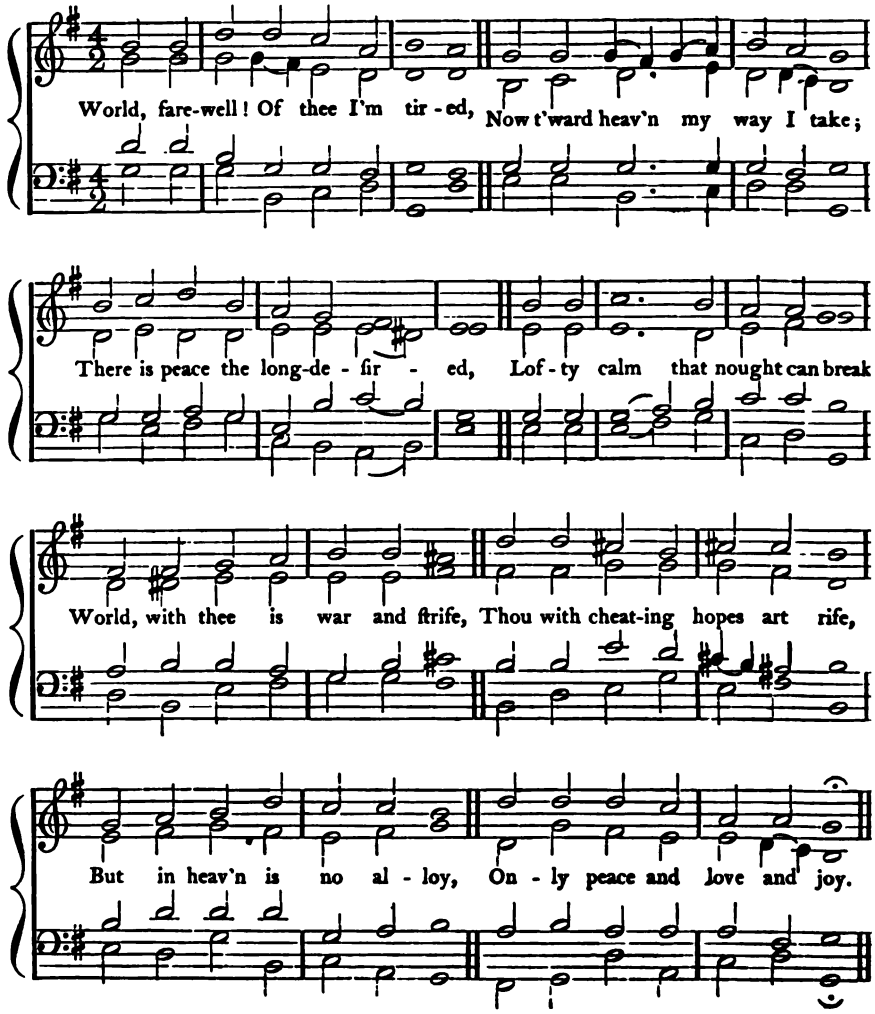
Oh who would not for that home of joyance
Gladly leave a land of dark annoyance?
Who loves delaying
'Mid a world of ſhadows and decaying?

6

Come, we pray Thee, from our poſt releaſe us;
Quickly guide us to Thy heaven, Lord Jeſus:
In Thee the ſpirit
Can alone true joy and reſt inherit!

(cx.—„Welt ade, ich bin dein müde.")

198.

Original Tune.

World, fare-well! Of thee I'm tir-ed, Now t'ward heav'n my way I take;
There is peace the long-de-fir-ed, Lof-ty calm that nought can break
World, with thee is war and ſtrife, Thou with cheat-ing hopes art rife,
But in heav'n is no al-loy, On-ly peace and love and joy.

2 When I reach that home of gladneſs
I ſhall feel no more this load,
Feel no ſickneſs, want, or ſadneſs,
Reſting in the arms of God.
In the world woes follow faſt,
And a bitter death comes laſt,
But in heaven ſhall nought deſtroy
Endleſs peace and love and joy.

3 Here is nought but care and mourning,
Comes a joy, it will not ſtay;
Fairly ſhines the ſun at dawning,
Night will ſoon o'ercloud the day;
World, with thee we weep and pine,
Gnawing care and grief are thine;
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy.

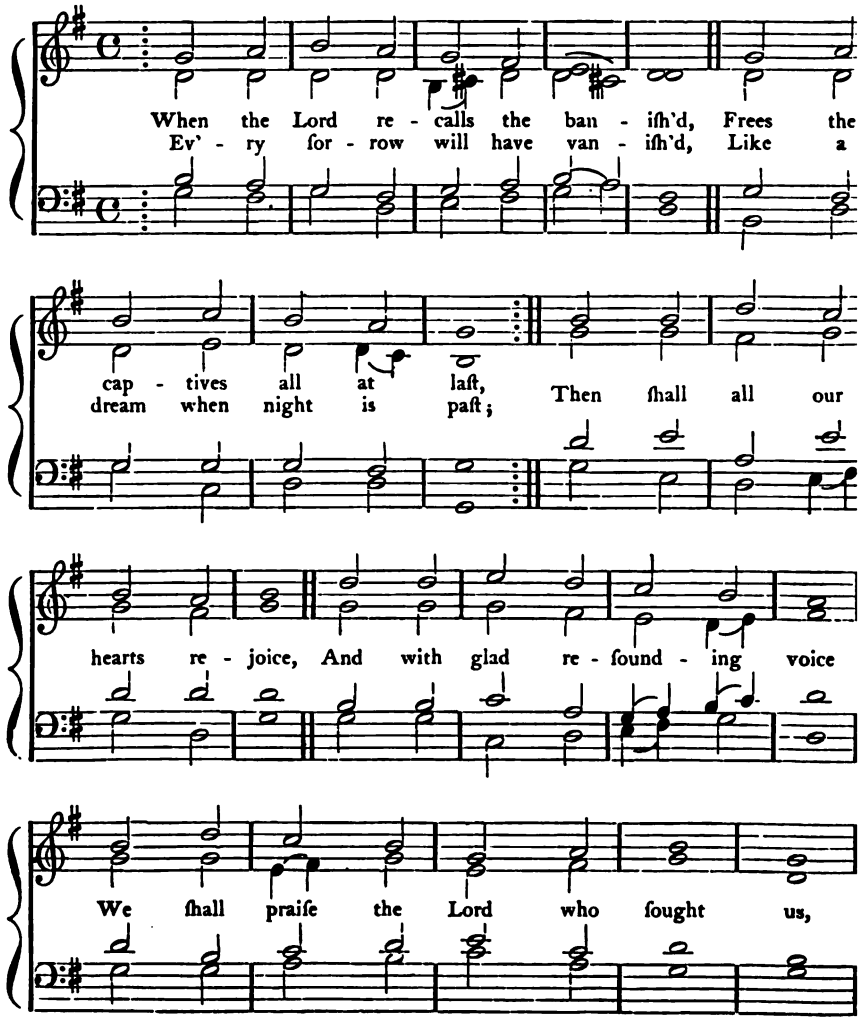
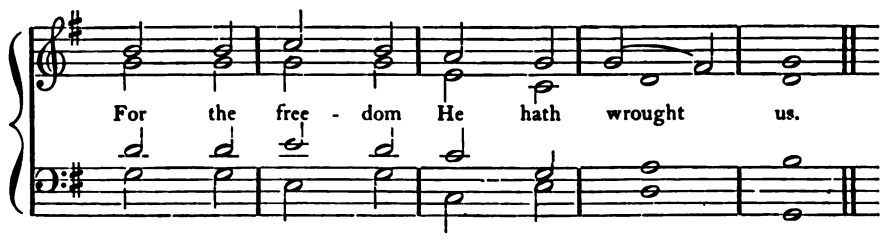
4 Well for him whom death has landed
Safely on yon bleſſed ſhore,
Where, in joyful worſhip banded,
Sing the faithful evermore;
For the world hath ſtrife and war,
All her works and hopes they mar,
But in heaven is no annoy,
Only peace and love and joy.

5 Time, thou ſpeedeſt on but ſlowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace,
Ere with Him, the High and Holy,
I hold converſe face to face:
World, with partings thou art rife,
Fill'd with tears and ſtorms and ſtrife;
But in heaven can nought deſtroy
Endleſs peace and love and joy.

6 Therefore will I now prepare me,
That my work may ſtand His doom,
And when all is ſinking round me,
I may hear not "Go"—but "Come!"
World, the voice of grief is here,
Outward ſeeming, care, and fear,
But in heaven is no alloy,
Only peace and love and joy!

THE LIFE TO COME.

(LXXXIX. PSALM 42, Goudimel.)

199.

When the Lord re - calls the ban - iſh'd, Frees the
Ev' - ry ſor - row will have van - iſh'd, Like a
cap - tives all at laſt,
dream when night is paſt;
Then ſhall all our
hearts re - joice, And with glad re - ſound - ing voice
We ſhall praiſe the Lord who ſought us,

2

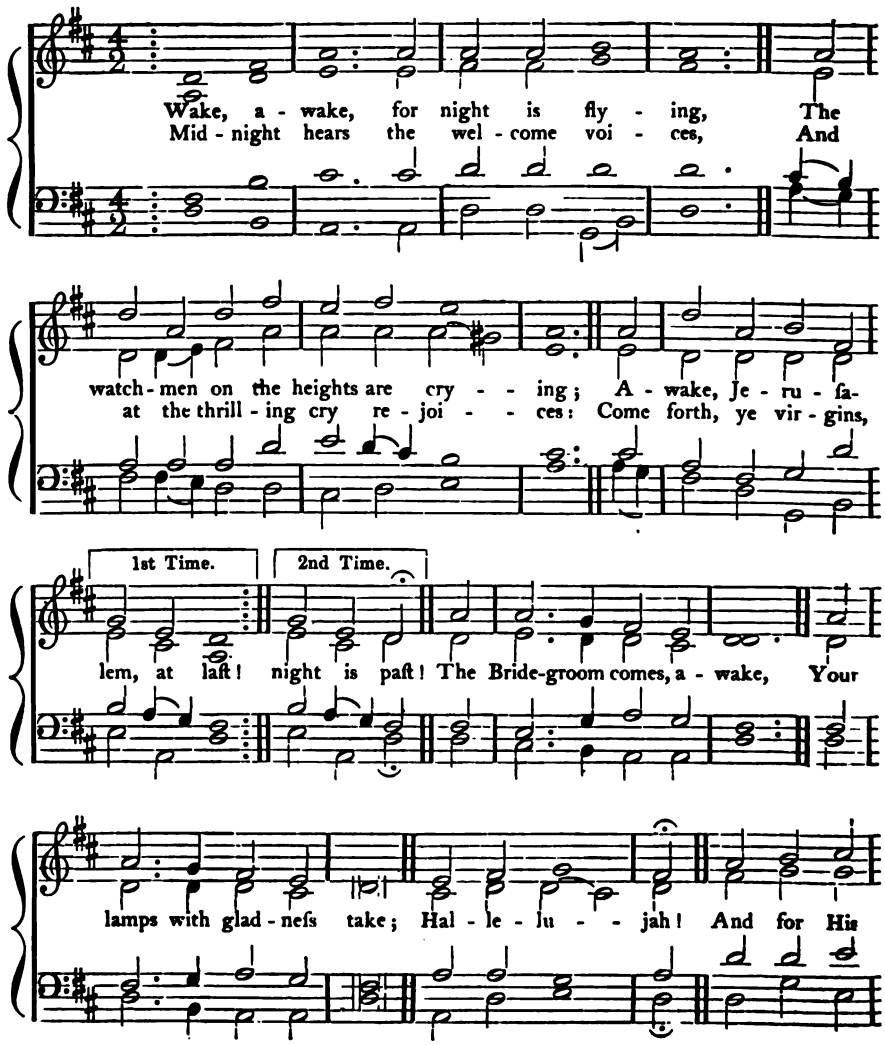
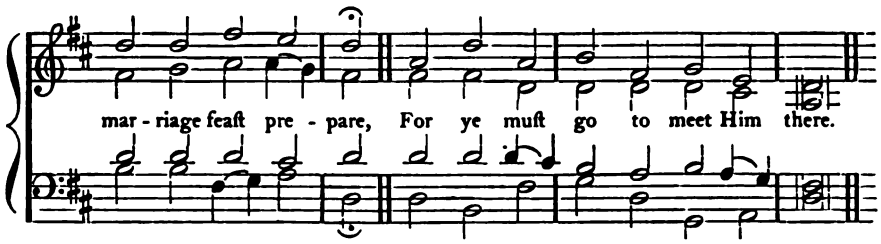
Lift Thy hand to aid us, Father,
Look on us who widely roam,
And Thy ſcatter'd children gather
In their long'd-for promiſed home.
Steep and weary is the way,
Shorten Thou the ſultry day:
Faithful warriors haſt Thou found us,
Let Thy peace for aye ſurround us.

3

In that peace we reap in gladneſs
What was ſown in tearful ſhowers:
There the fruit of all our ſadneſs
Ripens,—there the palm is ours;
There our God upon His throne
Is our full reward alone.
They who all for God ſurrender,
Bring their ſheaves in heavenly ſplendour.

(CVI.—„Wachet auf ruft uns die Stimme.")

200.

Original Tune.

Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The
Mid - night hears the wel - come voi - ces, And
watch - men on the heights are cry - - ing; A - wake, Je - ru - fa-
at the thrill - ing cry re - joi - - ces: Come forth, ye vir - gins,
1st Time.
2nd Time.
lem, at laſt! night is paſt! The Bride-groom comes, a - wake, Your
lamps with glad - neſs take; Hal - le - lu - - jah! And for His

2

Zion hears the watchmen ſinging,
And all her heart with joy is ſpringing,
She wakes, ſhe riſes from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The ſtrong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is riſen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou bleſſed Lord,
O Jeſus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we ſee
Where Thou haſt bid us ſup with Thee.

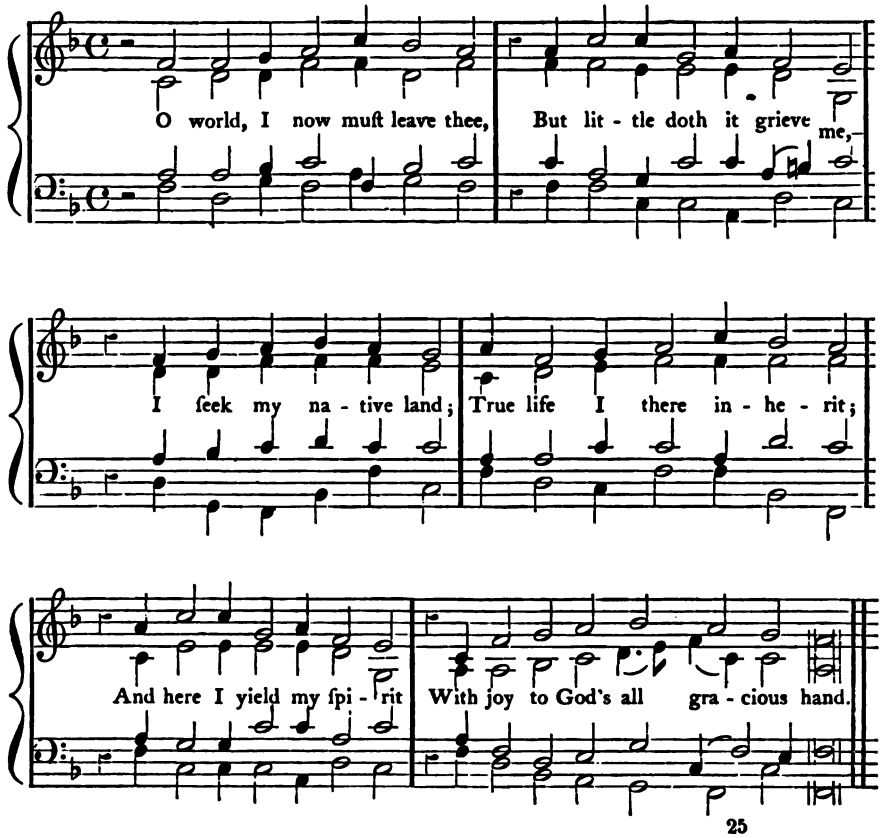
3

Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels ſing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's cleareſt tone;
Of one pearl each ſhining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath ſeen, nor ear
Hath yet attain'd to hear
What there is ours,
But we rejoice, and ſing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

APPENDIX.

I.

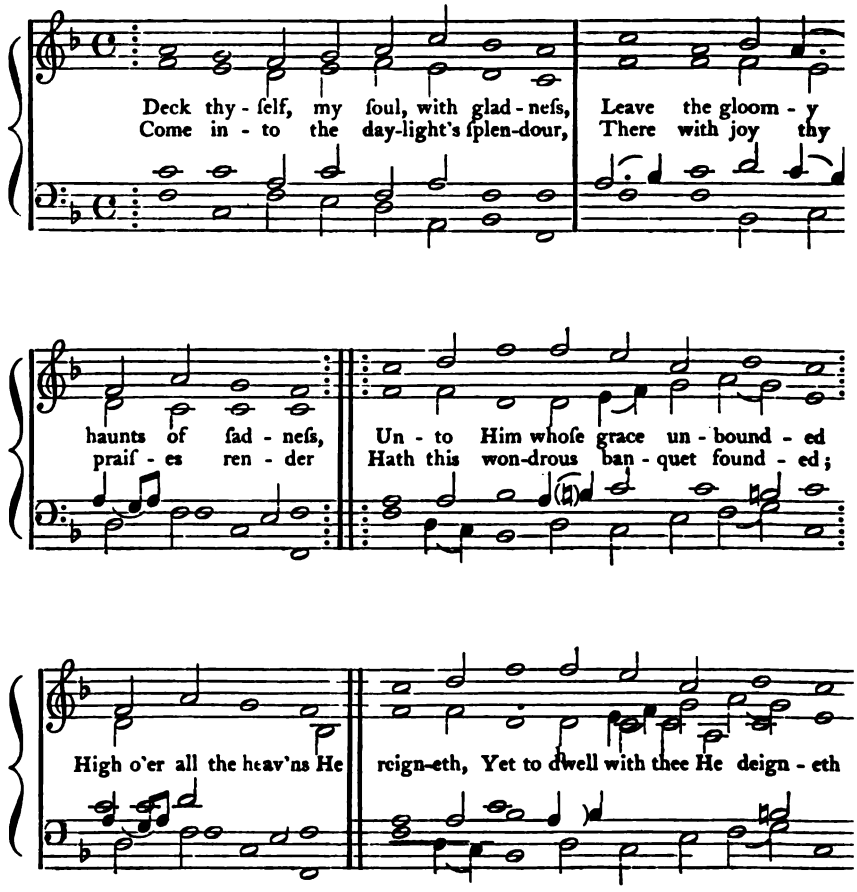
[See No. 189.

„O Welt ich muß dich laſſen," as it appears both in melody and harmony in the "Muſæ Sioniæ Michaelis' Prætorii," vol. viii. 1610.

O world, I now muſt leave thee, But lit - tle doth it grieve me,
I ſeek my na - tive land; True life I there in - he - rit;
And here I yield my ſpi - rit With joy to God's all gra - cious hand.

APPENDIX.

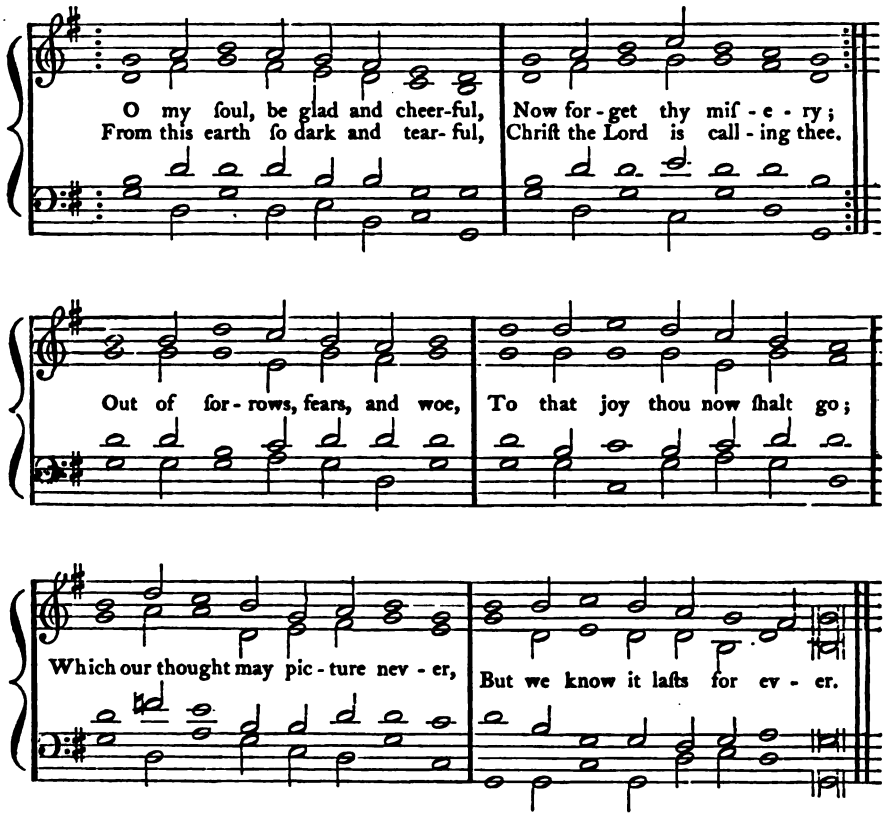
II.

[See No.

Johann Crüger's tune to „Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele," as it appears, both in melody harmony, in his „Geistliche Kirchenmelodien." Leipzig, 1649.

Deck thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloom - y
Come in - to the day-light's splen-dour, There with joy thy
haunts of sad - ness, Un - to Him whose grace un - bound - ed
praise - es ren - der Hath this won-drous ban - quet found - ed;
High o'er all the heav'ns He reign-eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth

III.

[See No. 199.

Goudimel's Melody to Psalm xlii., "*Comme on voit un cerf qui brâme,*" known in Germany under the title, „Freu dich ſehr o meine Seele," as it is found, both in melody and harmony, in Samuel Marſhall's edition of the Whole Book of Pſalms. Baſle, 1594.*

O my ſoul, be glad and cheer-ful,
From this earth ſo dark and tear-ful,
Now for-get thy miſ-e-ry;
Chriſt the Lord is call-ing thee.
Out of ſor-rows, fears, and woe,
To that joy thou now ſhalt go;
Which our thought may pic-ture nev-er,
But we know it laſts for ev-er.

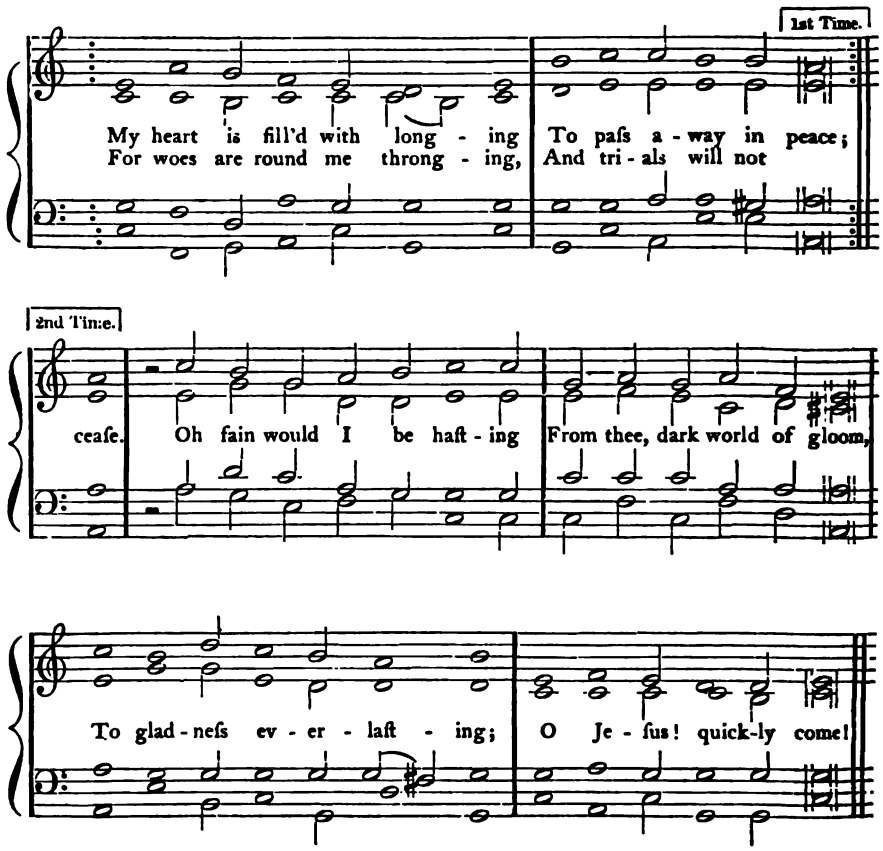
* In this reprint of Goudimel's Pſalmody (French) 1565, the melody is, for the firſt time, given to the higheſt voice. In Goudimel's original work the melody is entruſted to the tenor, as was cuſtomary in his time

APPENDIX.

IV.

[See No. 51

Hans Leo Haſſler's tune, „Herzlich thut mich verlangen," as it appears, both in melody and harmony, in J. H. Schein's Cantional, 1627.*

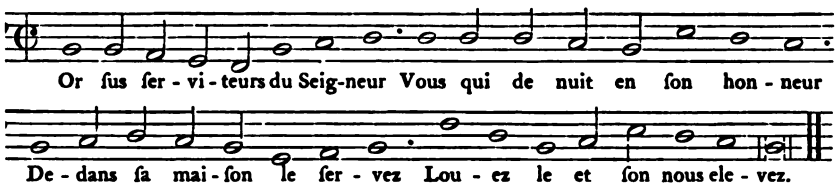
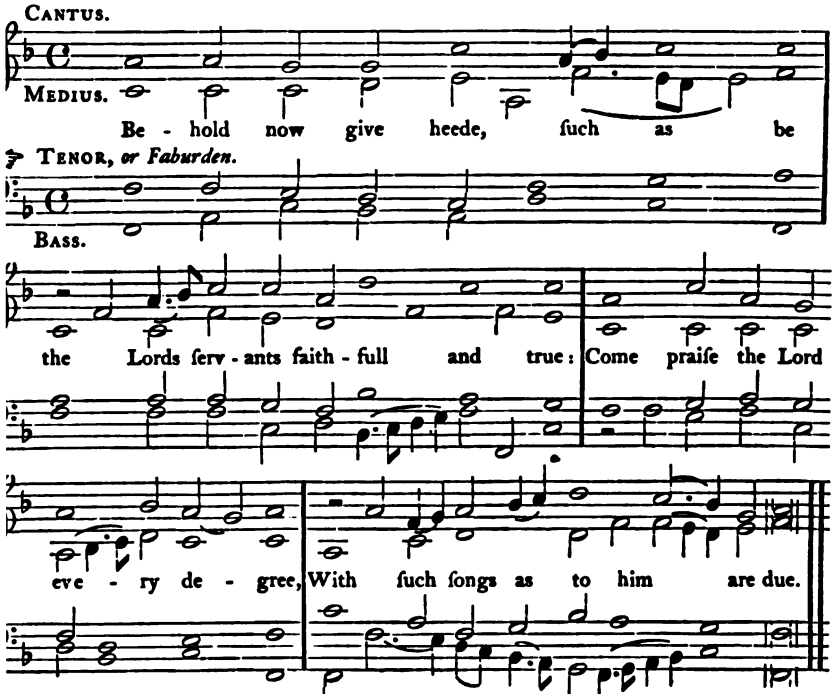

1st Time.
My heart is fill'd with long - ing To paſs a - way in peace;
For woes are round me throng - ing, And tri - als will not
2nd Time.
ceaſe. Oh fain would I be haſt - ing From thee, dark world of gloom,
To glad - neſs ev - er - laſt - ing; O Je - ſus! quick-ly come!

* The harmonies, as printed here for *four voices*, are from Schein's "Cantional," and are a reduction from the Compoſer's original ſcore of *five voices*, as publiſhed by him in 1601 to the words „Mein Gemüth iſt mir verwirret."

[See No. 88.

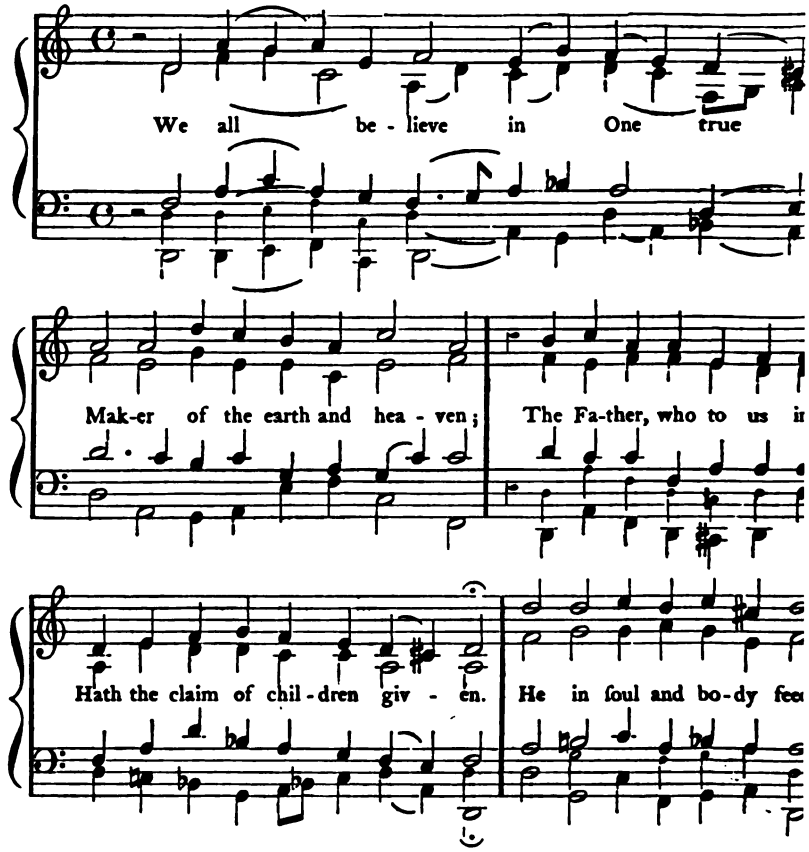
V.

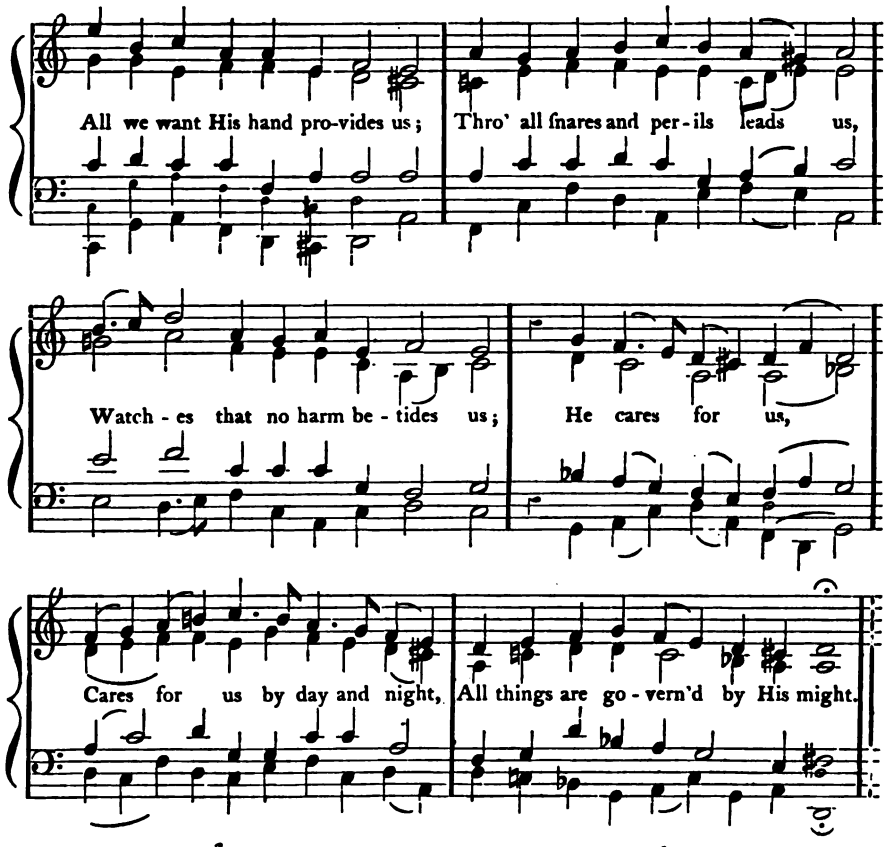
ʼalm cxxxiv. (in England called the Old 100th). The Melody is given below, as it is d on its firſt appearance (without harmonies) in the work: "*Les Pſeaumes mis en rime ҫaise par Cl. Marot et Theodor de Bèze; à Lyon par Jan de Tournes pour Antoine Vincent*, LXIII."* (Preface dated Geneva, June 10, 1543.)

PSEAUME CXXXIIII.—Th. de BE (Theo. de Beza).

bſequently this tune (as above, without any alteration) appears to "Pſalm C. Jubilate J. H." in Sternhold and Hopkins' edition of the Whole Book of Pſalms, London, 1604, ater in Ravenſcroft's "Whole Booke of Pſalmes, London, 1621;" ſet for four parts, once e words of the 100th Pſalm, and a ſecond time to harmonies by Ravenſcroft, as given r. The melody is aſſigned to the Tenor, as was uſually done at that period.

CANTUS.
MEDIUS.
Be - hold now give heede, ſuch as be
TENOR, *or Faburden.*
BASS.
the Lords ſerv - ants faith - full and true: Come praiſe the Lord
eve - ry de - gree, With ſuch ſongs as to him are due.

* There is a fine copy of this book at the Britiſh Muſeum.

VI.

Luther's tune and hymn „Wir glauben all an Einen Gott," as it appears for the fi
Johann Walter's „Geiſtliches Geſangbüchlein." Wittemberg, 1524. The harmonies
from the tune book publiſhed by command of the „Eiſenach Kirchenconferenz," by G.
and others (Stuttgart, 1854), and are probably ſelected from old editions.

We all be - lieve in One true
Mak-er of the earth and hea - ven;
The Fa-ther, who to us i
Hath the claim of chil-dren giv - en.
He in ſoul and bo-dy fee

This hymn and tune was intended by Luther to be ſung as the Creed during the
ſervice, and remained in uſe as ſuch for a long time. Though omitted by the Edito
body of this work, being conſidered by them unſuitable for England, they have inſerte
as an intereſting ſpecimen of hymnology.

All we want His hand pro-vides us;
Thro' all ſnares and per-ils leads us,
Watch-es that no harm be-tides us;
He cares for us,
Cares for us by day and night,
All things are go-vern'd by His might.

2

And we believe in Jeſus Chriſt,
His Only Son, our Lord, poſſeſſing
An equal Godhead, throne and might,
Through whom deſcends the Father's bleſſing;
Conceivèd of the Holy Spirit,
Born of Mary, virgin mother;
That loſt man might life inherit
Made true man, our Elder Brother,
Was crucified for ſinful men,
And raiſed by God to life again.

3

And we confeſs the Holy Ghoſt,
Who from Son and Father floweth,
The Comforter of fearful hearts,
Who all precious gifts beſtoweth;
In whom all the Church hath union,
Who maintains the Saints' Communion;
We believe our ſins forgiven,
And that life with God in heaven,
When we are raiſed again, ſhall be
Our portion in eternity.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

No.		Author.	Date.
28	A dread hath come on me	S. Dach	1640
148	A pilgrim here I wander	Gerhardt	1650
124	A ſure ſtronghold our God is He ..	Luther	1529
14	Abide among us with Thy grace ..	Stegmann	1629
42	Againſt Thee only have I ſinned ..	Gellert	1757
101	Ah God, from heaven look down and ſee	Luther	1523
136	Ah God, my days are dark indeed ..	Hojer	1584
50	Ah Jeſus, the merit	Layritz	1854?
21	Ah Lord, how ſhall I meet Thee ..	Gerhardt	1653
51	Ah wounded Head! that beareſt ..	Gerhardt	1659
52	Alas! dear Lord, what law	J. Heermann	1630
107	Alas! my God, my ſins are great ..	Rutilius	1604
1	All glory be to God on high	N. Von Hofe	1529
31	All my heart this night rejoices ..	Gerhardt	1656
8	All my hope is grounded ſurely ..	Neander	1679
2	All praiſe and thanks to God Moſt High	Schutz	1673
130	All things hang on our poſſeſſing ..	Anon. *about*	1676
43	Am I on earth a lone and friendleſs ſtranger	Raiszner	1678
22	Ariſe, the kingdom is at hand ..	Rist	1651
161	As a bird at dawning ſingeth	Anon. *about*	1580
27	Awake, thou careleſs world, awake ..	Rist	1651
92	Baptized into Thy name moſt holy ..	Rambach	1723
12	Bleſſed Jeſus, at Thy word	Clausnitzer	1671
90	Bleſſed Jeſus, here we ſtand	Schmolck	1704
49	Chriſt, the Life of all the living ..	Homburg	1659
58	Chriſt the Lord is riſen again ..	B. Brethren	1531
99	Chriſt will gather in His own ..	Chr. Gregor	1778

No.		Author.	Date.
181	Come, Chriſtians, praiſe your Maker's ..	LIEBICH	1768
86	Come, Holy Ghoſt, Creator, come ..		
72	Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord ..	LUTHER	1524
162	Come, my ſoul, awake, 't is morning ..	V. CANITZ *died*	1699
4	Cometh ſunſhine after rain	GERHARDT	1659
83	Comfort, comfort ye my people ..	D. J. OLEARIUS	1671
63	Conquering Prince and Lord of Glory ..	TERSTEEGEN	1731
126	Courage, my ſorely tempted heart ..	BÖHMER	1704
159	Dayſpring of Eternity	V. ROSENROTH	1684
191	Deal with me, God, in mercy now ..	SCHEIN	1628
93	Deck thyſelf, my ſoul, with gladneſs ..	J. FRANK	1653
68	Draw us to Thee, Lord Jeſus	LUDÄMILIA ELISABETH, COUNTESS OF SCHWARZBURG RUDOLSTADT	1687
57	Ere yet the dawn hath filled the ſkies ..	J. HEERMANN	1630
123	Faith is a living power from heaven ..	B. BRETHREN	
137	Farewell, I gladly bid thee	V. HERBERGER	1613
140	From God ſhall nought divide me ..	HELMBOLD	1563
30	From heaven above to earth I come ..	LUTHER	1538
91	From Thy heavenly throne	MAROT	*modern*
188	Go and dig my grave to-day	E. M. ARNDT	1819
160	God who madeſt earth and heaven ..	H. ALBERT	1644
129	Great High Priest who deign'dſt to be ..	SCHEFFLER	1657
196	Hark! a voice ſaith, All are mortal ..	ALBINUS	1652
104	Hark! the Church proclaims her honour	PREISWERK	*modern*
105	Heart and heart together bound ..	ZINZENDORF	1731
65	Heavenward doth our journey tend ..	SCHMOLCK	1731
172	Help us, O Lord, behold we enter ..	RIST	1644
122	Here behold me, as I caſt me	J. NEANDER	1679
45	Here, O my God, low at Thy feet ..	ANON.	*18th century*
69	Holy Ghoſt, my Comforter	*Tr. of the 17th century*	
74	Holy Spirit, once again	J. NEANDER	1679
36	How brightly beams the Morning Star	J. A. SCHLEGEL	1765
121	I know, my God, and I rejoice ..	P. GERHARDT	1656
185	I know the doom that muſt befall me ..	S. FRANCK	1711
6	I praiſe Thee, O my God and Father ..	MENTZER	1704
134	If thou but ſuffer God to guide thee ..	NEUMARCK	1653
60	In death's ſtrong graſp the Saviour lay ..	LUTHER	1524

No.		Author.	Date.
180	In God's name let us on our way ..	ANON. *before* LUTHER	
147	In God my faithful God	WEINGÄRTNER	1609
81	In peace and joy I now depart ..	LUTHER	1525
156	In Thee is gladneſs	LINDEMANN *died*	1630
120	In Thee, Lord, have I put my truſt ..	REISNER	1533
138	In Thy heart and hands, my God ..	WINKLER	1713
39	Is thy heart athirſt to know	LAURENTI	1700
117	Jehovah, let me now adore Thee ..	CRASSELIUS	1697
195	Jeruſalem, thou city fair and high ..	MEYFART	1634
174	Jeſu, day by day	ZINZENDORF	
151	Jeſu, priceleſs treaſure	J. FRANCK	1659
178	Jeſu, when Thou once returnedſt ..	BAHNMAIER	1823
59	Jeſus Chriſt, my ſure Defence	LOUISA HENRIETTA OF BRANDENBURGH	1653
109	Jeſus, pitying Saviour, hear me ..	TERSTEEGEN	1731
106	Jeſus, whom Thy Church doth own ..	P. FLEMMING	1631
24	Let the earth now praiſe the Lord ..	H. HELD	1643
29	Let us all with gladſome voice ..	ANON. *appears*	1682
25	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates ..	WEISZEL	1635
17	Light of light, enlighten me	SCHMOLCK	1731
80	Light of the Gentile nations	J. FRANCK	1653
3	Lo, heaven and earth and ſea and air ..	J. NEANDER	1679
119	Lord, all my heart is fix'd on Thee ..	SCHALLING	1594
183	Lord God, we worſhip Thee	J. FRANCK	1653
116	Lord, hear the voice of my complaint ..	ANON.	1529
112	Lord Jeſu Chriſt, in Thee alone ..	SCHNEESING	1522
182	Lord Jeſu Chriſt, the Prince of Peace ..	EBERT *died*	1614
19	Lord Jeſu Chriſt, with us abide ..	SELNECKER	1587
13	Lord Jeſus Chriſt, be preſent now ..	W. AUGUST II, DUKE OF SAXEWEIMAR	1651
190	Lord Jeſus Chriſt, my Life, my Light ..	M. BEHEMB	1606
179	Lord Jeſus Chriſt, we come to Thee ..	B. BRETHREN	
55	Lord Jeſus, who our ſouls to ſave ..	G. WERNER	1638
103	Lord, keep us ſteadfaſt in Thy word ..	LUTHER	1542
66	Lord, on earth I dwell ſad-hearted ..	NEUMANN	1700
44	Lord, to Thee I make confeſſion ..	J. FRANCK	1653
152	Loving Shepherd, kind and true ..	SCHEFFLER	1657

No.		Author.	Date.
76	Moſt high and holy Trinity	SCHEFFLER	1657
127	My cauſe is God's, and I am ſtill ..	PAPPUS	1598
108	My God, behold me lying	DREWES	1797
133	My God, in Thee all fulneſs lies ..	ANON.	
194	My God, to Thee I now commend ..	HILLER	1765
164	My inmoſt heart now raiſes	ANON.	1592
67	My Jeſus, if the ſeraphim	DESSLER	1692
186	My life is hid in Jeſus	ANON.	1608
7	My ſoul, now praiſe thy Maker ..	GRAMANN	1540
41	Not in anger, mighty God	ALBINUS	1652
158	Nothing fair on earth I ſee	SCHEFFLER	1657
169	Now all the woods are ſleeping ..	GERHARDT	1653
131	Now at laſt I end the ſtrife	TERSTEEGEN	1731
170	Now God be with us	B. BRETHREN	
97	Now huſh your cries and ſhed no tear ..	N. HERMANN	1560
96	Now lay we calmly in the grave ..	M. WEISS	1531
177	Now let us loudly	LÖWENSTERN *died*	1648
11	Now thank we all our God	RINCKART	1648
165	Now that the ſun doth ſhine no more ..	HERTZOG	1670
100	O Chriſt, our true and only light ..	J. HEERMANN	1630
144	O Chriſt, Thou bright and morning Star	ANON. THIRTY YEARS' WAR	
54	O darkeſt woe, ye tears, forth flow ..	RIST	1637
118	O God, I long Thy light to ſee ..	A. ULRICH OF BRUNSWICK	1667
115	O God, Thou faithful God	J. HEERMANN	1630
70	O Holy Spirit, enter in	M. SCHIRMER	1650
37	O Jeſu, King of Glory	M. BEHEMB	1606
46	O Lamb of God moſt ſtainleſs	N. VON HOFE	1534
94	O Living Bread from heaven	RIST	1651
192	O Lord my God, I cry to Thee ..	SELNECKER	1587
47	O Love, who formedſt me to wear ..	SCHEFFLER	1657
149	O Morning Star, how fair and bright ..	NICOLAI	1598
62	O riſen Lord, O conquering King ..	BÖHMER	1706
154	O Thou eſſential Word	LAURENTI	1700
155	O Thou of God the Father	ELIZ. CREUTZIGER	1524
189	O World, I now muſt leave thee ..	J. HESSE *before*	1547

No.		Author.	Date.
175	Oh bleſt the houſe, whate'er befall ..	C. C. L. von Pfeil	1735
71	Oh, enter, Lord, Thy temple	Gerhardt	1653
197	Oh how bleſt are ye beyond our telling ..	S. Dach	1657
95	Oh how could I forget Him	Kern *died*	1835
33	Oh rejoice, ye Chriſtians, loudly ..	Keimann	1656
5	Oh would, my God, that I could praiſe ..	J. Mentzer	1704
173	Oh wouldſt Thou in Thy glory come ..	A. H. Francke	1691
26	Once He came in bleſſing	M. Weiss	1531
18	Once more the daylight ſhines abroad ..	B. Brethren	
15	Open now thy gates in beauty ..	Schmolck	1704
114	Our Father, Thou in heaven above ..	Luther	1539
40	Out of the depths I cry to Thee ..	Luther	1524
85	Praiſe and thanks to Thee be ſung ..	Rist	1655
9	Praiſe to the Lord the Almighty ..	J. Neander	1679
113	Pure eſſence! Spotleſs Fount of Light ..	Freylinghausen	1713
23	Redeemer of the nations, come ..	J. Franck, after St Ambrose	
32	Rejoice, rejoice, ye Chriſtians	Anon.	*early*
78	Riſe, follow me, our Maſter ſaith ..	Scheffler	1653
125	Riſe, my ſoul, to watch and pray ..	Freystein	1697
38	Riſe, O Salem, riſe and ſhine	Rist	1655
146	Seems it in my anguiſh lone	Titius *died*	1703
10	Shall I not ſing praiſe to Thee ..	Gerhardt	1659
64	Since Chriſt is gone to heaven, His home	Wegelin	1636
167	Sink not yet, my ſoul, to ſlumber ..	Rist	1642
176	Spread, oh ſpread, thou mighty Word ..	Bahnmaier	1823
128	Strive aright, when God doth call thee ..	Winkler	1703
73	Sweeteſt Fount of holy gladneſs ..	Gerhardt	1653
184	Thank God, it hath reſounded ..	Gerhardt	1648
168	The day is done and left alone ..	Freylinghausen	1704
166	The happy ſunſhine all is gone ..	N. Hermann	1560
171	The old year now hath paſſed away ..	Tapp	1603
98	The precious ſeed of weeping	Spitta	*modern*
16	Thee, Fount of Bleſſing, we adore ..	Terstreegen	1731
35	Thee, O Immanuel, we praiſe	Gerhardt	1653
150	Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower	Scheffler	1657
56	Thou, ſore-oppreſſed, the Sabbath reſt ..	Viktor Strauss	*modern*

No.		Author.	Date.
82	Thou virgin ſoul! O thou	BUHRMEISTER *died*	1688
111	Thou who breakeſt every chain ..	G. ARNOLD	1697
89	Thy parents' arms now yield thee ..	A. KNAPP	*modern*
102	Thy Word, O God, is gentle dew ..	ANON.	
79	True Shepherd, who in love moſt deep ..	HESENTHALER	
157	Up, yes, upward to thy gladneſs ..	SCHADE	1699
200	Wake, awake, for night is flying ..	NICOLAI	1598
87	Wake, Spirit, who in times now olden ..	BOGATZKY	1727
75	We all believe in one true God ..	CLAUSNITZER	1671
34	We Chriſtians may rejoice to-day ..	*Appears* 1645	? Author CASPAR FUGGER †1617
61	Welcome, Thou victor in the ſtrife ..	SCHMOLCK	1712
132	Well for him who all things loſing ..	G. ARNOLD	1697
110	What ſhall I, a ſinner, do	FLITTNER	1661
139	What within me and without ..	A. H. FRANCKE *died*	1727
135	Whate'er my God ordains is right ..	RODIGAST	1675
142	When anguiſh'd and perplex'd ..	LÖWENSTERN *died*	1648
141	When in the hour of utmoſt need ..	PAUL EBER	1567
193	When my laſt hour is cloſe at hand ..	N. HERMANN	1560
48	When o'er my ſins I ſorrow	OESENIUS	1646
53	When on the croſs the Saviour hung ..	ANCIENT	
199	When the Lord recalls the baniſh'd ..	BÜRDE	1794
153	Wherefore doſt Thou longer tarry ..	GERHARDT	1653
163	While yet the morn is breaking ..	J. MÜHLMANN	1618
77	Who are thoſe that far before me ..	SCHENCK *died*	1727
187	Who knows how near his end may be ..	COUNTESS OF SCHWARZBURGH RUDOLSTADT	1686
145	Who puts his truſt in God moſt juſt ..	ANON.	1571
143	Why art thou thus caſt down, my heart	HANS SACHS	1552
198	World, farewell, of thee I'm tired ..	ALBINUS	1652
20	Ye heavens, oh haſte your dews to ſhed ..	J. FRANCK	1653
88	Ye ſervants of the Lord who ſtand ..	LOBWASSER	1573
84	Ye ſons of men, in earneſt	THILO	1642

INDEX OF TUNES,

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES.*

This Index applies strictly only to the Melodies of the Tunes; their Harmonies in the foregoing work (where they are not the Editors') are derived from various sources.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
i. Ach bleib' bei uns Herr Jesu Christ Ach bleib' mit Deiner Gnade, see Christus der ist mein Leben.	19	—	„Harmonisches Chor- und Figural-Gesangbuch, u. s. w.," edited by L. Erhardi, Frankfurt a|M. 1659.
ii. Ach Gott und Herr	107	—	J. H. Schein's „Cantional," Leipzig, 1627.
iii. Ach Jesu Dein Sterben	50	Dr. Fr. Layriz, about 1850.	„Kern des deutschen Kirchengesanges," ed. by Dr Layriz, Noerdlingen, 1854.
iv. Ach was soll ich Sünder mach̃en	110, 39, 106, 131	J. Flittner, 1618—1678.	„Musikalisches Weckerlein," ed. by J. Flittner, Greifswald, 1661.
v. Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'	1	Based upon a Chorale of the Latin Church.	In the present form (and probably arranged by the Editor of the following work): "Concentus novi," &c. &c., ed. by Hans Kugelmann, Augsburg, 1540. Simultaneously in „Geistliche Lieder und Psalmen," Magdeburg, 1540. M. Lotther, Printer.
vi. Allein zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ	112	On a broadside in 1541. Nuremberg.	„Geistliche Lieder." 2nd Part. Leipzig, 1545. Val. Babst, Printer.
vii. Alle Menschen müssen sterben	196, 63, 178	J. Rosenmüller, 1610—1680, or J. Hintze, 1622—1695.	„Praxis Pietatis Melica." 24th edition. Ed. by Jacob Hintze, Berlin, 1690.
viii. Alles ist an Gottes Segen	130	—	„Harmonischer Liederschatz," &c. &c. Ed. by J. B. König, Frankfurt a|M., 1738.
ix. An Dir allein, an Dir hab' ich gesündigt	42	J. C. Kühnau, 1735—1805.	„Vierstimmige alte und neue Choralgesänge." Ed. by J. C. Kühnau Part I. Berlin, 1786.

* Should any errors of detail in this list be detected hereafter, they will be corrected in any later edition.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First appearance in Print.
x. Auf, hinauf zu deiner Freude	157	Adaptation of a tune by Joh. Rud. Ahle, „Seele was iſt Schönres wohl" (1662).	In this form: „Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch." Ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Vol. I. Halle, 1704.
xi. Auf meinen lieben Gott	147	Adaptation of a well-known ſecular tune of the XVI. Century, probably by J. H. Schein.	In this form: J. H. Schein's „Cantional," &c. Leipzig, 1627.
xii. Aus meines Herzens Grunde	164, 22	Probably an adaptation of what was previouſly a ſecular tune.	In this form: „Neu Catechismusgeſangbuch," by Dav. Wolder. Hamburg, 1598; to „Herzlich thut mich erfreuen."
xiii. Aus tiefer Noth ſchrei ich zu Dir	40	—	„Geiſtliches Geſangbüchlein." Wittenberg, 1524.
xiv. Chriſt lag in Todesbanden	60	Luther's adaptation of the Easter Hymnus, „Chriſt iſt erſtanden." See No. XVI.	In this form (simultaneously): „Enchiridion," &c. Erfurt, 1524; and „Geiſtliches Geſangbüchlein." Wittenberg, 1524.
xv. Chriſtus der iſt mein Leben. (Later known as „Ach bleib' mit Deiner Gnade.")	186, 68	Melchior Vulpius, 1560—1616.	„Ein ſchön geiſtlich Geſangbuch u. ſ. w., durch M. Vulpius." 2nd Edition. Erfurt, 1609.
xvi. Chriſtus iſt erſtanden	58	In uſe in the Church before the Reformation, probably dating from the XII. Cent.	In this form: (der Böhmiſchen Brüder) „Ein neu Geſangbuch," &c. Ed. by Michael Weiſs, 1531.
xvii. Da Jeſus an dem Kreuze ſtund	53, 121	From the XV. Century.	„Geiſtliche Lieder," Leipzig, 1545. V. Babſt, Printer.
xviii. Dank ſei Gott in der Höhe	163	J. S. Bach, 1685—1750.	J. S. Bach's „Vierſtimmige Choralgeſänge," compiled by his ſon, Ph. E. Bach. Vol. I. 1765 } Berlin & Vol. II. 1769 } Leipzig.
xix. Das alte Jahr vergangen iſt	171	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.	„Geſangbuch Augsburgiſcher Confeſſion," ed. by J. Crüger, Berlin, 1640.
xx. Der Du, Herr Jeſu, Ruh und Raſt	55	—	(der Böhmiſchen Brüder) „Ein neu Geſangbuch," &c. &c. Ed. 1531 (where it appears, but in a different form, under the name „O Jeſu Chriſte Gottes Sohn").

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
xxi. Der Tag bricht an und zeiget ſich	18	Melchior Vulpius, 1560—1616. See XV.	„Ein ſchön geiſtlich Geſangbuch, u. ſ. w., durch M. Vulpius." 2nd edition, Erfurt, 1609.
xxii. Die Nacht iſt kommen, d'rin wir ruhen ſollen	170	—	„Der Böhmiſchen Brüder Kirchengeſang," &c. Edition 1566.
xxiii. Dir, Dir Jehovah will ich ſingen	117, 87	—	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch," ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Vol. II. Halle, 1714.
xxiv. Du Friedefürſt, Herr Jeſu Chriſt	182	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.	„Geſangbuch Augsburgiſcher Confeſſion." Ed. by J. Crüger. Berlin, 1640.
xxv. Du keuſche Seele Du	82	Joh. Rud. Ahle, 1625—1673.	J. R. Ahle's „Feſtandachten." Mühlhauſen, 1662.
xxvi. Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott	124	Martin Luther, 1483—1546.	*? („Geiſtliche Lieder.") Printed by J. Klug, Wittenberg, 1529; and „Augsburger Geſangbuch," 1530.
xxvii. Erhalt uns Herr bei Deinem Wort	103, 123,	—	„Geiſtliche Lieder." Printed by J. Klug. Wittenberg, 1543.
xxviii. Erſchienen iſt der herrlich'Tag	57, 35, 126, 180	Nicolaus Heermann, died 1560.	„Die Sonntagsevangelia in Geſänge verfaſſet," &c. Von Nic. Heermann. Nürnberg, 1559—60.
xxix. Es iſt das Heil uns kommen her Freu' dich ſehr o meine Seele, see Psalm 42. Goudimel.	2, 64	—	„Etlich Chriſtlich Lieder, Lobgeſang, und Pſalm," &c. Wittenberg, 1524.
xxx. Freut euch ihr lieben Chriſten	32	—	„Weihnachtsliedlein," von Leonhard Schröter. Helmſtädt, 1587.
xxxi. Freuet euch ihr Chriſten alle	33	Andreas Hammerſchmidt, 1611—1675.	„Muſikaliſche Andachten." Von A. Hammerſchmidt. Freiberg, 1646. (Part IV.)
xxxii. Gott des Himmels und der Erden	160	Heinrich Albert, born 1604.	H. Albert's „Arien oder Melodien." Vol. V. Königsberg, 1642—43.
xxxiii. Gott ſei Dank durch alle Welt	176, 24, 158	—	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch," &c. Ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Halle, 1704.

* There is some uncertainty about the exact title of this book, the title-page being wanting in the few copies now known, which however contain the printer's name and date at the close.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
Heil'ger Geiſt du Tröſter mein	69	—	„Praxis Pietatis Melica." Ed. by Joh. Crüger. Wittenberg, 1656.
Herr Chriſt der einig' Gott's Sohn	155, 48	Adapted from a ſecular tune: „Ich hört ein Fräulein klagen."	In this form: „Enchiridion," &c. Erfurt, 1524.
Herr ich habe mißgehandelt	44	J. Crüger, 1598—1662.	Joh. Crüger's „Geiſtliche Kirchenmelodien." Berlin, 1649.
Herr Jeſu Chriſt dich zu uns wend	13, 118	—	"Cantionale ſacrum," &c. 2nd edition. Gotha, 1651.
Herr nun laß in Friede	26	J. S. Bach, 1685—1750.	„Muſikaliſche Kirch- und Haus-Ergötzlichkeit. Von D. Vetter." Vol. II. Leipzig, 1713.
Herzlich lieb hab' ich Dich o Herr	119	—	„Dresdner Geſangbuch," 1593; and Seth Calviſius's "Harmoniæ Cantionum Eccleſiaſticarum." Leipzig, 1597.
Herzlich thut mich verlangen. (O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.)	51, 98, 108 App. iv	Hans Geo. Haſſler, to a ſecular ſong, "Mein Gemüth iſt mir verwirret." 1601.	As a ſacred ſong (to the words „Herzlich thut mich verlangen") "Harmoniæ ſacræ." 3rd edition. Görlitz, 1613.
Herzliebſter Jeſu was haſt Du verbrochen	52	Joh. Crüger, 1598—1662.	„Geſangbuch Augsburgiſcher Confeſſion." Ed. by J. Crüger. Berlin (Runge), 1640.
Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit	76	—	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch." Ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Halle, 1704.
Höchſter Prieſter, der Du Dich	129	—	Ditto.
Ich dank' Dir lieber Herre	37, 148	16th Century, probably of ſecular origin.	In a Magdeburg Hymn Book. 1540.
Ich hab' mein' Sach' Gott heimgeſtellt	127	Said to be of ſecular origin.	As a ſacred ſong: „Neu Catechismusgeſangbuch." Von Dav. Wolder. Hamburg, 1598. In the preſent form from Vopelius' „Neu Leipziger Geſangbuch." Leipzig, 1682.
Ich ruf' zu Dir, Herr Jeſu Chriſt	116	—	*?(„Geiſtliche Lieder"), gedruckt zu Wittenberg, durch Joſeph Klug. 1535.

* See note on No. xxvi.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
xlvii. Ich ſteh' in Angſt und Pein	28	H. Albert, born 1604.	H. Albert's „Arien oder Melodien," &c. Vol. IV. Königsberg, 1641.
xlviii. Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke	150	—	„Harmoniſcher Liederſchatz." Ed. by J. B. König. Frankfurt a/M., 1738.
xlix. In Dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr	120	—	H. Finken's „Schöne auserleſene Lieder." Nürnberg, 1536. Subſequently „Straßburger Groß-Kirchengeſangbuch." 1560.
l. In Dir iſt Freude	156	G.G. da Caravaggio, 1591 (to a Madrigal).	As a ſacred tune to this hymn: "Cantionale ſacrum." Gotha, 1646.
li. In natali Domini	4	From the Latin Church, probably XIV. Century.	„Ein Geſangbuch der Brüder in Böhmen und Mähren." Nürnberg, 1544. Joh. Günther, printer.
lii. Jeruſalem, du hochgebaute Stadt	195	? Melchior Frank, 1580—1639.	„Chriſtlich neu vermehrtes u. ſ. w. Geſangbuch." Erfurt, 1663. Publiſhed by J. Brand.
liii. Jeſu meine Freude	151	Joh. Crüger, 1598—1662.	„Praxis Pietatis," &c. Ed. by J. Crüger. Wittenberg, 1656. And ſimultaneously „Dresdner Geſangbuch." Dreſden, 1656. (Publiſhed by C. & M. Berg.)
liv. Jeſu meines Lebens Leben	49, 66, 73	17th Century.	In the preſent form taken from „Hauschoralbuch." 4th edition. Gütersloh, 1855.
lv. Jeſus meine Zuverſicht	59, 38, 65, 138, 188	Joh. Crüger (perhaps his adaptation of a tune originally compoſed by the author of the hymn: The Electreſs Luiſe Henriette of Brandenburg).	"Pſalmodia ſacra." Ed. by Joh Crüger. Berlin, 1658.
lvi. Komm Heiden Heiland, Löſegeld	23	From the Latin Church (Ambroſius) IV. Century?	In this form: J. H. Schein's „Cantional." Leipzig, 1627.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
Komm heiliger Geiſt, Herre Gott	72	In uſe in the Church before the Reformation, probably 15th—16th Century.	In this form: „Enchiridion," &c. Erfurt, 1524. And ſimultaneously „Geiſtliches Geſangbüchlein." Wittenberg, 1524.
Komm, o komm, du Geiſt des Lebens	74	? Joh. Chr. Bach, 1643—1703.	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch." Ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Halle, 1704.
Laßt uns alle fröhlich ſein	29	—	„Neu Leipziger Geſangbuch." Ed. by Gottfried Vopelius. Leipzig, 1682.
Laſſet uns den Herren preiſen	10, 85	Johann Schop (about 1640).	„Himmliſche Lieder." Ed. by Johann Riſt. Lüneburg, 1641.
Liebſter Jeſu, wir ſind hier	12, 90	Joh. Rud. Ahle, 1625—1673.	J. R. Ahle's „Sonntagsandachten." Sondershauſen, 1664. (The tune is found here to its original hymn: „Ja er iſt's, das Heil der Welt.")
Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren	9	—	„Praxis Pietatis Melica, vermehrt und verbeſſert von Peter Sohr." Frankfurt a/M., 1668. To the words: „Haſt du denn, Jeſu, dein Antlitz gänzlich verborgen."
Mach's mit mir Gott nach Deiner Güt'	191, 47, 78, 133	J. H. Schein, 1586—1630.	J. H. Schein's „Cantional," &c. 2nd edition. Leipzig, 1645.
Macht hoch die Thür, die Thor' macht weit	25	? Joh. Crüger.	„Praxis Pietatis Melica." 3rd Frankfurt edition. Frankfurt a/M., 1666. Chr. B. Wuſt, Printer.
Mein Jeſu, dem die Seraphinen	67, 113	—	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch," &c. Ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Halle, 1704.
Meine Hoffnung ſtehet feſte	8	J. Neander, 1610—1620.	„Joachimi Neandri Glaub und Liebesübung," &c. Bremen, 1680.
Meinen Jeſum laß ich nicht	17, 152	? J. S. Bach, 1685—1750.	„J. S. Bach's vierſtimmige Choralgeſänge." Compiled by his ſon, Ph. E. Bach. Vol. I. 1765 } Berlin & Vol. II. 1769 } Leipzig

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
lxviii. Mit Fried' und Freud' ich fahr' dahin	81	—	„Geiſtliches Geſangbüchlein." Wittenberg, 1524.
lxix. Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit	159	—	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch." Ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Halle, 1704.
lxx. Nun danket alle Gott	11, 183	Joh. Crüger, 1598—1662.	Joh. Crüger's „Geiſtliche Kirchenmelodien." Berlin, 1649.
lxxi. Nun freut euch lieben Chriſtengʼmein Known in England as "Luther's Hymn."	101, 173	—	*? („Geiſtliche Lieder"). Gedruckt zu Wittenberg durch Joſeph Klug. (Wittenberg), 1535.
lxxii. Nun komm der Heiden Heiland	99, 146	After the Latin Hymnus, "Veni redemptor gentium," from the IV. Century. Ambroſius?	In this form: „Enchiridion," &c. Erfurt, 1524.
lxxiii. Nun laßt uns den Leib begraben	96, 97	—	„123 neue deutſche geiſtliche Geſänge," &c. Wittenberg, 1544. Georg Rhaw, Printer.
lxxiv. Nun lob' mein' Seel' den Herren	7, 94 184	?Johann Kugelmann about 1540.	"Concentus novi, &c. Durch Hans Kugelmann geſetzt." Augſburg, 1540.
lxxv. Nun preiſet alle Nun ruhen alle Wälder. See O Welt ich muss dich lassen.	177	W. A. von Löwenſtern, 1594—1648.	„Vollſtändige Kirchen und Hausmuſik." Breſlau (?1644). ("Baumann's Erben," Printer.)
lxxvi. Nun ſich der Tag geendet hat	165, 14, 194	—	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch." Darmſtadt, 1698.
lxxvii. O Chriſte Morgenſterne	144	—	B. Geſius's Vol. II. of an earlier work, called, „Geiſtliche deutſche Lieder Luther's," &c. (1601.) Frankfurt a/O., 1605.
lxxviii. O daß ich tauſend Zungen hätte	5, 6, 181	—	„Harmoniſcher Liederſchatz," &c. Ed. by J. B. König. Frankfurt a/Main, 1738. To the words, „Ach ſagt mir nichts von Gold und Schätzen."
lxxix. O der Alles hätt' verloren	132	—	„Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch." Darmſtadt, 1698

* See note on No. xxvi.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
c. O gesegnetes Regieren	105, 111 139	—	„Choralbuch der Brüdergemeinen (Gnadau)." 1784.
i. O Gott du frommer Gott.	115, 154	—	J. G. Chr. Störl's „Für Würtemberg herausgegebenes Gesangbuch." Stuttgart, 1711.
⊕ Haupt voll Blut und Wunden. See Herzlich thut mich verlangen.			
i. O Jesu Christ, mein's Lebens Licht. Also called, Herr Jesu Christ, mein's Lebens Licht	190, 100 166	—	" Psalmodia nova," &c. Von Jos. Claudero. Leipzig, 1630.
i. O Lamm Gottes unschuldig	46	—	„Geistliche Lieder und Psalmen." Magdeburg, 1540. M. Lotther, Printer.
v. O Traurigkeit, O Herzeleid	54, 56, 168	—	„Himmlische Lieder." Ed. by Joh. Rist. Lüneburg, 1641.
v. O Welt ich muß dich lassen. Later, Nun ruhen alle Wälder	189, 169 App. i.	Printed as a secular song to the words, "Insbruck ich muß dich lassen," in the year 1539.	To the hymn, „O Welt ich muß dich lassen." „Neu Catechismusgesangbuch." Von Dav. Wolder. Hamburg, 1598.
i. O wie seelig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen	197	Joh. Crüger. 1598—1662.	„Geistliche Kirchenmelodien." Ed. by Joh. Crüger. Berlin, 1649.
i. Psalm 8. Goudimel.	43, 45	One or more of these Psalm tunes are probably of secular origin, and may have appeared in Th. de Beza's edition of 1562, or even earlier. As a whole they are first found in Goudimel's work of 1565.	Contained in Claude Goudimel's edition of the whole of the Psalms. Paris, 1565. 1st German edition by Lobwasser. Leipzig, 1573.
i. Psalm 38. Goudimel. Later known as, Seele du mußt munter werden.	162, 109		Ditto.
c. Psalm 42. Goudimel. Later known as, Freu dich sehr o meine Seele.	199, 83, 153 App. iii.		Ditto.
c. Psalm 134. Goudimel. Known in England as the "Old Hundredth."	88, 3, 79 App. v.		Ditto.
i. Psalm 140. Goudimel.	141		Ditto.
i. Psalm 88. Ravenscroft.	61	With Ravenscroft called a Scotch Tune, and named "Abbey."	Ravenscroft's book of Psalms. London, 1621.*

* Received into this work from being also found in German hymn-books.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
xciii. Ringe recht, wenn Gottes Gnade	128, 104	—	„Choralbuch der Brüdergemeinen." 1735. (Gnadau.)
xciv. Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele Seele du musst munter werden, see Psalm 38. Goudimel.	93 App. ii.	Joh. Crüger, 1598—1662.	Joh. Crüger's „Geistliche Kirchenmelodien." Berlin, 1649.
xcv. Seelenbräutigam	174, 91	A. Dreſe, 1630—1718.	„Geistreiches Gesangbuch." Darmstadt, 1698.
xcvi. Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig	122	? J. Neander.	Ditto.
xcvii. Straf mich nicht in Deinem Zorn	41, 125	? J. Roſenmüller, 1610—1686.	„Hundert geistliche Arien," &c. Dreſden, 1694.
xcviii. Unſer Herrſcher, unſer König	15, 77	J. Neander, 1610—1680.	„Joachimi Neandri Glaub- und Liebesübung," &c. Bremen, 1680.
xcix. Valet will ich dir geben	137, 80 95	Melchior Teſchner, about 1600.	On a broadside headed: „Ein andächtiges Gebet, u. ſ. w.; geſtellt durch Val. Herberger." Leipzig, 1615.
c. Vater unſer im Himmelreich	114, 136 192	— (Luther ?)	„Geistliche Lieder und Pſalmen." Magdeburg, 1540. M. Lotther, Printer.
ci. Veni Creator ſpiritus	86	From the Latin Church.	In this form (and probably altered by Luther) *? („Geistliche Lieder), gedruckt zu Wittenberg, durch Joſeph Klug." 1535.
cii. Von Gott will ich nicht laſſen	140, 84,	(According to C. von Winterfeld) J. Eccard (?) 1533—1611.	„Christliche und tröſtliche Tiſchgeſänge, u.ſ.w., durch J. Magdeburg." Erfurt, 1572.
ciii. Von Gott will ich nicht laſſen (2nd Tune.	71, 89	Joh. Crüger, 1598—1662.	„Neu u. ſ. w. Gesangbuch Augsb. Confeſſion." Von Joh. Crüger. Berlin, 1640.
civ. Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her	30, 20	—	„Geistliche Lieder," &c. Magdeburg, 1540 (Lotther); and „Geistliche Lieder." Wittenberg, 1543 (Jos. Klug).

* See note on No. xxvi.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
cv. Wach' auf, wach' auf, du ſich're Welt	27	—	„ Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch," &c. Ed. by J. A. Freylinghauſen. Halle, 1704.
cvi. Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme	200	? Philipp Nicolai, 1556—1608.	Phil. Nicolai's „Freudenſpiegel des ewigen Lebens." Frankfurt a. M., 1599.
cvii. Warum betrübſt du dich, mein Herz	143	—	"Cantica ſacra." Ed. by Fr. Eler. Hamburg, 1588.
cviii. Warum ſollt' ich mich denn grämen	31	J. G. Ebeling, 1620—1672.	„P. Gerhard's Geiſtliche Andachten mit neuen Melodien." Von J. G. Ebeling. Berlin, 1666-67.
cix. Was Gott thut das iſt wohlgethan	135, 62, 102	? J. Pachelbel, 1653—1706.	„ Nürnbergiſches Geſangbuch" (preface by Feuerlein). Nürnberg, 1690.
cx. Welt ade, ich bin dein müde	198	J. Roſenmüller, 1610—1680.	„Neu Leipziger Geſangbuch." Ed. by Gottfried Vopelius. Leipzig, 1682.
cxi. Wenn ich in Angſt und Noth	142	M. A. von Löwenſtern, 1594—1648.	„ Vollſtändige Kirchen- und Hausmuſik." Breslau (? 1644). (Baumann's Erben, printer.)
cxii. Wenn ich in Todesnöthen bin	193	Melchior Franck, 1580—1639.	"Pſalmodia ſacra," &c. Von Melchior Franck. Nürnberg, 1631.
cxiii. Werde munter mein Gemüthe	167, 161	Johann Schop, (about 1640).	„ Himmliſche Lieder," &c. Ed. by Johann Riſt. Lüneburg, 1642.
cxiv. Wer Gott vertraut hat wohlgebaut	145	—	"Muſae Sioniae." Edited by Michael Prätorius. Part VIII. Wolfenbüttel. Subſequently in Crüger's „Geſangbuch Augsb. Confeſſion." Berlin, 1640.
cxv. Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten	134, 92, 172, 185	G. Neumark, 1621—1681.	Georg Neumark's „Muſikaliſch-poetiſcher Luſtwald." Jena, 1657.

Tune.	Set to Hymns.	Composer, or Origin.	First Appearance in Print.
cxvi. Wer weiß wie nahe mir mein Ende	187	—	„Choralbuch f evang.-luther. Ge im Großherzogth Berg." 1809.
cxvii. Wie ſchön leucht' uns der Morgenſtern	149, 36, 70	? Philipp Nicolai, 1556—1608.	Phil. Nicolai's „ denſpiegel des ewig bens." Frankfurt 1699.
cxviii. Wie ſoll ich Dich empfangen	21	Joh. Crüger, 1598—1662.	„Luther's und a u. ſ. w. geiſtliche L Ed. by Johann C Berlin, 1653.
cxix. Wir Chriſtenleut'	34	—	(Broadside, „Dresdner Geſangb 1594.
cxx. Wir glauben all an Einen Gott, Vater	75	Doubtful.	Here taken fro ler's „Choralbuch."
Wir glauben all an Einen Gott, Schöpfer.	App. vi.	Luther.	
cxxi. WoGott zum Haus nicht giebt ſein' Gunſt	175, 16, 179	—	*?(„Geiſtliche? gedruckt zu Witt durch Joſeph 1535.

* See note on No. xxvi.

TITLES IN FULL

OF SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS QUOTED IN EXTRACT IN PREVIOUS INDEX OF TUNES, AND A FEW REMARKS CONCERN THEM.

„Enchiridion, oder ein Handbuchlein, einem jeglichen Chriſten faſt nutzlich bei ſich zu haben ſtetter Uebung und Trachtung geiſtlicher Geſänge und Pſalmen, rechtſchaffen und ku vertheutſcht. MCCCCCXXIIII." On the laſt page of the book: Gedruckt zu Er (Erfurt) zum Schwarzen Horn, bei der Kremerbrucken. MDXXIIII. Jar. (Conta No. XIV, XXXV, LVII, and others in the preſent work.)

„Geiſtliche Lieder . . .") ? The title page loſt and title only conjectured. On the laſt page: Gedruckt zu Wittemberg, durch Joſeph Klug. One edition, 1529, containing for the firſt time Luther's „Ein' feſte Burg," No. XXVI. Another, 1535, containing No. XLVI, LXXI, &c. &c., in the preſent work.

---

a. „Ein neu Geſangbuchlein." MDXXXI. Edited by M. Weiſs. And:

b. „Ein Geſangbuch der Brüder in Böhmen und Mähren, die man aus Haß und Neid Pickarden, Waldenſer u. ſ. w. nennt. Von ihnen auf ein Neues (ſonderlich vom Sacrament des Nachtmahls) gebeſſert, und etliche ſchöne neue Geſänge hinzugethan. MDXLIII. Gedruckt zu Nürnberg durch Joh. Günther. 1544." Later edition of the firſt-named book of 1531. From it No. XVI, XX, LI, in this book. Another edition—conſiderably enlarged—of the above work, under a new title (Kirchengeſang u. ſ. w.), appeared in 1566. From it No. XXII.

Freuden-Spiegel des ewigen Lebens; das iſt: Gründliche Beſchreibung des herrlichen Weſens im ewigen Leben u. ſ. w.; aus Gottes Wort richtig und verſtändlich eingeführt u. ſ. w., durch Philippum Nicolai, der heiligen Schrift Doctor und Diener am Wort Gottes zu Hamburg. Gedruckt zu Frankfurt am Mayn. 1599." Reprinted 1617. (This was a tract written at a moment when the plague raged in the place where the author lived (Unna in Weſtphalia), and an appendix contains the two tunes and hymns introduced here under No. CVI and CXVII (200 and 149).

Cantional, oder Geſangbuch Augsburgiſcher Confeſſion, in welchem des Herrn Dr. Martini Lutheri und andrer frommen Chriſten, auch des Autors eigene Lieder und Pſalmen, ſamt etlichen Hymnis und Gebetlein u. ſ. w. So im Churfürſtenthümern Sachſen, inſonderheit aber in beiden Kirchen und Gemeinen allhier zu Leipzig gebräuchlich. Verfertigt, und mit 4, 5 und 6 Stimmen componiret, von Johan Hermano Schein, Grünhain, Directore der Muſic daſelbſten. 1627." A later edition of the ſame work ſlightly augmented. 1645. From this Cantional No. II, XI (LVII), LXIII. The greater part of Schein's work was ſubſequently incorporated in Gottfried Vopelius' „Neu Leipziger Geſangbuch u. ſ. w. Leipzig, 1682." From Vopelius No. LIX, CX in the preſent work.

Geiſtliche Kirchen-Melodeien über die von Herrn D. Luthers ſelbſt und andern vornehmen und gelehrten Leuten aufgeſetzte geiſt- und troſtreiche Geſänge und Pſalmen. Der göttlichen Majeſtät zu Ehren und nützlichem Gebrauch ſeiner chriſtl. Kirchen in 4 Vocal- und 2 Inſtrumental-Stimmen, als Violinen und Cornetten, überſetzet von Johanne Crügern, Gub. Luſato, Directore der Muſik in Berlin ad Div. Nicol. Cum privilegio. Leipzig, in Verlegung Daniel Reichels, Buchhändlers zu Berlin. Gedruckt bei Timotheo Ritzſchen. Anno Chriſti

1649." (From it No. XXXVI, LXX, LXXXVI, XCIV in this book.) Crüger's „Geiſtliche Kirchenmelodien," juſt named, is preceded in 1640 by his „Neues Vollkömmliches Geſangbuch Augsburgiſcher Confeſſion," and followed in 1658 by his "Praxis pietatis melica," the titles of both of which, being rather lengthy and bombaſtic, are not given here at full length. Of hymnological works of that period theſe are among the moſt important, and before the cloſe of the 17th century the laſt-named had gone through nearly 30 editions. From theſe three works No. VII, XXIV, XXXVI, LIII, CIII, and others in this book.

„Geiſtreiches Geſang-Buch. Vormahls in Halle gedruckt, nun aber allhier mit Noten der unbekannten Melodien und 123 Liedern vermehret, wie auch von vielen im vorigen gefundenen Druckfehlern verbeſſert; zur Ermunterung gläubiger Seelen, mit einer von guten Freunden verlangten Vorrede Eberhard Phillip Zuehlens, jüngeren Stadtpredigers daſelbſt u. ſ. w. Darmſtadt, im Drucke Sebaſtian Griebels. 1698." This book is generally quoted by the name of Zuehlen, who wrote the preface. No copy, and conſequently no title, is known of the work to which it refers as its predeceſſor, and as having been printed at Halle. From it No. LXXVI, LXXIX, XCV, XCVI in this book.

---

a. „Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch, der Kern alter und neuer Lieder. Wie auch die Noten der unbekannten Melodeyen, und dazu gehörige nützliche Regiſter in ſich haltend, ſamt einer Vorrede zur Erweckung heiliger Andacht u. ſ. w. Herausgegeben von Joh. Anaſt. Freylinghauſen. Halle, im Waiſenhauſe. 1704."

b. „Neues geiſtreiches Geſangbuch, auserleſene, ſo alte als neue, geiſtliche und liebliche Lieder, nebſt den Noten der unbekannten Melodeien in ſich haltend u. ſ. w. Herausgegeben von Joh. Anaſt. Freylinghauſen. Halle, im Waiſenhauſe. 1714." b forms the 2nd part of a, and after having ſeparately gone through many editions their contents were united into one, and publiſhed together in 1741—two years after the death of the original editor—by his ſon-in-law G. A. Francke. From that period it appeared under the name „Joh. Anaſt. Freylinghauſen's ꝛc. Geiſtreiches Geſangbuch u. ſ. w.," and contained about 1600 hymns to 600 tunes; it was reprinted at as late a date as 1771, and muſt doubtleſs be conſidered as the moſt important hymnological book of the 18th century. On its appearance it was looked upon as typifying the ſpirit pervading the claſs of Chriſtians at that period, deſignated in Germany as the "Pietiſten," and conſequently became much attacked by the orthodox party, to the extent of the theological faculty of Wittenberg iſſuing an official warning againſt the uſe of the book (1716). From the different editions of Freylinghauſen No. X, XXIII, XXXIII, XLII, LVIII, and ſeveral others in the preſent work are taken.

TABLE OF GERMAN HYMNS.

1 Allein Gott in der Höh' ſei Ehr'.
2 Sei Lob und Ehr' dem höchſten Gut.
3 Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer.
4 Auf den Nebel folgt die Sonn'.
5 O daß ich tauſend Zungen hätte.
6 Lob ſei Dir, treuer Gott und Vater.
7 Nun lob' mein' Seel' den Herren.
8 Meine Hoffnung ſtehet feſte.
9 Lobe den Herrn, den mächtigen König der Ehren.
10 Sollt' ich meinem Gott nicht ſingen.
11 Nun danket Alle Gott.
12 Liebſter Jeſu, wir ſind hier.
13 Herr Jeſu Chriſt, Dich zu uns wend'.
14 Ach bleib' mit Deiner Gnade.
15 Thut mir auf die ſchöne Pforte.
16 Brunn alles Heils, dich ehren wir.
17 Licht von Licht, erleuchte mich.
18 Es geht daher des Tages Schein.
19 Ach bleib' bei uns, Herr Jeſu Chriſt.
20 Ihr Himmel tröpfelt Thau in Eil'.
21 Wie ſoll ich dich empfangen.
22 Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenoſſen.
23 Komm, Heiden Heiland, Löſegeld.
24 Gott ſei Dank durch alle Welt.
25 Macht hoch die Thür, das Thor macht weit.
26 Gottes Sohn iſt kommen.
27 Wach auf, wach auf, du ſich're Welt.
28 Ich ſteh' in Angſt und Pein.
29 Laßt uns alle fröhlich ſein.
30 Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.
31 Fröhlich ſoll mein Herze ſpringen,
32 Freut euch, ihr lieben Chriſten.
33 Freuet euch, ihr Chriſten alle.
34 Wir Chriſtenleut' han jetzo Freud'.
35 Wir ſingen Dir, Immanuel.
36 Wie herrlich ſtrahlt der Morgenſtern.
37 O König aller Ehren.
38 Werde Licht, du Stadt der Heiden.
39 Wer im Herzen will erfahren.
40 Aus tiefer Noth ſchrei ich zu Dir.
41 Straf' mich nicht in Deinem Zorn.
42 An Dir allein, an Dir hab' ich geſündigt.
43 Hier lieg' ich, o mein Gott, zu Deinen Füßen.
44 Herr, ich habe mißgehandelt.
45 Bin ich allein ein Fremdling auf der Erden.
46 O Lamm Gottes, unſchuldig.
47 Liebe, die du mich zum Bilde.
48 Wenn meine Sünd' mich kränken.
49 Jeſu, meines Lebens Leben.
50 Ach Jeſu, Dein Sterben.
51 O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.
52 Herzliebſter Jeſu, was haſt Du verbrochen.
53 Da Jeſus an dem Kreuze ſtund.
54 O Traurigkeit, o Herzeleid.
55 Der Du, Herr Jeſu, Ruh und Raſt.
56 Nun gingſt auch du.
57 Frühmorgens, da die Sonn' aufgeht.
58 Chriſtus iſt erſtanden.
59 Jeſus, meine Zuverſicht.
60 Chriſt lag in Todesbanden.

61 Willkommen, Held im Streite.
62 O auferſtandener Siegesfürſt.
63 Siegesfürſt und Ehrenkönig.
64 Auf Chriſti Himmelfahrt allein.
65 Himmelan geht unſre Bahn.
66 Herr, auf Erden muß ich leiden.
67 Mein Jeſu, dem die Seraphinen.
68 Zeuch uns nach dir.
69 Heil'ger Geiſt, Du Tröſter mein.
70 O heil'ger Geiſt, kehr bei uns ein.
71 Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren.
72 Komm, heil'ger Geiſt, Herre Gott.
73 O du allerſüßte Freude.
74 Komm, o komm, du Geiſt des Lebens.
75 Wir glauben all an Einen Gott.
76 Hochheilige Dreieinigkeit.
77 Wer ſind die vor Gottes Throne.
78 Mir nach, ſpricht Chriſtus, unſer Held.
79 Mein Jeſu, wie ſo groß die Lieb'.
80 Herr Jeſu, Licht der Heiden.
81 Mit Fried' und Freud' fahr' ich dahin.
82 Du keuſche Seele du.
83 Tröſtet, tröſtet meine Lieben.
84 Mit Ernſt, o Menſchenkinder.
85 Ehr und Dank ſei Dir geſungen.
86 Veni Creator Spiritus.
87 Wach auf, du Geiſt der erſten Zeugen.
88 Ihr Knecht' des Herren allegleich.
89 Aus deiner Eltern Armen.
90 Liebſter Jeſu, hier ſind wir.
91 Von des Himmels Thron.
92 Ich bin getauft auf Deinen Namen.
93 Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele.
94 Wie wohl haſt du gelabet.
95 Wie könnt' ich ſein vergeſſen.
96 Nun laßt uns den Leib begraben.
97 Hört auf mit Trauern und mit Klag'.
98 Am Grabe ſteh'n wir ſtille.
99 Aller Gläubigen Sammelplatz.
100 O Jeſu Chriſte, wahres Licht.
101 Ach Gott, vom Himmel ſieh darein.
102 Dein Wort, o Herr, iſt milder Thau.
103 Erhalt uns, Herr, bei Deinem Wort.
104 Dies iſt der Gemeinde Stärke.
105 Herz und Herz vereint zuſammen.
106 Jeſu, der Du biſt alleine.
107 Ach Gott und Herr.
108 Hier lieg' ich, Herr, im Staube.
109 Jeſu, mein Erbarmer, höre.
110 Ach was ſoll ich Sünder machen.
111 O Durchbrecher aller Bande.
112 Allein zu Dir, Herr Jeſu Chriſt.
113 O reines Weſen, lautr'e Quelle.
114 Vater unſer im Himmelreich.
115 O Gott, Du frommer Gott.
116 Ich ruf' zu Dir, Herr Jeſu Chriſt.
117 Dir, Dir, Jehovah, will ich ſingen.
118 Nach Dir, o Gott, verlanget mich.
119 Herzlich lieb hab' ich Dich, o Herr.
120 In Dich hab' ich gehoffet, Herr.
121 Ich weiß, mein Gott, daß all mein Thun.
122 Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig.
123 Der Glaub' iſt ein' lebendig' Kraft.
124 Ein' feſte Burg iſt unſer Gott.
125 Mache dich, mein Geiſt, bereit.
126 Brich durch, mein angefochtnes Herz.
127 Ich hab' mein' Sach' Gott heimgeſtellt.
128 Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade.
129 Höchſter Prieſter, der Du Dich.
130 Alles iſt an Gottes Segen.
131 Nun ſo will ich denn mein Leben.
132 O der Alles hätt' verloren.
133 Mein Gott, bei Dir iſt alle Fülle.
134 Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.
135 Was Gott thut das iſt wohlgethan.
136 Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid.
137 Valet will ich dir geben.
138 Meine Seele ſenket ſich.
139 Was von außen und von innen.
140 Von Gott will ich nicht laſſen.
141 Wenn wir in höchſten Nöthen ſein.
142 Wenn ich in Angſt und Noth.
143 Warum betrübſt du dich, mein Herz.
144 O Chriſte Morgenſterne.
145 Wer Gott vertraut hat wohlgebaut.
146 Sollt' es auch bisweilen ſcheinen.

147 Auf meinen lieben Gott.
148 Ich bin ein Gaſt auf Erden.
149 Wie ſchön leucht' uns der Morgenſtern.
150 Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke.
151 Jeſu, meine Freude.
152 Guter Hirte, willſt Du nicht.
153 Warum willſt du draußen ſtehen.
154 Du weſentliches Wort.
155 Herr Chriſt, der einig' Gott's Sohn.
156 In Dir iſt Freude.
157 Auf, hinauf zu deiner Freude.
158 Keine Schönheit hat die Welt.
159 Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.
160 Gott des Himmels und der Erden.
161 Wie ein Vogel lieblich ſinget.
162 Seele du mußt munter werden.
163 Dank ſei Gott in der Höhe.
164 Aus meines Herzens Grunde.
165 Nun ſich der Tag geendet hat.
166 Hinunter iſt der Sonnenſchein.
167 Werde munter, mein Gemüthe.
168 Der Tag iſt hin.
169 Nun ruhen alle Wälder.
170 Die Nacht iſt kommen.
171 Das alte Jahr vergangen iſt.
172 Hilf, Herr Jeſu, laß gelingen.
173 Gottlob, ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit.
174 Jeſu, geh voran.
175 Wohl einem Haus wo Jeſus Chriſt.
176 Walte, walte, nah und fern.
177 Nun preiſet Alle Gottes Barmherzigkeit.
178 Jeſu, als Du wiederkehrteſt.
179 Nun hilf uns, o Herr Jeſu Chriſt.
180 In Gottes Namen fahren wir.
181 Kommt, Chriſten, Gottes Huld zu feiern.
182 Du Friedefürſt, Herr Jeſu Chriſt.
183 Herr Gott, wir danken Dir.
184 Gottlob, es iſt erſchollen.
185 Ich weiß es wird mein Ende kommen.
186 Chriſtus der iſt mein Leben.
187 Wer weiß wie nahe mir mein Ende.
188 Geht nun hin und grabt mein Grab.
189 O Welt, ich muß dich laſſen.
190 O Jeſu Chriſt, mein's Lebens Licht.
191 Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach Deiner Güt'.
192 O Herre Gott, ich ruf' zu Dir.
193 Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden iſt.
194 Mein Gott, in Deine Hände.
195 Jeruſalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.
196 Alle Menſchen müſſen ſterben.
197 O wie ſelig ſeid ihr doch, ihr Frommen.
198 Welt ade, ich bin dein müde.
199 Wann der Herr einſt die Gefangenen.
200 Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We might ſeem extravagant to ſome were we to expreſs our full ſenſe of the piety, poetry, and muſic of this moſt charming volume of ſacred verſe and harmony. All the hymns have conſiderable merit (which can be ſaid perhaps of no other collection). Some of them are moſt touching, eſpecially when well ſung: but they need to be *well* ſung. They need a degree of executive ſkill which will not be found in pariſh churches as a rule. It is a book, in a word, for which all hymn-lovers muſt be grateful: it muſt tend powerfully to refine the taſte of the Chriſtian public where it is known. Moſt of the hymns, although tranſlations, read with all the freſhneſs of originals." LITERARY CHURCHMAN.

"Of the *Chorale Book* as a whole we may ſpeak moſt favourably. From the hands of ſuch muſical editors nothing that could offend the moſt critical could be expected to appear..... Many of the tunes are as beautiful as they are new to the Engliſh ear. They are all derived from German ſources, though the origin of many, dating before the Reformation, is European rather than locally national. The variety of their metres is welcome, after the uniform ſtiffneſs to which we are accuſtomed in England. Two-thirds of the hymns themſelves are familiar to us from their appearance in Miſs Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica;* thoſe which have been added are tranſlated by the ſame accompliſhed pen, and are characteriſed by the ſame merits..... Dr. Bennett and Mr. Goldſchmidt have done good ſervice by undertaking this compilation; and we can honeſtly recommend it to every choir that loves ſound and ſterling muſic." SATURDAY REVIEW.

"The editors have, in many caſes, retained the harmonies of the authors of the tunes, and in general have ſtriven to preſerve, as far as poſſible, the character belonging to the period of their compoſition: thus, the melodies of the ſixteenth and eighteenth century called for different ſtyles of harmony, clearly indicated by their different flow in reſpect of diſtances. The editors ſay that they have in all caſes endeavoured to combine ſolemnity with ſimplicity, and to give harmonies which, though offering no difficulty in execution, ſhould yet approach the ſtrength and purity peculiar to the beſt Church muſic of all times..... The *Chorale Book* is really a beautiful and highly valuable work, and it will be found to adminiſter admirably to muſical taſte when directed to holy and devout themes." CLERICAL JOURNAL.

Opinions of the Press.

"It is gratifying to find two such diſtinguiſhed muſicians as Profeſſor Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Otto Goldſchmidt co-operating in a work which deſerves to take high rank as a ſtandard collection of Church tunes, admirable alike in ſelection and arrangement. . . . It is with much ſatisfaction that we welcome the appearance of the *Chorale Book*, as a collection of ſome of the grandeſt and pureſt old tunes aſſociated with religious purpoſes. . . . . This work, viewed in its muſical aſpect, is likely to cauſe a healthy reaction in Engliſh Pſalmody."

LONDON REVIEW.

"THE names of the editors of this book are a ſufficient guarantee for the value of its contents. Profeſſor Bennett is well known to have devoted much of his attention to the old German ſchool of ſacred muſic; and the Engliſh public are mainly indebted to his exertions for ſuch knowledge as they poſſeſs of the moſt illuſtrious maſters of that ſchool. Mr. Otto Goldſchmidt is one of the moſt learned and accompliſhed German muſicians of our time, and a fitting coadjutor with Profeſſor Bennett in ſuch a work as the preſent. . . . . The volume contains many of the fineſt German, French, and Flemiſh tunes. The harmonies are excellent, and the entire volume is of great value. . . . . In regard to the harmoniſation, the editors have endeavoured to combine ſolemnity with ſimplicity, and to give harmonies which, though offering no difficulty in execution, ſhould yet approach the ſtrength and purity peculiar to the beſt church muſic of all times. In the execution of this taſk they have availed themſelves of the labours of Sebaſtian Bach; and their *Chorale Book* contains a body of eccleſiaſtical harmony which, in antique and venerable grandeur, plain and ſimple ſtyle, freedom from chromatic crudities, and fitneſs to be ſung by large numbers of voices, is unequalled by any work of this claſs that has ever appeared in England."

DAILY NEWS.

"THE general arrangement of this book carries with it tokens of an amount of diligent reſearch which, in connexion with the muſical learning of its editors, would make it an impertinence for any one not ſpecially devoted to the archæology of German ſacred muſic to criticiſe the ſelection. . . . . The arrangements of the tunes are worthy of all praiſe. The harmony is eſſentially vocal. It is quite a luxury to follow even with the eye the bold, free movement of the parts which diſtinguiſhes every page of the book, contraſting ſo pleaſantly with the prevalent or lately prevalent ſtyle of hymn-book harmony. . . . . The independent melodic treatment of each part is preſerved, tenfold intereſt being thereby given to the work of each individual ſinger. The univerſal uſe of keyed inſtruments has ſomewhat dulled the popular perception of the beauty of vocal harmony; and a pianoforte-player falls inſenſibly into the habit of regarding harmony as a ſucceſſion of chords. Theſe chorales are juſt the thing to counteract this tendency. They ſhould be ſung, not played. They are eſſentially vocal muſic. So treated, this collection will be, all aſſociation apart, a ſource of delight to all part-ſingers who can enjoy real harmony in its pureſt forms." READER.

3 2044 026 036 251

DATE DUE

MAY 14 1997	

DEMCO, INC. 38-2931